

PHOTOPLAY

Forget
the Mystery—
Here's
MONTY CLIFT

GENTLEMEN
REFER BRAINS

By Jane Russell

also:

JANET LEIGH
CHARLTON HESTON
DORIS DAY
ROCK HUDSON



*Elizabeth
Taylor*

HER LIFE STORY

MRS C SLOSBERG
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That Ivory Look

Young America has it... You can have it in 7 days!



Babies have That Ivory Look . . . why shouldn't you?
Reliable, reassuring mildness . . . that's why Ivory is so gentle on a baby's skin. That's why Ivory is so right for yours. Why, *everybody* knows more doctors advise Ivory for complexion than any other soap.



You can have That Ivory Look in just one week!
It couldn't be easier! Simply change to regular skin care, using pure, mild Ivory Soap. See a change in just 7 days! See *your* skin with a prettier, fresher, younger look . . . That Ivory Look!

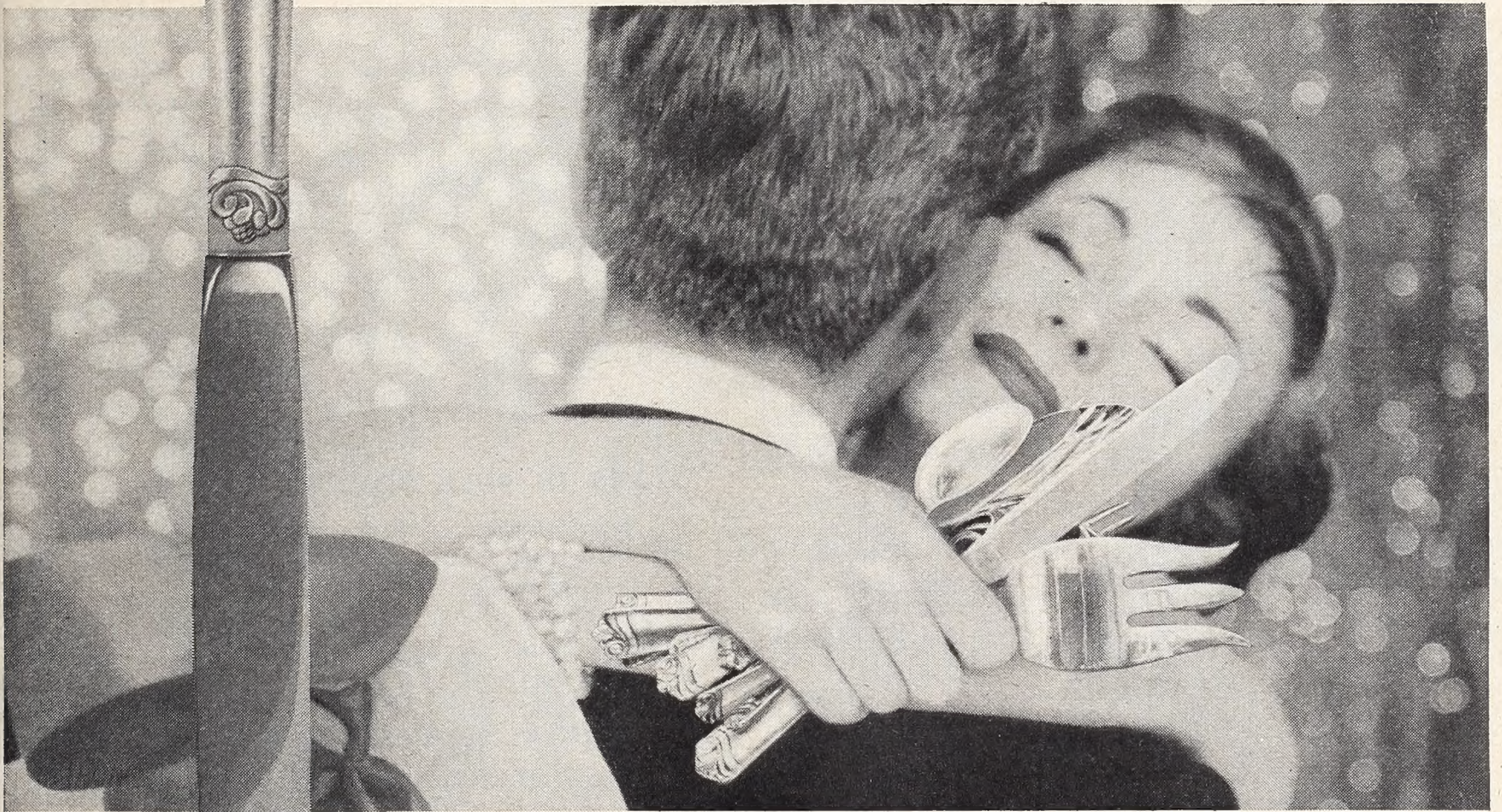
99⁴⁴/₁₀₀% pure...it floats



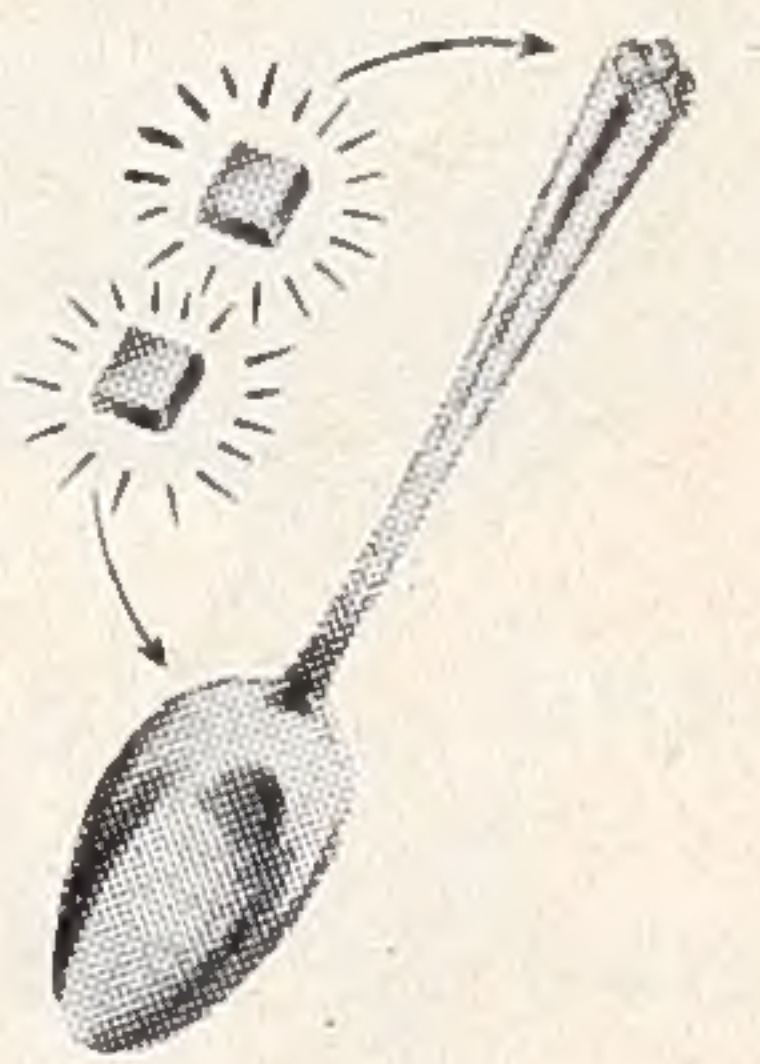
More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap

Give a lifetime of happiness

The world's most precious silverplate



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To a hard-working spoon this sterling means extra years of silver beauty.
To you it's a guarantee you're giving someone special a Christmas glow that will last a lifetime. Complete service for 8 as low as \$59.75.



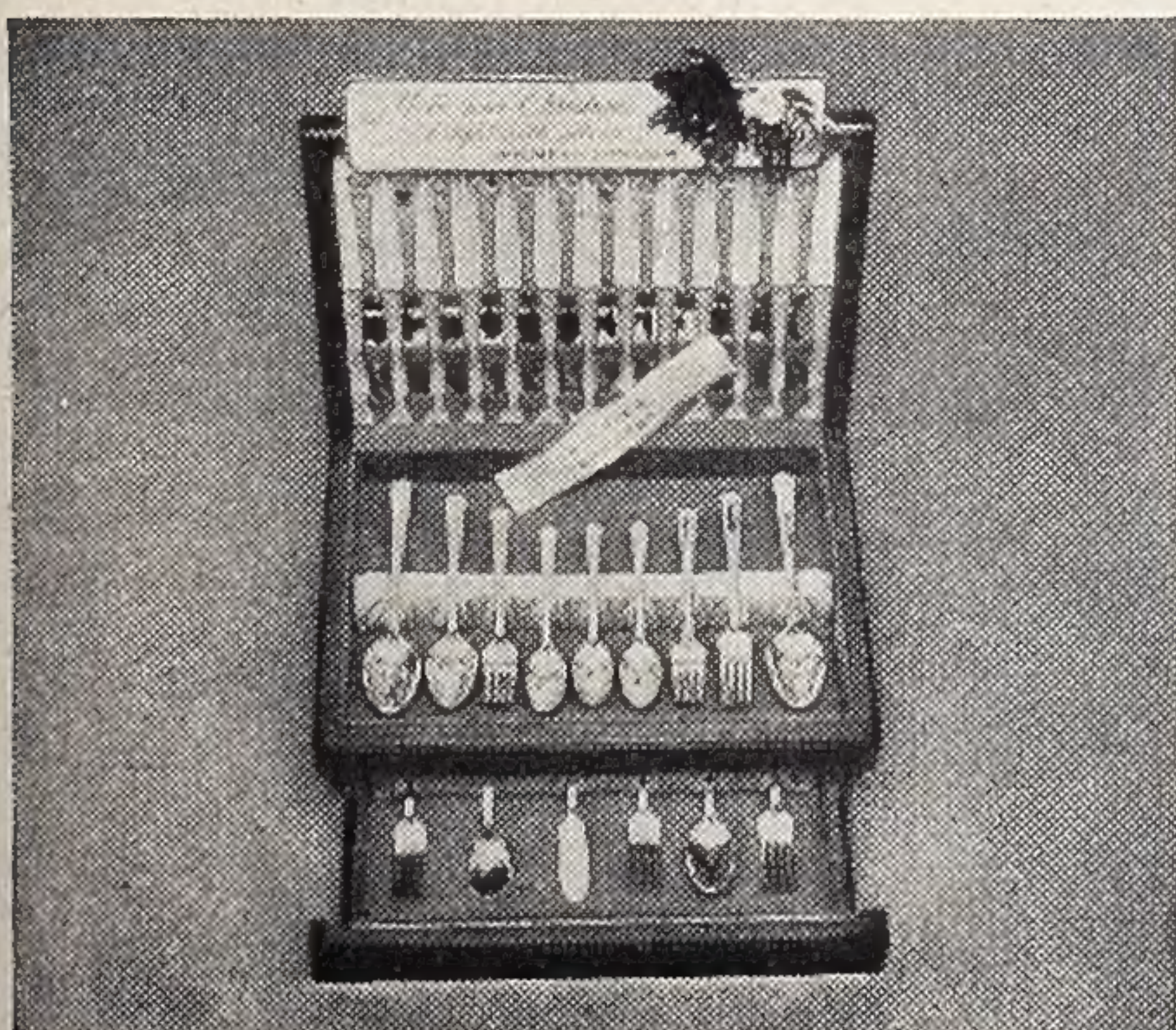
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**Holiday Drawer Chest
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in your choice of a smart blond chest or
this chest in fine, traditional cherry finish.



new! modern timeless smart graceful charming
"Bright Future" "Spring Garden" "Danish Princess" "Romance" "May Queen"



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as
your
favorite
pearls

Tweed... the one fragrance
above all others... to wear
anytime, anywhere.

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WE SUGGEST: You get acquainted with
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Your JANUARY issue
will be on sale at your newsstand—
DECEMBER 7

PHOTOPLAY

DECEMBER, 1954

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

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*picked a million-dollar
musical cast to tell
the glorious story of
the man whose songs
won the heart of
America!*

BASED ON THE LIFE AND THE
MELODIES OF
SIGMUND ROMBERG
**DEEP IN
MY HEART**
IN SPECTACULAR
COLOR

STARRING

JOSE FERRER

MERLE OBERON ★ HELEN TRAUBEL

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and Guest Stars

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ROSEMARY CLOONEY	GENE & FRED KELLY
JANE POWELL	VIC DAMONE
ANN MILLER	CYD CHARISSE
HOWARD KEEL	TONY MARTIN

TIP-OFF!
"Greatest
array of
musical talent
in all picturedom!"
—HOLLYWOOD REPORTER

SUCH HIT SONGS!

"MR. AND MRS." • "ONE ALONE" • "LEG OF MUTTON"
"LOVER COME BACK TO ME" • "SOFTLY AS IN A MORNING SUNRISE"
"I LOVE TO GO SWIMMIN' WITH WIMMIN'"
"YOUR LAND AND MY LAND" • "WILL YOU REMEMBER"
and more songs!

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SCREEN PLAY BY
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AN M-G-M PICTURE



¢ I'm dream-ing of a



BING DANNY
CROSBY • **KAYE**
starring
with DEAN JAGGER • Lyrics and Music by IRVING BERLIN
Dances and Musical Numbers Staged by Robert Alton • Written for the screen by NORMAN

IRVING BERLIN'S *White Christmas*

PRESENTED THROUGH

VISTAVISION

MOTION PICTURE ... HIGH-FIDELITY



Your fondest White Christmas dreams are going to come true! The teaming of Bing and Danny for the first time will warm you all inside...like Christmas punch. And the way they sing and dance, along with Rosemary and Vera-Allen, to put across those nine terrific new Berlin tunes is guaranteed to set sleigh bells jingling in your heart. You'll *never* forget this soul-warming story that begins with Bing singing "White Christmas"—as never before—and winds up on the most joyous note ever echoed from the screen!



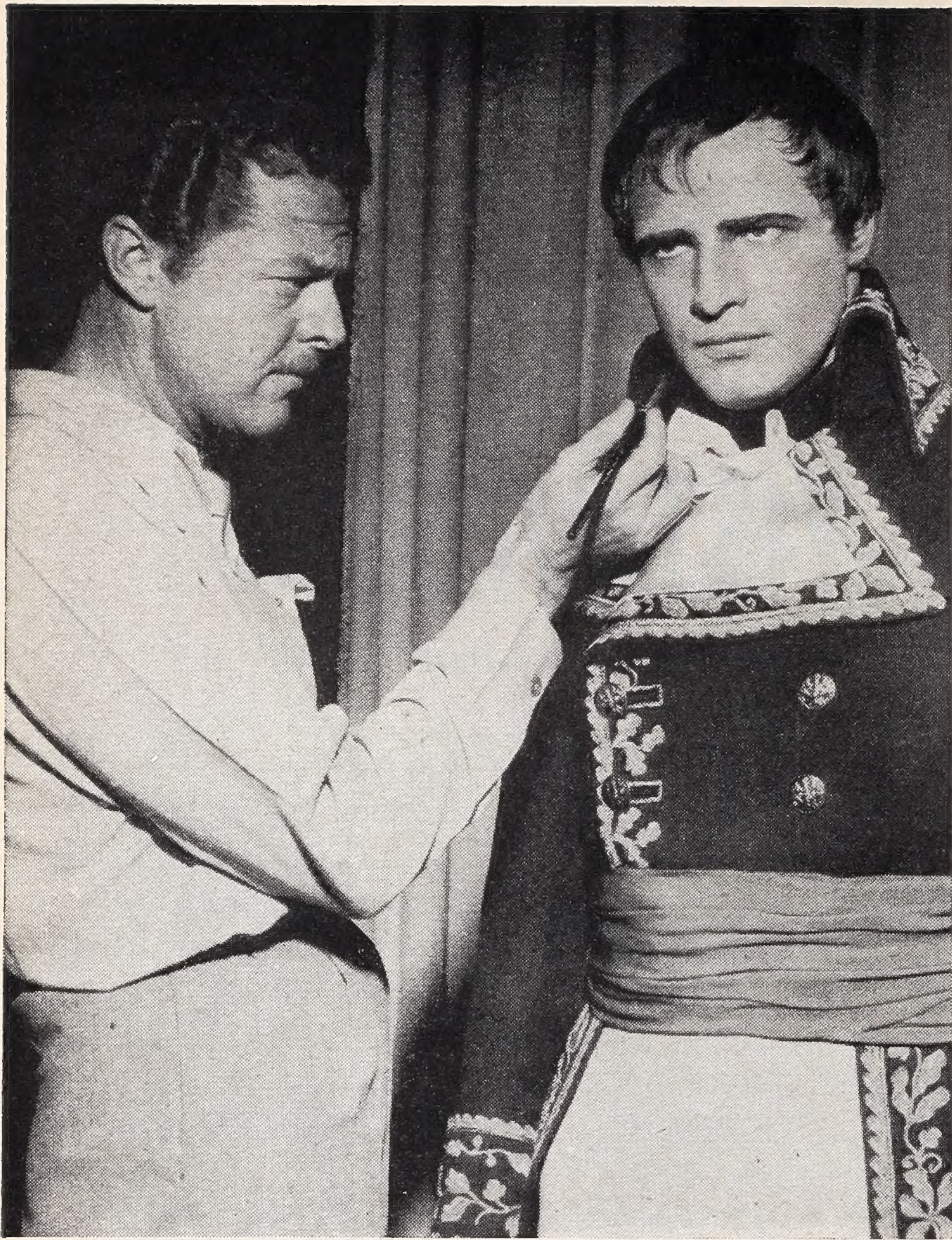
Color by **TECHNICOLOR**



ROSEMARY
LOONEY ❄️ **VERA-ELLEN**

Produced by ROBERT EMMETT DOLAN • Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ

ASNA, NORMAN PANAMA and MELVIN FRANK • A Paramount Picture



Make-up artists were amazed to discover how little make-up Marlon needed to play Napoleon



In a tiny mountainside chapel in Switzerland Audrey Hepburn surprised everyone, became Mrs. Mel Ferrer



Two happy people, Mitzi Gaynor, Jack Bean—the reason is, the ring on Mitzi's left hand

INSIDE STUFF

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

Inside Hollywood: Diet and working conditions in Carmargo, Mexico, where Robert Wagner made "White Feather," took a toll of fifteen pounds he could ill-afford to lose. It threw 20th into such a tizzy, they flew vitamins to Bob by special plane. . . . It's all very hush-hush, but Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis now have a writer on their personal pay roll. He's developing their original idea for a dramatic screenplay with a musical background. The palpitating pair plan to produce it independently and star in it, too. About that perennial stork rumor that's rampant again: "When it's true," declare the innocent victims, "everyone will know it—because we'll shout it to the world!"

Merely Money: Stage star Tommy Ewell, playing his original role opposite Marilyn Monroe in the movie version of "Seven Year Itch," is so captivated he says he sees "blond spots in front of my eyes!" And speaking of talented Tommy, he tells a highly amusing story about the time he came out to make a movie with Bing Crosby, who of course couldn't be more at ease in front of a camera. New to pictures, poor trembling Tommy turned to Bing pleadingly: "You're always SO relaxed. Please tell me HOW you do it." The groaner grinned, then he pulled out a roll of bills big enough to choke a horse. Patting it gently, he cracked: "We-ell, this sort of helps!"

Boys Town: Returning home from the studio, William Holden discovered something new had been added to his back yard—an odd-looking hut made of old wood and tar paper. From experience he automatically called his sons, Scott and West, who brought in the neighborhood kids. It was their new clubhouse, they explained, as Bill noticed each member was wearing a crystal prism dangling from his neck. "You've done a fine job," he encouraged them, "but where did you get those crystal prisms?" Came the nonchalant answer: "Oh, from that old thing in the basement." And this was how Bill discovered an expensive crystal chandelier had been (Continued on page 8)

WARNER BROS. PRESENT

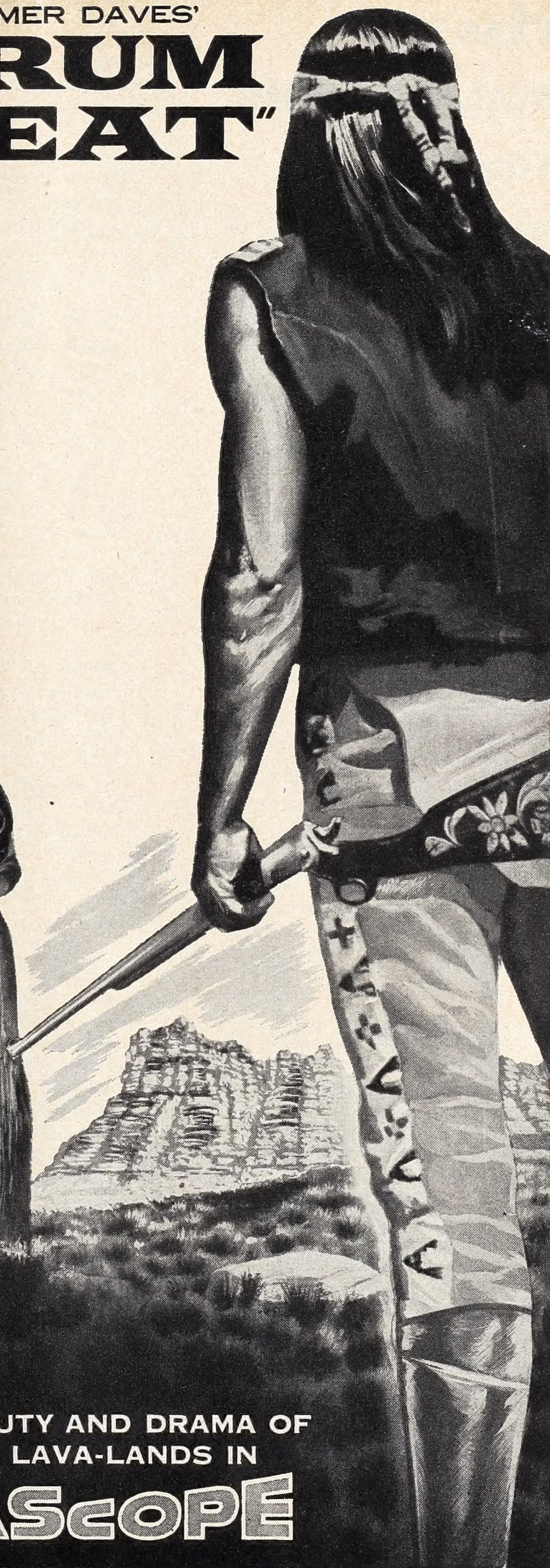
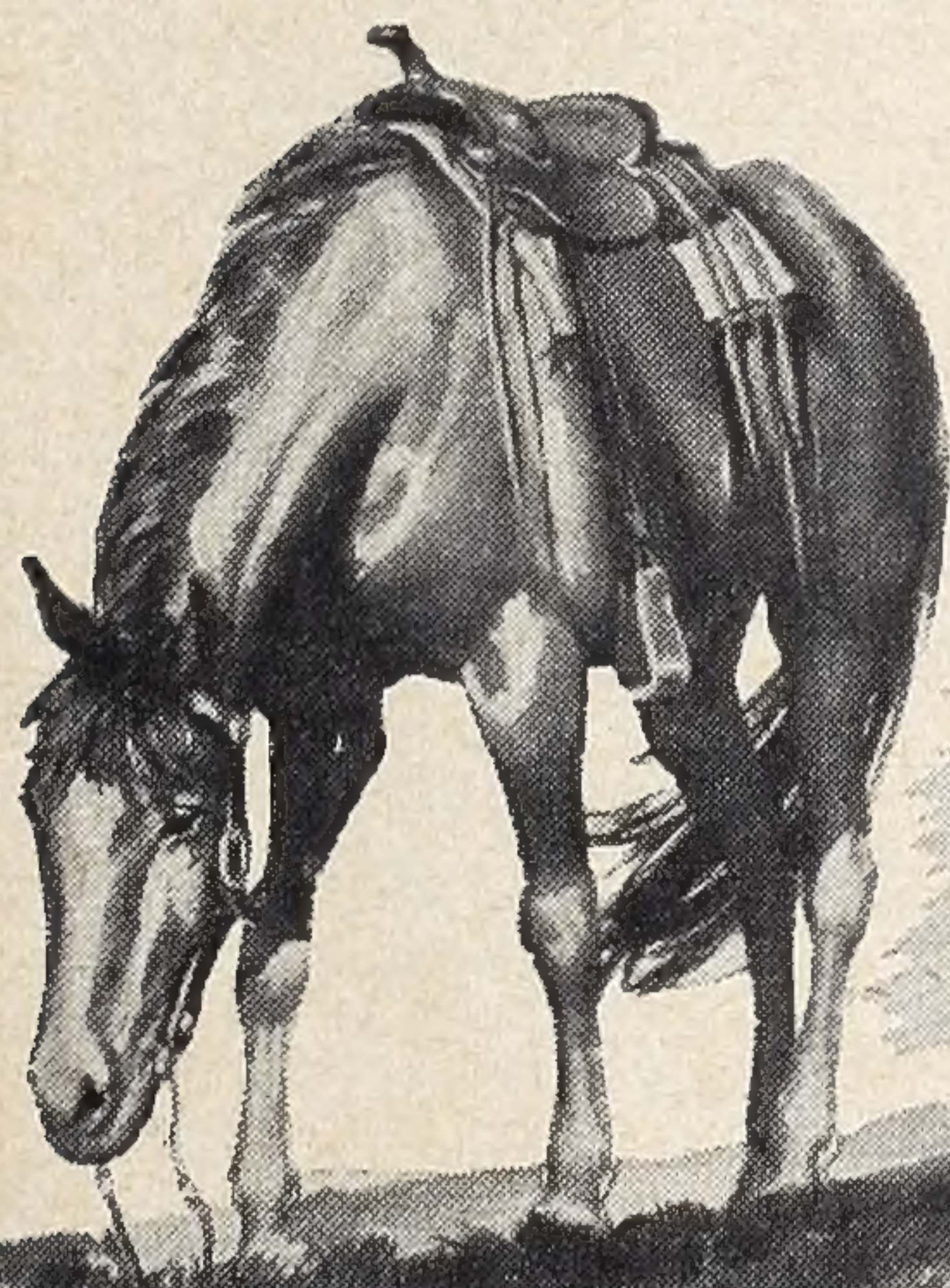
DELMER DAVES'

ALAN LADD IN "DRUM BEAT"

They called him
the Wanderer
because a horse
was his home...

they called him
'Injun-Lover'
but never
to his face...

**BUT THEY
CALLED ON HIM
WHEN EVERYONE
ELSE HAD RUN
AWAY!**



ALL THE SPECIAL BEAUTY AND DRAMA OF
OREGON'S MODOC LAVA-LANDS IN

CINEMASCOPE

AND WARNERCOLOR

CO-STARRING

AUDREY DALTON · MARISA PAVAN

with

ROBERT KEITH
RODOLFO ACOSTA

· WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY DELMER DAVES · A JAGUAR PRODUCTION · PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS.



HAS THE REAL THING COME YOUR WAY?



When it happens, you'll know it at once. The feeling is fabulous. Like the streets are paved with diamonds and they all belong to you. Suddenly all the love songs seem to make sense. A walk in the rain is a trip to Spain, when the real thing comes along! And all your dreams of foreign labels and racing stables, of furs and jewels and swimming pools—you trade them all, for one million-dollar moment filled with love. You're fortune's darling, you're 'Queen of Diamonds', you own the world—when the real thing comes your way!

Wouldn't you know that only Revlon could create a *color* to match this million-dollar mood? It's here and it's *heaven*—a haunting, restless flame that fairly crackles with excitement! Wear 'Queen of Diamonds' now, tonight. And all at once the world is yours! Anything could happen—(and why not *let* it, just this once?)

Have you tried Revlon's new lip-softening 'Lanolite' Lipstick?

It's almost too good to be true—you'll agree, first time you wear it! Here's *the real thing*, at last, in a non-smear-type lipstick—it actually *softens dry lips*—because it's blended with Revlon's own precious ingredient, 'Lanolite', 3-ways better than lanolin itself! Who'd dream a lipstick could look so luscious, feel so good, and last so long!

For matching fingertips...

Revlon's 'Wear-Longer' nail enamel

For over 20 years, known the world over as the only professional nail enamel. Stays on days longer—and actually helps nails grow longer!*

*BY PHYSICALLY PROTECTING THEM FROM BREAKING, SPLITTING, PEELING.

INSIDE STUFF *Continued*

completely dismantled! A special meeting was called hastily and club members were gently "urged" to turn in their "buttons!"

Wedding Belles: Lovely Jeff Donnell finally said "I do" to Aldo Ray. Did you know they met when the then-unknown Aldo rented a room from Jeff who was married to Bill Anderson?

Heady Stuff: Doris Day's new Dutch bob is such a success other actresses are copying the style. Do-Do's getting a great kick out of it because she copied it, *too*—from a photograph of herself taken in Cincinnati when she was *five*! . . . And when the Michael Wildings returned from England recently, Liz Taylor ordered false bangs from her studio make-up department. "I saw too many Italian haircuts making women look alike," observes the beautiful one. She'll wear false bangs until her hair grows out again.

Wonderful Town: When Ann Blyth tried out her night-club act at Tops in San Diego, she was a great success. They went wild over her the second time at the State Fair in Sacramento. So what happened? So Ann burst into tears! "I just can't go to Las Vegas for three weeks without my son," she sobbed, "either I cancel or take him along." Timmy's now a traveling man!

Did You Know: That the Alan Ladd's beautiful daughter, Carol Lee, was trying to decide on a vocation when she met handsome Richard Anderson? Her decision to make a career of marriage solved the situation and the Ladds couldn't be happier over her choice. . . . That M-G-M has a portable platform built especially for Stewart Granger's leading ladies who can't reach the lips of the six-foot-four-inch actor during love scenes! . . . That Pier

Angeli now has her own checkbook for the first time in her life, but she had to ask her hairdresser how to fill 'em out! . . . That Gary Cooper is so much heavier and grayer, he even startles friends who haven't seen him for some time? . . . That even if Debbie Reynolds announces her engagement to Eddie Fisher, she confides to close friends that she's actually "scared of marriage" and would much rather stay single for a year or two?

Hollywood Salutes: Fred Astaire for his deep and admirable devotion to his late wife. The famous dancer occupied an adjoining room in the hospital during her lingering illness and rushed from the studio to her bedside every lunch hour until the end came.

Studio Snicker: Wearing his full Napoleon getup for "Desiree," Marlon Brando passed Sheree North on the lot without speaking to her. "I guess Brando didn't recognize me with his new nose," she cracked!

Many Happy Returns: To Academy Award-winning Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer who were married in Switzerland after a romance that began in New York last winter with their stage hit "Ondine." . . . Non-professional friends of the Dick Powells threw them a gay and festive party honoring their ninth wedding anniversary. When June Allyson got her first glimpse of the fifteen violinists strolling through the gardens, she quipped: "Who did you hire to stage all this—Cecil B. DeMille?" . . . And John Ericson, M-G-M's white hope who has nothing but talent, celebrated his first wedding anniversary last September twelfth. The occasion called for *paper* gifts—so the inventive guy gave his adored Milly a *paper* bag filled with *paper* money! She liked it—she liked it!

THE END

Her act was a hit, but Ann Blyth, here with husband, wanted to call it all off



John Ericson knew it was in the bag that Milly'd like his anniversary gift

Has the
real thing
come your way?



Revlon's

'Queen of Diamonds'



New 'real-thing-red' for lips and matching fingertips...a bright-hot,
white-hot flame like acres of diamonds flashing with fire!

'Lanolite' Lipstick 1.10*
(Non-Smear and Regular)

'Wear-Longer' Nail Enamel .60*

'Frosted' Nail Enamel .75*

This is the red that turns every other red pale with shame.

Dear Santa: I've got everything...except a
Samsonite Train Case



NEW! Samsonite Hat Box

Streamlined, modern off-round shape to keep it from rolling away...exclusive tongue-in-groove construction. Keeps out moisture and dust. **\$15.00***



Samsonite Vanity O'Nite

Holds all the clothes you'll need for a week-end. Has a handy mirror, deep packaway pockets, luxury lining, and a special divider for your lingerie. **\$17.50***

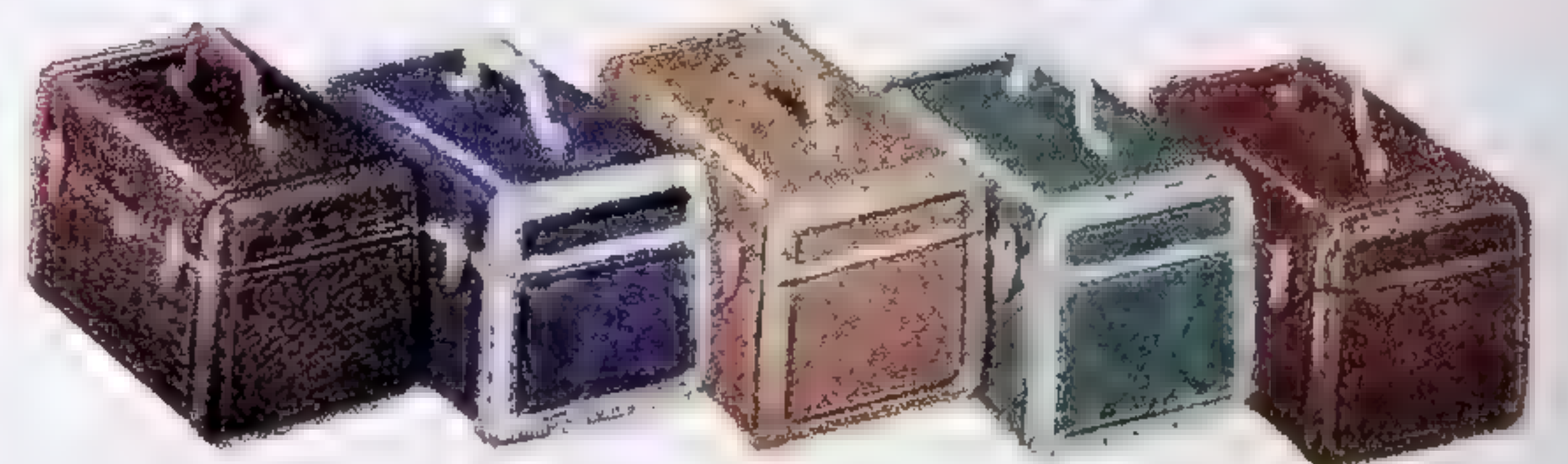
What Santa could resist...and what woman could resist...the most beautiful and practical luggage of all! The famous Samsonite Train Case looks so smart, you'll think it cost much more. Holds *everything* you'll need for over-night or even several nights.

Magnificently made, inside and out. Removable plastic tray for cosmetics and toiletries...spacious pockets...6 beautiful "better-than-leather" finishes that wipe clean with a damp cloth...matching washable linings. What a gift!

Santa Says:

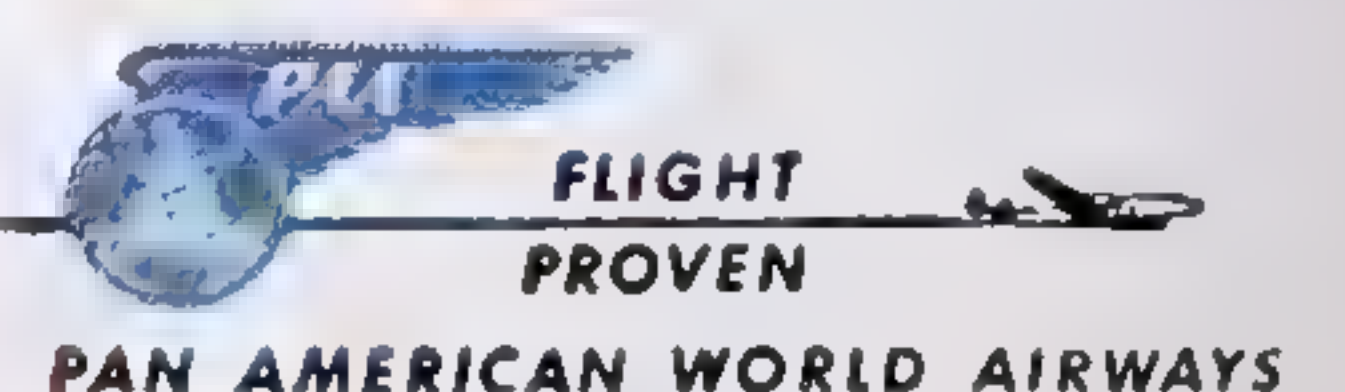
Start-a-set of
Samsonite
 with the train case
 for only **\$17.50**

PLUS TAX



Samsonite Finishes:
 All 3 cases available in Rawhide finish (featured), Alligator finish, Admiral Blue, Saddle Tan, Bermuda Green, and Colorado Brown.

Samsonite *flight-proven luggage*



ALSO MAKERS OF SAMSONITE CARD TABLES AND CHAIRS *Plus Tax. Prices higher outside continental U. S.

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LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

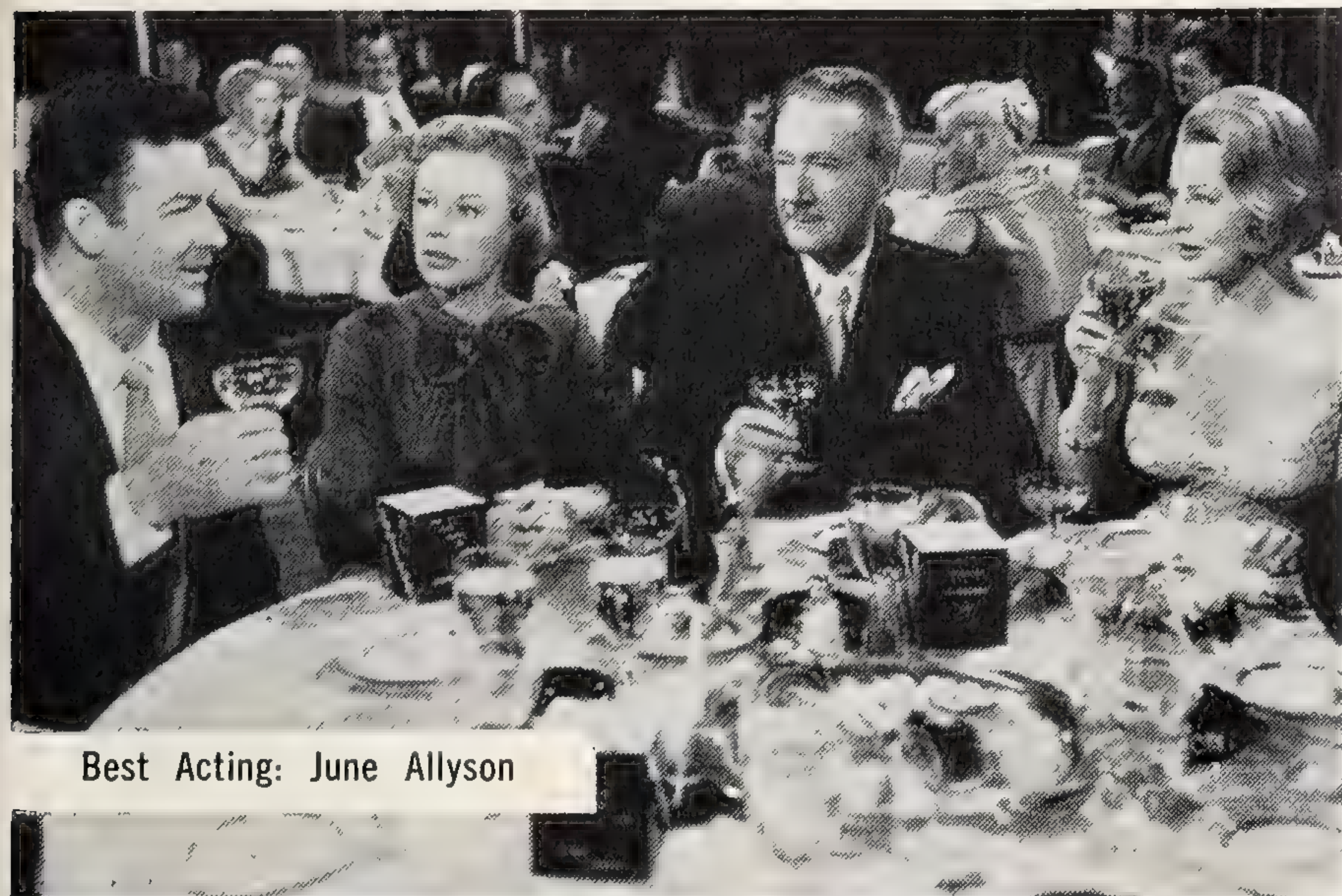
WITH JANET GRAVES

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT

✓✓✓ VERY GOOD

✓✓ GOOD

✓ FAIR



Best Acting: June Allyson

Woman's World

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Seven outstanding personalities and a series of breathtaking views of New York City highlight a romantic comedy about big business. As the boss of a huge luxury-car company, Clifton Webb must choose a new general manager. He wants the right man—with the right wife—and three couples are summoned to New York for the once-over. Cornel Wilde's a modestly efficient type, but wife June Allyson, home-loving and endearingly awkward in swank surroundings, shrinks at the idea of moving from Kansas City. Fred MacMurray's driving ambition threatens both his health and his marriage to Lauren Bacall. Well-qualified Van Heflin resents Arlene Dahl's too-obvious efforts to advance his career. Hardly a realistic study of American industry, the film instead accents laughs and lush settings. FAMILY

June, Clifton and Arlene hear Cornel propose an odd toast



Best Acting: Humphrey Bogart

The Barefoot Contessa

U.A., TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Ava Gardner has the provocative title role in a strange but absorbing movie with flashes of biting wit. Humphrey Bogart's is the most sympathetic, least abnormal character, a has-been director whose voice begins the story. A dancer in a Spanish cafe, Ava is discovered by Bogart and his producer, a completely selfish multimillionaire (Warren Stevens). Though she becomes a star with her first movie, she remains unhappy and restless. When an unlovable playboy of the international set offers her a Riviera holiday, she accepts, in spite of consequences. This lethally amusing episode is narrated by Edmond O'Brien, first-rate as a nervous publicity man. Finally, Ava believes she has found her destiny with a young Italian nobleman (Rossano Brazzi). But the marriage is followed by a shocking disclosure. ADULT

Offered a chance at fame, Ava tells Humphrey of her doubts



White Christmas

PARAMOUNT; VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ A dazzling quartet of musical stars and a spectacular new film process give distinction to a pleasant tune-film. Bing Crosby and Danny Kaye, captain and private in World War II, team up in shows for GI's. After Danny saves Bing's life in an air raid, they decide to stay partners, and as civilians they reach success together. Rosemary Clooney and Vera-Ellen get into the act as singing, dancing sisters being considered for a Crosby-Kaye show. Romance, hampered by misunderstandings, develops when the four meet at a Vermont ski lodge threatened by a crisis—no snow. The inn's owner is none other than the boys' beloved commanding general (Dean Jagger), now put out to pasture; so they scheme to help him. The movie relies on stars rather than plot, and VistaVision produces a big, clear picture. FAMILY

Arriving with Vera-Ellen and Rosemary, Bing finds trouble

MOVIES

CONTINUED

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT

✓✓✓ VERY GOOD

✓✓ GOOD

✓ FAIR



Three Hours to Kill

COLUMBIA, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ In a tense, no-nonsense-about-it Western, Dana Andrews returns to his home town after three years as a fugitive. An embittered man with a telltale rope scar on his neck, he's ready to play sleuth and executioner. On the night Dana left, he and Donna Reed made belated marriage plans, strongly opposed by her brother (Richard Webb). When Webb was murdered, Dana's fellow townspeople saw damning evidence against him and tried to lynch him. Facing him again, they are still suspicious, but paralyzed by fright. Donna is now the loving wife of Dick Coogan and the mother of a small son. Only the handsome, easy-mannered Dianne Foster remains friendly toward Dana. Done in competent style, the story has ample suspense—and some unusual twists for this type of movie.

ADULT

Dana sees a happy trio: Arthur Fox, Donna, Richard Coogan



Four Guns to the Border

U-I, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Except that hero Rory Calhoun's conduct is not too heroic most of the way, this Western follows a more conventional pattern. With fellow desperadoes John McIntire, George Nader and Jay Silverheels, Rory plots a daring bank robbery. On the side, he rather aggressively courts hoydenish Colleen Miller. She's willing, though Rory seems terribly unpromising husband-material. But dad (Walter Brennan) doesn't want her to marry the sort of young ruffian he himself used to be. As for Rory's holdup, it requires the unwitting assistance of sheriff Charles Drake. As soon as the robbery's over, a new burst of action is provided by a band of renegade Apaches—about the only characters in the picture who show no trace of having hearts of gold. Horse-opera fans will call this one good fun throughout.

FAMILY

A bout between Rory and Charles Drake has a rapt audience



Bengal Brigade

U-I, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Rock Hudson wears Her Majesty's uniform instead of Levis; the Indians wear turbans instead of war bonnets, but this remains a Western in disguise, with all the dependable thrills, chases and last-minute rescues. In India of the last century, Rock gets into trouble when he disobeys a command in order to save his native troops from a death trap. Thanks to the treachery of another officer (Dan O'Herlihy), his court martial ends with a reprimand. In disgust, Rock quits the service, though this step threatens his romance with Arlene Dahl, his colonel's daughter. Promptly he's approached by a local rajah, hopeful that Rock will aid in a scheduled insurrection. Ursula Thiess has only a brief role, but joins Rock and Arlene in making the picture soothing to the eyes of both male and female moviegoers.

FAMILY

Suspected of treason, Rock tries to keep Arlene's loyalty

MORE REVIEWS ON PAGE 28

BRIEF REVIEWS OF CURRENT FILMS ON PAGE 104

FOR COMPLETE CASTS OF NEW FILMS SEE PAGE 29

Helene Curtis has wonderful news for you!

NOW... a Hair Spray with NO LACQUER

never, never stiffens your hair!



Helene Curtis
SUPER SOFT
spray net

For all you women who've turned up your pretty noses at a Hair Spray

no lacquer

—really leaves hair silky and natural looking.



no lacquer

—softly makes your hair behave. And even hours later, just a wet comb renews the "springiness" of your wave.



no lacquer

—yet it's perfect for quick hair-dos. "Sets" pin curls in minutes.



... don't, one minute longer! For here is an *excitingly new* hair spray without one smidgen of lacquer. Even the perfume is new—an airy, apple-blossom sort of fragrance.

Forget wind, forget weather. Helene Curtis new Super Soft SPRAY NET holds your hair perfectly in place *softly*. It's so *exquisitely* soft, you can use it every single day, as often as you like, without even a hint of stiffening or drying.

Super soft? Oh my yes! Yet it keeps that just-had-a-hair-do smoothness all day long. "Sets" your pin curls snugly after a shampoo or for a quick redo. And it really brushes or washes out instantly.

And when you have a professional hair-do, you'll discover it's the hair spray used and preferred by better beauty salons across the country.

Honestly, Super Soft SPRAY NET is the newest, nicest, most *delightful* thing that could happen to your topknot.

We're just as proud of our Regular SPRAY NET!

Hair that's hard-to-manage... hair that's overdue for a permanent needs the more persuasive control of Regular SPRAY NET. So if you're one of the millions who have used it and loved it—don't change. For Regular SPRAY NET, *the finest of its kind*, is for you.

Now there are two SPRAY NETS... Super Soft or Regular, both wonderful!



\$1.25
plus tax

SUPER SOFT
OR REGULAR

LIMITED TIME ONLY

a generous
purse-size bottle of

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PERFUME

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THE HOLLYWOOD STORY

BY SHIRLEY THOMAS

NBC's Hollywood Correspondent

A dark, handsome young man stirred restlessly in his seat in a theatre in Long Beach, California. He had faced tough situations before: during his college years when he competed and won a phenomenal 24 letters in athletic competition; during the war when he had battled his way across Europe. But even those experiences hadn't seemed so momentous as this evening. His whole future and career—all the long years stretching ahead of him—hinged on what he was about to see on the screen. . . .

His thoughts wandered back to the beginning when he first arrived in Hollywood. He had the choice of a conventional Hollywood build-up. An agent had seen his photograph and offered to represent him, holding out the lure of a stock contract at a major studio. It would be the slow, tiresome routine known to so many young hopefuls: the small parts, then maybe a good supporting role; then maybe, someday, a chance at a leading part. But always the big "maybe," always the threat of a six-months option hanging over his head and the dread possibility that he might be dropped before he could demonstrate his ability. The war had taught him to play for big stakes, so he was gambling high. He refused the agent. It would be all or nothing.

He had a theory that one role, if it were the right one, could catapult him to fame. Subsidized by two aunts, he had enough money for two years of independence. At the end of that time, if he had failed, he knew he would have to take a job somewhere else in another field and try to repay the debt.

His whole life became involved with acting, in studying and discussing. His friends were all concerned with the movies. He made friends with secretaries, mail clerks, mimeo clerks and

messenger boys at the studios. Through them, he sometimes got a chance to hear or read scripts ahead of time. He decided on the type of role he was seeking, a brief role, but important to the plot, which would come toward the end of the picture, so the audience would remember his performance as it left the theatre. And he preferred a Western, because he'd appear most natural in a setting similar to his own background.

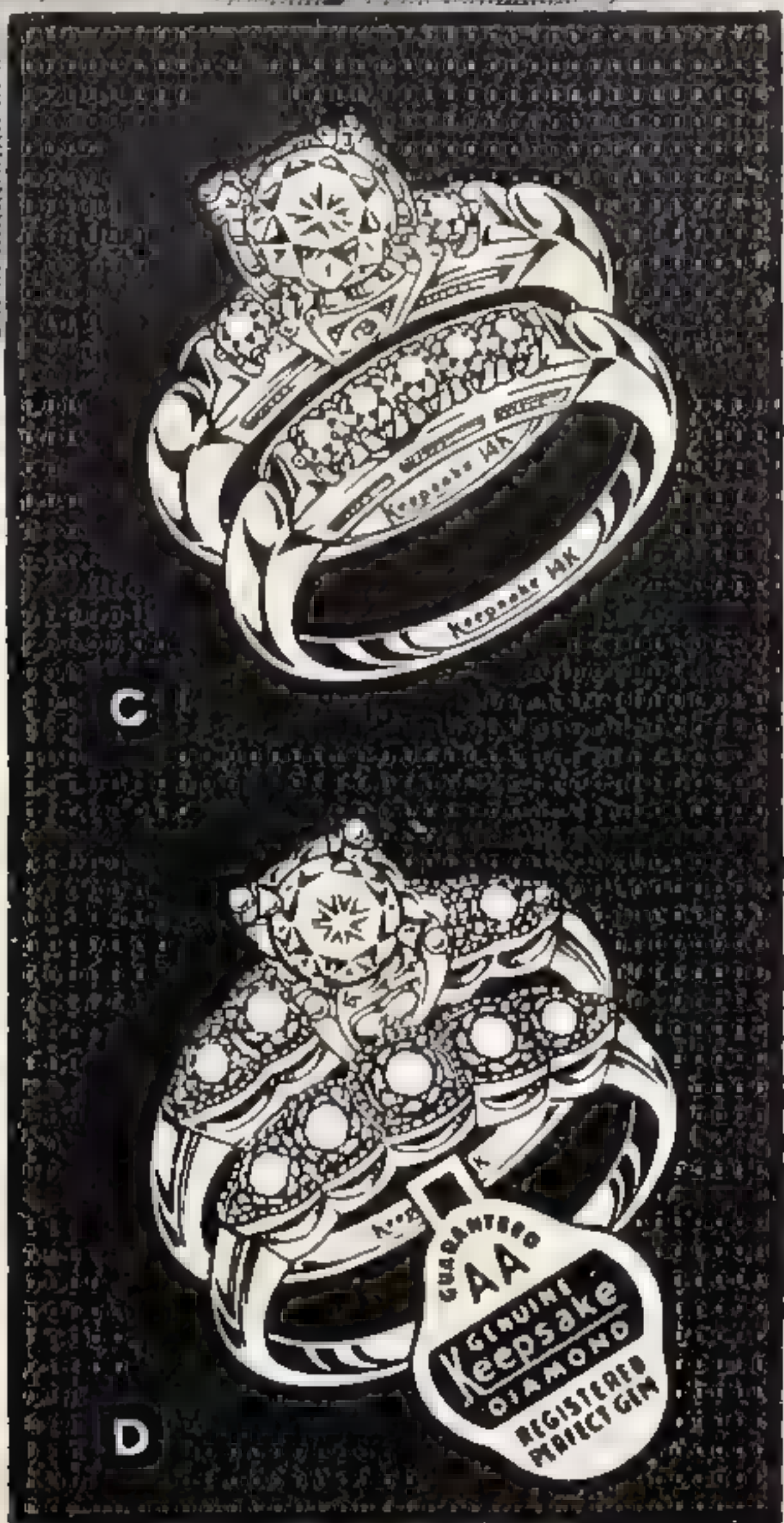
Finally, after twenty months, the ideal part came into his hands. Through an advance look at the script, he was well aware of the role's demands and was able to muster a case for himself. He convinced the producer and the director that he was right for the role.

Coming out of the daydream, back to his surroundings in the theatre, he realized that he had already made his entrance on the screen. He waited patiently for the movie to end. Nervously he paced the lobby while the fans filled in the preview cards. If he had been wrong, he had just thrown away two years, years he could never use again, that he might have used making the slow progress in the regular way of a contract player.

But he had made it! A remarkable ninety per cent of all the cards commented favorably on the new young actor or asked for more information about him or noted that they wanted to see him again. So good a reaction that the producer remarked he would have suspected the actor of packing the house—except that no one has 1200 relatives! In the next week, the young man received offers from four major studios and the chance to star in a dozen movies. Success has been sweet, but there has been no moment so precious as that preview night—for DALE ROBERTSON.

Listen to Shirley Thomas from Hollywood on NBC Radio in the Pacific coast area at 5:30 P.M., PST Sundays. Also to Shirley Thomas Reports on Weekend, 3-5 P.M., EST Sundays, over NBC Radio. Consult your local newspaper for time and station.

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Mary Murphy, Dale Robertson: a new party duet

HOLLYWOOD PARTY LINE



Vera-Ellen, Carlos Thompson: mutual admiration



Lana, Lex: the gentleman prefers her brunette

THE PARTY OF THE YEAR—and no doubt about it, was the out-of-this-world dinner-dance Sonja Henie so lavishly tossed at her home. The Henie had imported and installed a complete "Dancing Water Ballet." The installation cost \$7500! "Everybody"—as they say, was at Sonja's party. In their finest duds and jools. A list of those enjoying a truly glamorous affair would fill the book, but some who stayed till the wee hours were Grace Kelly, in simple, clinging black, with Roman-striped cloth stole, and Oleg Cassini; Virginia Mayo and Mike O'Shea, and Virginia in a red-taffeta over tiers of white—its skirt so full she could hardly navigate! Lana Turner, gorgeously blond again, wore a short but flowy, simple strapless gown of coral chiffon, with her huge diamond clips clipped at the side just below the bustline. Lex Barker waggled his finger at us when we told Lana she should keep her hair the lovely, soft silvery blond (no more of that white or yellow tint) it is now. He still prefers her brunette. Joan Caulfield and Frank Ross fresh home from Europe were on hand. Joan in a pencil-slim gown of white crepe, banded with silver sequins, and wearing a shocking pink satin stole. One of the knockouts of the party was Norma Shearer, slender as a reed, in slinky black crepe and wearing a short, blond hairdo. . . . June Allyson (in a white and red Loper job) and Cesar Romero put on quite a hunk of dance-exhibition before the eve was over. Pier Angeli came without a feller, but had pullenty of stags to contend with! Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford in black with Chuck Walters, Ethel Merman in black and her mop of hair shorn, Ann Miller in full-skirted white, the Eddie Robinsons, Jeff Chandler, the Gary Coopers, the Ty Powers, Gloria De Haven, Gracie and George—we could go on and on. Our escort was George Nader, who on studio orders had had his black hair dyed blond that day for "Lady Godiva." You should have seen the gals practically swooning over Nader! And that, we'd betcha, is a mere straw in the wind! At our table was Barbara Stanwyck, in slinky black trimmed with a bit of white across the bustline—and wearing those diamond gardenias she loves so well (who wouldn't?).

Lori Nelson tossed a nice birthday party for—herself. She was turning twenty one—and had just about that many in to help her celebrate. Debbie

Reynolds had a big disappointment because Eddie Fisher couldn't get to Hollywood that weekend as thought. So she went with her pal Leon Tyler. Marla English was with Larry Pennell, Julia Adams with George Nader, Kathleen Crowley with Dick Clayton. Ann Blyth and her Dr. Jim, the John Ericsons, Suzan Ball and Dick Long, Race Gentry, and the John Agars.

Shelley Winters may have meant it after all when she announced after returning from Europe that she was "through with sloppy clothes and slacks." When Shell gave a hen-party for Constance Dowling, she was all done up in a chic black dress trimmed with pearls. Among the "hens" were Marisa Pavan, Peggy Maley, and Marsha Hunt. The fellers who came in later included Farley Granger, who wants to stay in Hollywood and make another flicker, Richard Egan, Bob Presnell and John Houseman. Dick Egan sported a beard for "Untamed."

When actor-turned-producer, Ross Hunter gave his party for newly engaged Jane Powell and Pat Nerney, he had the whole front of his house strung with wedding bells and the invitations were signed "Dan Cupid." Jane and Pat hoped to be one by November—IF "Hit the Deck" hit the finish line. They planned a European honeymoon the minute it was finished. They also planned plenty of "the blues." For a wedding color-scheme, I mean. Jane said she'd wear a light blue sheer-wool dress with a matching, fox-trimmed coat; that Pat would be in the well-known "blue serge suit"; and that their suite at home would feature a blue bedroom, blue bathroom (complete with blue towels and mats)—and that her bridal nightie would be blue! P.S. Janie's favorite color is blue.

The splendiferous preem of "The Egyptian" brought out scads of stars. Bella Darvi, with Brad Dexter, was the only star in the picture who showed up for the opening. Buzz went that Edmund Purdom wasn't on hand because Purdom was supposedly pouting at home after a tiff with his Mrs. Anyway, there was glamour galore for the bleacher-fans with Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis; Katy Jurado; Jack Webb and Dorothy Towne; Carol Ladd and Dick Anderson who'd just announced their engagement; Vera-Ellen with Carlos Thompson; Mary Murphy with Dale Robertson and so many more.

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From the very first moment, you'll see and feel the dramatic difference! Because there's never been a bra like the new “custom-contoured” Playtex Living Bra. It lifts, it *lives*, g-i-v-e-s with every motion of your body... for support unmatched by any other bra. The news is in the criss-cross design, the clever use of elastic, those *sculptured* nylon cups. And the straps are *doubled*... can't cut, curl, slip or fray! Wear it once—you'll love it forever!



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*U.S.A., Canadian and Foreign Patents Pending

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE'S GOLD MEDAL AWARDS BALLOT FOR 1954-55

STARS

Allyson, June
Angeli, Pier
Autry, Gene
Ball, Suzan
Barker, Lex
Baxter, Anne
Blyth, Ann
Bogart, Humphrey
Booth, Shirley
Brady, Scott
Brando, Marlon
Burton, Richard
Calhoun, Rory
Caron, Leslie
Chandler, Jeff
Charisse, Cyd
Clift, Montgomery
Clooney, Rosemary
Cochran, Steve
Cooper, Gary
Crain, Jeanne
Crawford, Joan
Crosby, Bing
Crowley, Pat
Curtis, Tony
Dahl, Arlene
Damone, Vic
Darvi, Bella
Day, Doris
DeCarlo, Yvonne
Douglas, Kirk
Ferrer, Jose
Fleming, Rhonda
Francis, Robert
Gable, Clark
Gardner, Ava
Garland, Judy
Garson, Greer
Grable, Betty
Grahame, Gloria
Granger, Stewart

Hayden, Sterling
Hayward, Susan
Hayworth, Rita
Hepburn, Audrey
Heston, Charlton
Holden, William
Holliday, Judy
Hope, Bob
Hudson, Rock
Hunter, Jeff
Hunter, Tab
Johnson, Van
Jones, Jennifer
Kaye, Danny
Keel, Howard
Kelly, Gene
Kelly, Grace
Kerr, Deborah
Ladd, Alan
Lamas, Fernando
Lancaster, Burt
Laurie, Piper
Leigh, Janet
Lemmon, Jack
MacMurray, Fred
Madison, Guy
Martin, Dewey
Martin & Lewis
Mason, James
Mature, Victor
Mayo, Virginia
Milland, Ray
Mitchell, Cameron
Mitchum, Robert
Monroe, Marilyn
Moore, Terry
Murphy, Audie
Nader, George
Novak, Kim
O'Connor, Donald
O'Hara, Maureen

Paget, Debra
Palance, Jack
Parker, Eleanor
Peck, Gregory
Peters, Jean
Pidgeon, Walter
Powell, Dick
Powell, Jane
Power, Tyrone
Purdom, Edmund
Reed, Donna
Reynolds, Debbie
Rogers, Ginger
Rogers, Roy
Roland, Gilbert
Rush, Barbara
Russell, Jane
Saint, Eva Marie
Simmons, Jean
Sinatra, Frank
Stack, Robert
Stanwyck, Barbara
Stewart, James
Taylor, Elizabeth
Taylor, Robert
Thompson, Carlos
Tierney, Gene
Todd, Richard
Tracy, Spencer
Turner, Lana
Wagner, Robert
Wayne, John
Webb, Clifton
Webb, Jack
Widmark, Richard
Wilding, Michael
Williams, Esther
Winters, Shelley
Wyman, Jane
Wynn, May

Another chance to register your votes for the best male and female players, the best film of 1954. Who will be your Gold Medal favorites?

MOVIES

About Mrs. Leslie
Act of Love
Adventures of Robinson Crusoe
Americano, The
Apache
Athena
Barefoot Contessa, The
Beat the Devil
Beau Brummell
Bengal Brigade
Big Rainbow, The
Black Shield of Falworth, The
Brigadoon
Broken Lance
Caine Mutiny, The
Carnival Story
Casanova's Big Night
Command, The
Country Girl, The
Creature from the Black Lagoon
Dangerous Mission
Demetrius and the Gladiators
Desiree
Dial M for Murder
Dragnet
Drum Beat
Easy to Love
Eddie Cantor Story, The
Egyptian, The
Elephant Walk
Executive Suite
Flame and the Flesh
Forever Female
Francis Joins the WACS
French Line, The
Garden of Evil
Glenn Miller Story, The
Hell and High Water
Hell Below Zero
High and the Mighty, The
His Majesty O'Keefe
Hobson's Choice
Hondo
Indiscretion of an American Wife
It Should Happen to You
Johnny Dark
Johnny Guitar
King Richard and the Crusaders
Knights of the Round Table

Knock on Wood
Last Time I Saw Paris, The
Little Kidnappers, The
Living It Up
Long, Long Trailer, The
Lucky Me
Ma and Pa Kettle at Home
Magnificent Obsession
Man with a Million
Men of the Fighting Lady
Money from Home
Miss Sadie Thompson
Naked Alibi
Naked Jungle, The
Night People
On the Waterfront
Paratrooper
Passion
Phffft
Prince Valiant
Pushover
Rear Window
Red Garters
Rhapsody
River of No Return
Rob Roy
Rose Marie
Sabrina
Saskatchewan
Secret of the Incas
Seven Brides for Seven Brothers
She Couldn't Say No
Son of Sinbad
Star Is Born, A
Strategic Air Command
Student Prince, The
Suddenly
Susan Slept Here
Them
This Is My Love
Three Coins in the Fountain
Track of the Cat
Vanishing Prairie, The
Vera Cruz
Walking My Baby Back Home
White Christmas
Wild One, The
Woman's World
Yankee Pasha
Young at Heart

Vote for your Favorite Stars and Movie of 1954

BEST FEMALE PERFORMER _____

BEST MALE PERFORMER _____

BEST FILM OF 1954 _____

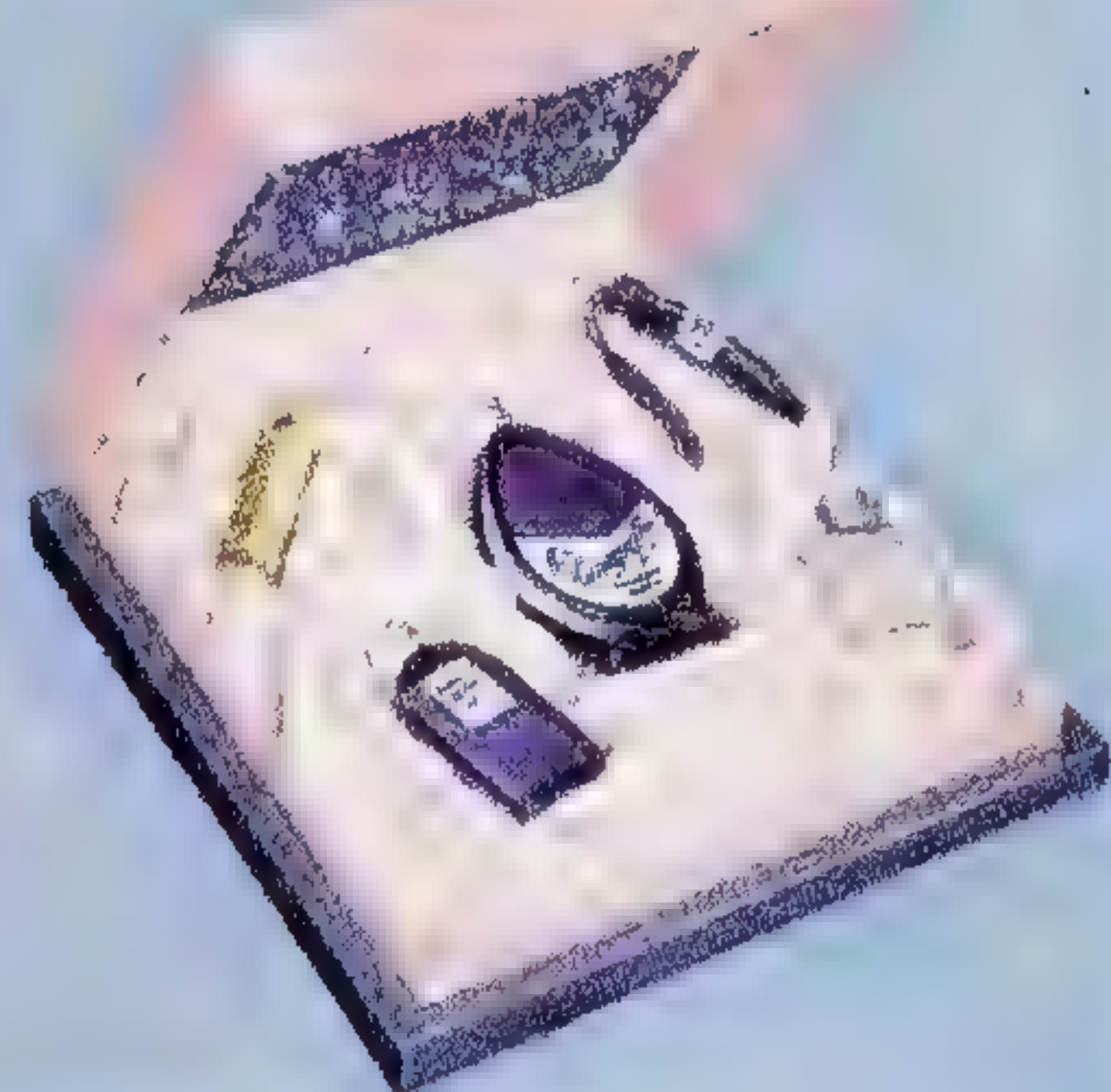
Mail your ballot to PHOTOPLAY GOLD MEDAL AWARDS, Box 1291, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. Ballots must be received no later than December 10, 1954. You need not sign your name — but do mail your vote today!

This Christmas give the fragrance more women use
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Evening in Paris



Jewelled Purse Flacon—
Perfume \$1.50



↑ Glamour—Lipstick, Bubble Bath Perfume,
Liquid Sachet, Perfume, Cologne \$5.00



Arc de Triomphe—Cologne \$1.00



↑ Je T'Aime—Cologne
and Perfume Flacon \$1.00



Pretty Petite—Talc, Liquid Sachet
Perfume, Face Powder, Cologne \$4.00



↑ L'Avenue—Talc, Perfume
Facon, Cologne \$2.50



Snowflake—Perfume \$1.00



↑ Spirit of Paris—Face Powder, Cologne,
Toilet Water, Perfume, Perfume Flacon,
Lipstick \$10.00



Fragrance Masterpiece—Montmartre,
Evening in Paris, Folies
Bergère Colognes \$1.50



↑ But Yes—Toilet Water and
Perfume Flacon \$1.75



Indigo—Talc, Perfume, Toilet
Water, Bubble Bath Perfume,
Cologne, Perfume Flacon \$7.50



↑ Pink Gift—Bubble Bath, Toilet Water,
Bubble Bath Perfume, Cologne \$3.00



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***A national research laboratory* proves
Jergens Lotion more effective than any other lotion tested
for stopping detergent damage.***



Recently, 447 women made a grueling test. It was conducted by a national research laboratory. The purpose: to find the answer to the most serious skin problem housewives face today—"detergent hands."

These women soaked both their hands in detergents, three times a day. After each soaking, Jergens Lotion was applied to their right hands. Their left hands were not treated. Skin scientists supervised these important tests.

The amazing result. In just 3 or 4 days, untreated hands were reddened and roughened, even cracked and sore. Yet the hands given Jergens Lotion care were soft, unblemished, smooth, white.



Many other lotions were tested the same way. Not *one* proved as effective as Jergens Lotion for stopping detergent damage. *Not even 100% pure lanolin* did a better job (and no hand care contains more than 15% lanolin).

The famous Jergens formula, improved over 50 years, positively stops detergent damage. This means it's ideal for roughness, chapping, and all hand problems. It's never sticky or greasy.

Now every woman can be assured of lovely, smooth, feminine hands! If you have not tried Jergens lately, now is the time. You will find it a heavier, creamier lotion, with a pleasing new fragrance. Still 10¢ to \$1.00, plus tax.

Jergens Lotion *positively stops "Detergent Hands"*

"Detergent Hands" with Jergens Lotion



These are the hands of Beth Anderson, one of the 447 women in the experiment. Both her hands were soaked in detergents. Her left hand was untreated. Her right hand was cared for with Jergens Lotion. The difference was astonishing! Jergens Lotion will work as well for you, or your money will be returned. **This photograph is unretouched.**

**NOTICE to doctors and dermatologists: A summary copy of this independent research report is available to you. Write on your letterhead to The Andrew Jergens Company, Cincinnati 14, Ohio.*

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GIVE her the fabulous Midnight
Lipstick-Perfume Combination. \$1.

all prices plus tax

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON*

LAUGHING STOCK

Jerry Lewis rebelled at having to let an elephant fondle him for a scene in "The Big Top."

"It's against my religion," he winced.

"What do you mean?" said director Joe Pevney, sensing he was about to become a straight man. "What is your religion?"

Said Jerry: "I'm a devout coward."

Overheard: "Almost every woman has a youthful figure—and you get it when you ask her age."

And at a barber shop: "Just a shave. I haven't got time to listen to a haircut."

A burlesque queen at a Los Angeles night club is billed as "anamorphic, panoramic, stereophonic and the modern miracle you see without glasses."

An eight-year-old's wail about seeing Walt Disney's English classic "Rob Roy": "Whatta gyp! I thought it was a Western in which bandits hold up Roy Rogers!"

A Paramount press agent is dreaming about posing Alan Ladd on a horse named Harvest Moon so he can title it:

"Shane on Harvest Moon."

Stage manager to showgirl at the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas:

"All we want, ma'am, are the bare facts."

Hollywoodese for an Indian starlet posing for leg art: Cochise cake.

Cartoon howl: A couple standing at the edge of the Grand Canyon with the woman saying:

"Somehow, in Cinerama, it had more depth."

Overheard at the Mocambo: "I'm not under the affluence of incohol like some thinkle peep I am."

Jan August tells about the movie idol who's so bald under his toupee that when he gets temperamental he tears his hair out with a tweezer.

Science-fiction influence:

A Hollywood theatre flashed this typographical marquee error: "Martian and Lewis."

Add Liberace jokes:

Liberace, it's said, cracked his head when he jumped into his piano-shaped swimming pool. Brother George forgot to open the lid.

Last words: "Of course I'll get custody of the maid—that's what started the divorce in the first place."

It has become traditional in space-adventure films for the men to wear more and more garb and the women less and less. This is science fiction?

Don Quinn swears he saw a British movie in which the hero's small daughter worked her way, with complications, through a brick of chocolate ice cream. Then the hero said:

"Cynthia, darling, you've been a mess through this whole ugly brick."

*See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local TV station

BY FLORABEL MUIR



Debbie and Eddie continue to star in the sweetest young romance of the year



Audie Murphy admits there's been trouble at home—which may explain his recent decision



Maureen O'Hara has good news to tell about co-star Ty Power in "The Long Gray Line"

HOLLYWOOD WHISPERS

ABOUT THE FACT that Terry Moore remains high on all fan polls, yet she can't get a picture bid in Hollywood, leaving some newspaper people wondering if they didn't unjustly cost her her career. . . . About the irony of the Ed Purdom story: When Ed and his family were starving and living on top of a garage, everything went well with the family; now with success and top billing, Ed's confused and ill and family relations are not what they ought to be. . . . About the possibility that Eddie Fisher might become both a movie star and an engaged man. Rumors have it that there are some mighty good film offers being made to Eddie who's waiting for the "right" one. And it seems no longer a rumor that Eddie and Debbie Reynolds are in love. The question is just how soon they plan to announce their announcement that they are engaged to be engaged. . . . About the surprise break-up of the marriage of Jeff Hunter and Barbara Rush soon after Barbara returned from Ireland where she made "Captain Lightfoot," with Barbara making the announcement and Jeff moving into a Westwood apartment.

About when and where John Wayne and Pilar Palette will get the knot tied, with the betting that it will be before the

turn of the year. . . . And Mari Blanchard's apparent break with the bachelor-minded Greg Bautzer, with the handsome film barrister promptly switching to Carol Haney, a honey from the cast of "Pajama Game." . . . About Vera-Ellen's quickie to Europe in the wake of Carlos Thompson, who journeyed to Munich to play opposite Yvonne DeCarlo in "Magic Fire," the Richard Wagner bio-pic. . . . And Jess Barker's bustle of activity since he took it on the chin in the divorce settlement with Susan Hayward, getting practically nothing but the right to visit the children. Jess, who hadn't worked at the acting trade much these last few years, suddenly found himself in brisk demand both for tv and pictures.

About the convincing way Olivia de Havilland scotched rumors that all isn't well with her and her French squire Pierre Galante. . . . And about how the parade of Oscar candidates is growing apace in this 1954, a real "vintage year" for great films, with Maureen O'Hara assuring her pals with enthusiasm that "Tyronne Power is an absolute cinch for his performance in 'The Long Gray Line.'" . . . About the likelihood that Grace Kelly and Oleg Cassini will be sending out wed-

ding invitations right soon now. . . . And that Jack Webb, whose divorce from Julie London became final in November, will not wait very long before marrying his long-time sweetie Dorothy Towne.

About the warm romance that sprang up sans any warning at all between Shelley Winters and Sterling Hayden and the speculation among their friends as to whether this could possibly be the real thing—which most people doubt. Meanwhile Shelley, who drew down her fattest acting fee to date for "Night of the Hunter," \$75,000, has hurled a sneer overseas at Vittorio Gassman, who refused to contribute as much as one lira to the support of their infant daughter unless he's conceded the right to see her. Only one thing's certain—Shell will explode in all directions when Gassman arrives in Hollywood for his M-G-M commitment, which may be some time in '55. . . .

About the threatened breakup of the marriage of Audie Murphy and his second wife, Pam. Audie tells pals that after "To Hell and Back" gets into the theatres he hopes to leave his acting career behind and take up directing. "I'm sure I'll be easier to live with," he says.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR or DRUGGIST

END THAT "Certain Time" Odor Problem

with
"ENNDS"
containing
Darotol

That absorbs odors within
the body—before they start!

Biologically most women, during certain calendar days, emit a particular odor. This has been so since pre-historic times—and the deodorants and perfumes of civilization have sought to cover it.

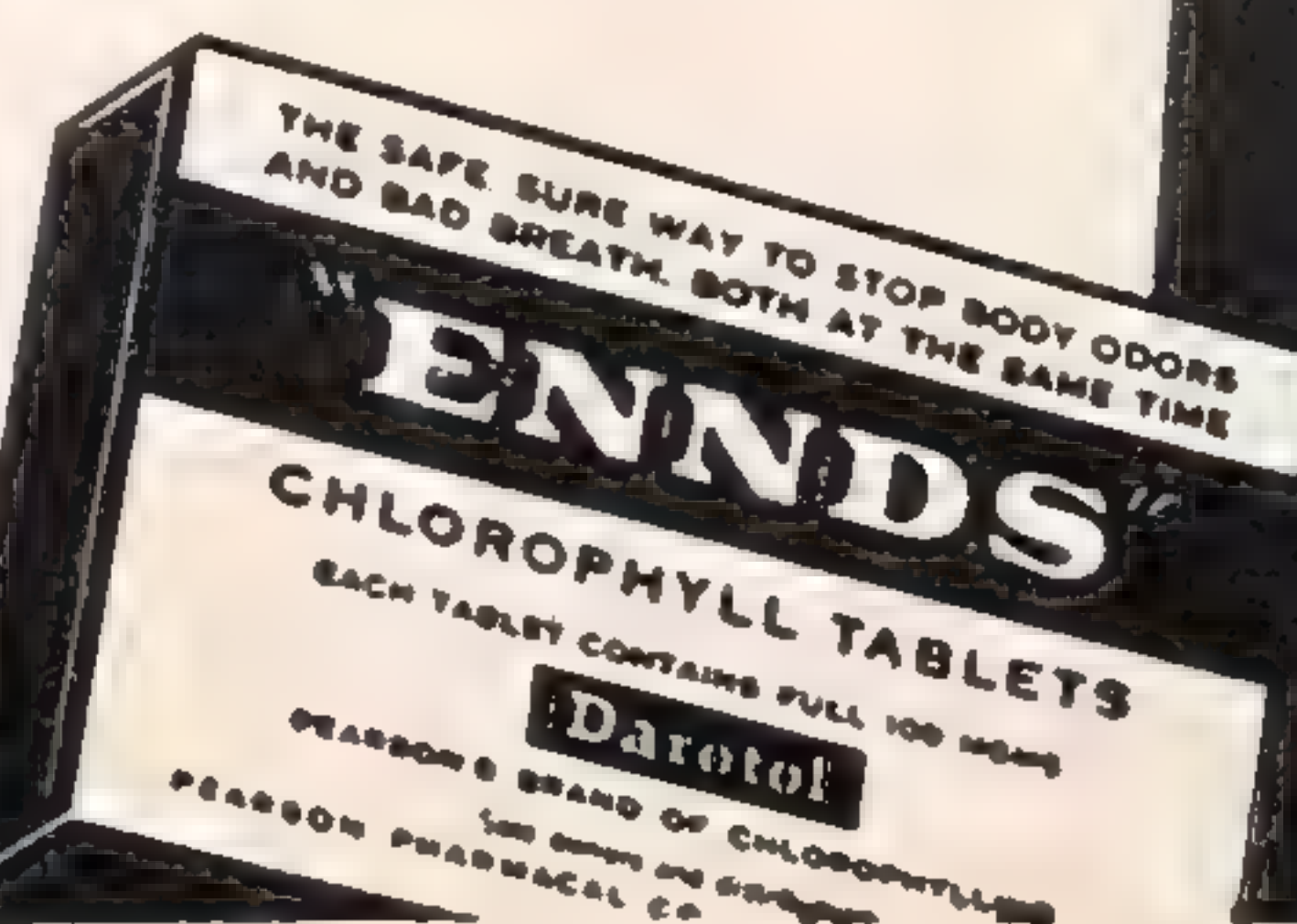
Now, however—after many centuries—a substance has been found that absorbs "certain time" odors *within* the body. This substance—DAROTOL—is found only in ENNDS tablets.

DAROTOL works by entering the blood stream through the digestive system. It is thus carried to all parts of the body—where it removes the odor from certain organic compounds before they are excreted through the pores as perspiration or as other waste material.

The regular use of ENNDS, not only ends the worry over "certain time" odor, but also purifies and sweetens the breath—keeping it that way for hours.

For the assurance of personal daintiness every day of the year, no woman should be without ENNDS. Ask for ENNDS at drug counters everywhere. Trial size only 49 cents. Larger sizes even more economical. Also available in Canada.

For free booklet, "What You Should Know About a Woman's Problem of Odor Offense" (mailed in plain envelope), write "ENNDS", Dept. TS-A, P.O. Box 222, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y.



Address your letters to Readers Inc., PHOTOPLAY, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We regret we are unable to return or reply to any letters not published in this column.

READERS INC...



SOAP BOX:

I remember, a long time ago, when I was assigned to one of my first pictures. Someone proceeded to give me a word of warning, accompanied by a deep frown. "You're going to have quite a time getting along with Shelley Winters," she said.

I never pay attention to such gossip, but I'll confess that I was a little uneasy. However, when the picture began, I found the star to be a craftsman and a real worker. She wanted to make the best picture possible and slaved toward that goal. She had



Suzan offers a helping hand

moments of temperament, but they usually came for a very good reason.

Shelley taught me that on a picture—or in any business for that matter—you've got to give all of your attention to the problem at hand. You can't be petty. You can't scream over trifles. You *can* combine kindness and understanding with your work.

I didn't have a large part in the picture, but you'd never have known it from her attitude toward me. That's another thing. There's always time to give a helping hand. And I think it's an excellent thing for all of us to remember.

SUZAN BALL

My opinion of Audrey Hepburn's hair is: It looks terrible! . . . The barber's scissors must have slipped when he was cutting it and he couldn't patch it up. Audrey is very pretty . . . but her hair spoils her looks.

NANCY R.

Torrington, Connecticut

Dale Robertson's eyes are too sexy to waste on horses and cows! . . . Why doesn't his studio recognize his pulling power?

LURLENE

New Orleans, Louisiana

I just saw "About Mrs. Leslie" and think it deserves a better rating than you gave it. Shirley Booth played the part wonderfully and Robert Ryan did as well . . .

BONNIE BLACK

Swampscott, Massachusetts

In your September issue of PHOTOPLAY there was an article on Bob Francis . . . He's tops. Let's see more of him in PHOTOPLAY and in the movies.

SHERRY DURHAM

Tacoma, Washington

After seeing "Mogambo" and "Dial M for Murder" I've come to the conclusion that movies really are "Better Than Ever." "Mogambo" had about everything it takes to make a good movie—including Grace Kelly, who is the best thing that's happened to Hollywood in years. She's in a class by herself . . . it would be a gross mistake to put her in just any picture in the future . . . She is a very exquisite type, and I think that some day, if given the right roles, Grace Kelly will belong in the same class with Greta Garbo and Vivien Leigh.

A GRACE KELLY ADMIRER
Swainsboro, Georgia

Three cheers for Doris Day! She's proved great courage in being able to stand up against all the vicious gossip and rumors that have haunted her ever since she took a well-earned rest. Now to prove that she is rested and feeling fine once again she's making even more wonderful movies than ever . . . Could you ask anything more in a movie star than what Doris offers? . . .

JUDY ROBERTS

San Diego, California

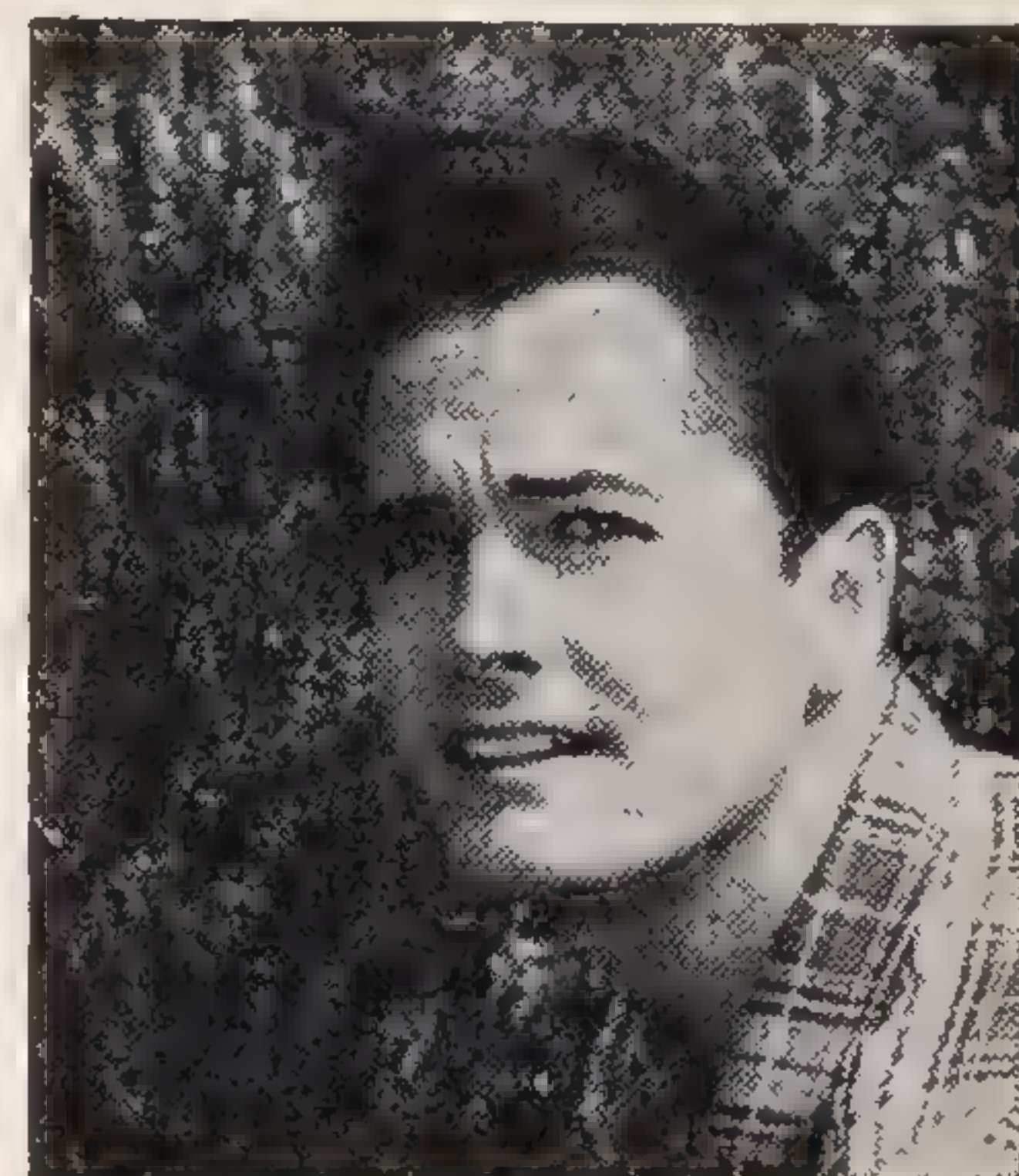
I would like to see . . . Lyle Bettger star in a film that does not require him to drop dead at the end. That statement sounds rather silly, but let's face it. He always dies. We Bettger fans dislike to see him die a villain, but when we see him die a hero, as in "Carnival Story," that's the last straw. I know he makes a very charming villain, but I think he would be excellent as a down-to-earth sort of person who has a happy ending to his film story.

SUZANNE KRAIGE

SARAH ANNE SALMONS

NANCY KING

Roanoke, Virginia



John Derek has everything

John Derek is terrific! His family life is ideal and he's tops as an actor. Why isn't he in more movies like "Thunderbirds"? . . .

CASSIE

Erie, Pennsylvania

CASTING:

I have just finished reading "The Other Father" by Hobson. It is the story of a husband's longing for a younger woman because he is bored with his wife and his two grown-up children. (Continued on page 26)

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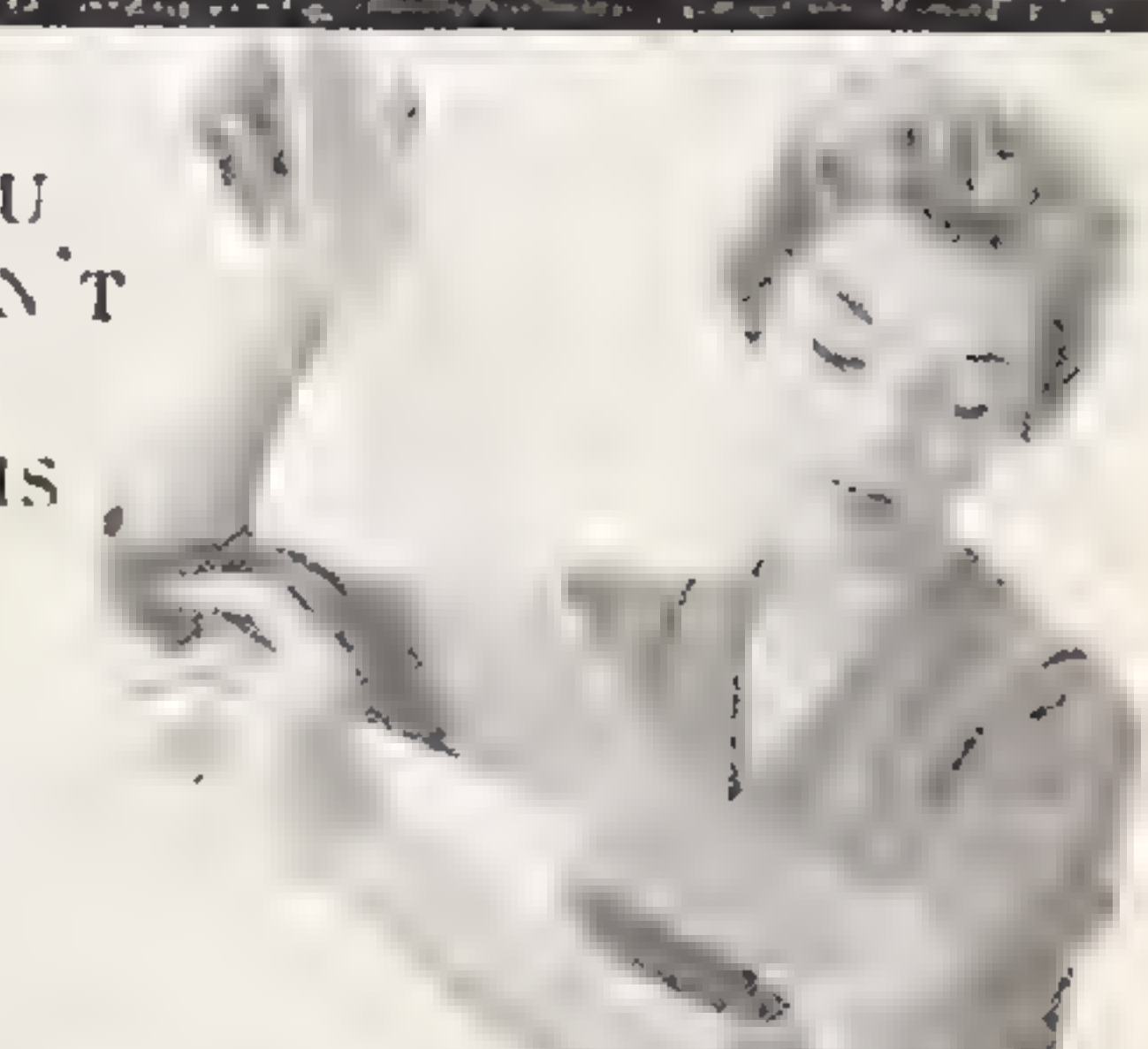
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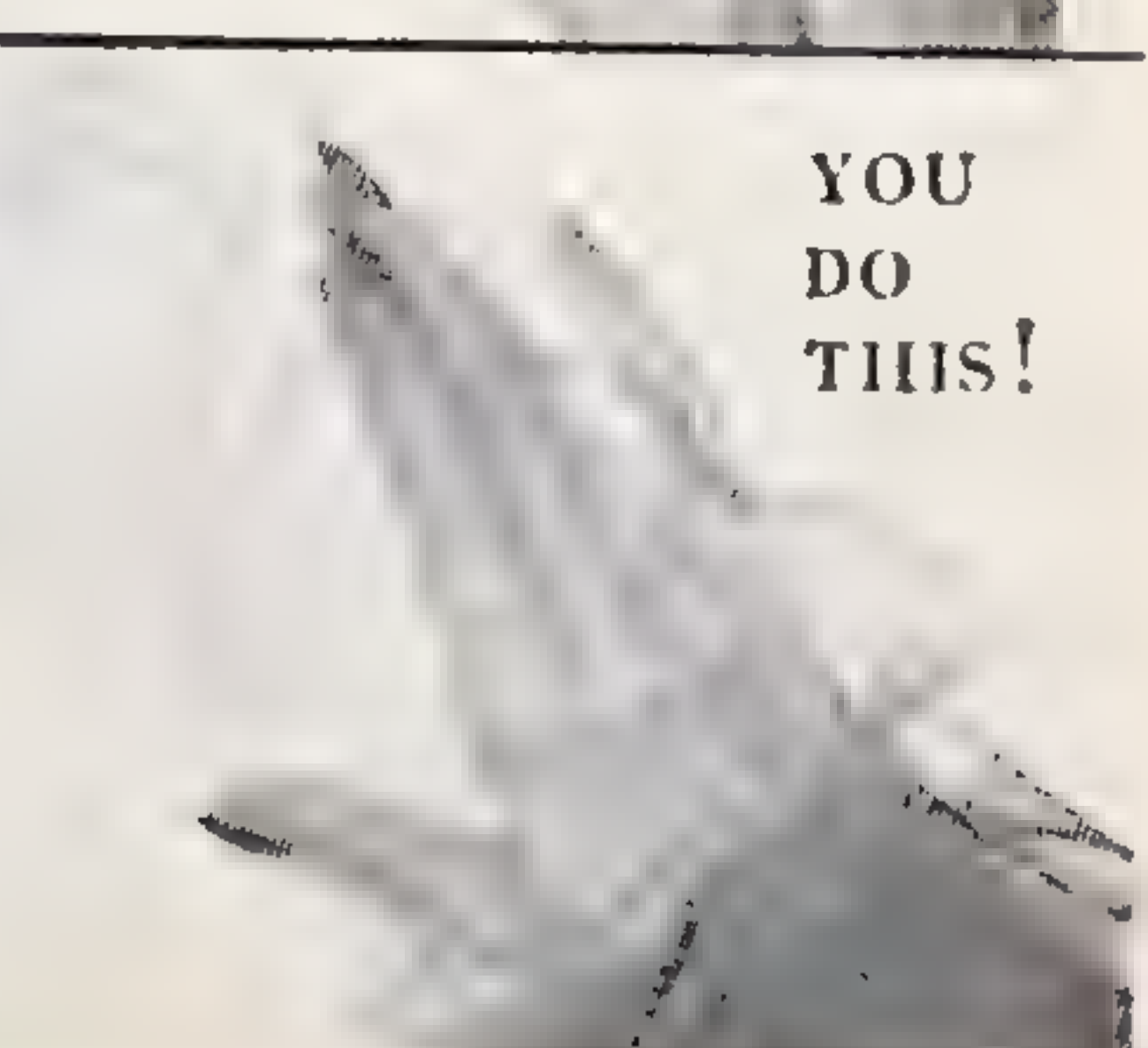
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READERS INC...

I sincerely believe that it would make a wonderful movie with the following cast: Fredric March as *Andrew Dynes*, the husband; Ann Seymour as *Mary Dynes*, his wife; Robert Wagner as *Bill Dynes*, the son; Elaine Stewart as *Peg Dynes*, the daughter; Eleanor Parker as *Ruth*, the other woman; William Holden as *Ted Galway*, *Peg's* boyfriend; Piper Laurie as *Alicia*; Sherry Jackson as *Betty Dynes*, Andrew's youngest child; and Mary Philipps as *Edith Hamilton*.

LOUIS ORZEC
Chicago, Illinois

A few months ago I had an attack of appendicitis, leaving me with a lot of time on my hands. So I decided to try reading a book. The book was entitled "Seventeenth Summer." . . . My friends and I talked about it and came out with what we think are a good pick of leading stars to play the principal people: *Angie*, Debbie Reynolds; her boyfriend, Tab Hunter.

SYLVIA SPURGIN
Dallas, Texas

I have seen George Nader act in movies and on TV. I think he is wonderful. Why not co-star him and Jean Simmons in a romantic picture? They'd make a terrific team.

TRACY TROUT
Roanoke, Virginia



George Nader: time for love

I enjoy reading Zane Grey's western stories. I especially liked "Code of the West." This would make an enjoyable movie, starring Mona Freeman as *Georgianna Stockwell*; Bob Wagner or Tab Hunter as *Cal Thurman*. Stories about young people would be appreciated by the younger set of moviegoers.

NANCY KANDRICK
Pluckemin, New Jersey

I would like to see that great actor Marlon Brando cast as the matador in Barnaby Conrad's novel "Matador." How well this wonderful actor could portray the tragic life of a great matador . . . It would be a different role for Brando.

GLORIA GREENWALD
Mount Holly, New Jersey

Why doesn't M-G-M star Elizabeth Taylor and Michael Wilding as the English diplomat and his wife, *Charles* and *Jane Anderson*, in James Hilton's "Time and Time Again"?

NICK SALERNO
Phoenix, Arizona

I think Richard Burton and Maggie McNamara would make a very cute team since he's what we girls call a positively beautiful hunk of man and she's a doll. Why doesn't 20th co-star them?

MARY, JOAN, ALICE AND SUZAN
Laredo, Texas

QUESTION BOX:

John Wayne's performance in "The High and the Mighty" follows the pattern of all his work. Really excellent! Has he any children?

SUZANNE
Chicago, Illinois

The Duke has four children. Son Patrick gets his first screen credit in "The Long Gray Line."—ED.

Would you please tell me if Mario Lanza will be in the movies again? Is he going to make any concert tours? If so, when?

NANETTE NELSON
Chicago, Illinois

Mario's film plans remain a mystery, though he has done some TV.—ED.

I have just seen one of the most tender and heartwarming pictures of the year, "Magnificent Obsession," and would like to know the name of the song played throughout this wonderful picture.

ALBERTA ANDREWS
San Francisco, California

Based on themes by Chopin, Beethoven and Johann Strauss, the music was composed by Frank Skinner. It has been recorded directly from the sound track and is now available on long-playing Decca Records.—ED.

I have had some discussions with friends as to whether the female singing voice in "Rose Marie" and "The Student Prince" was Ann Blyth's natural voice, or the recording of another voice worked in as Mario Lanza's was in "The Student Prince." In her role in "The Great Caruso" . . . she almost whispered a song, and we cannot picture her singing the other two roles, unless through the tricks of motion pictures, they have magnified it.

EMILY B. HOLT
Albany, Georgia

Ann did her own singing in all three films.—ED.

I've just seen "King Richard and the Crusaders" and thought it was wonderful. I'd like to know who played the part of Sir Kenneth of Huntingdon. It's the first time I've seen him. Could you give me some information about him? . . .

JEAN STEWART
Nazareth, Pennsylvania

That was Laurence Harvey. He's twenty-six-years old, has brown hair and brown eyes, stands 6 feet and weighs 180 lbs. He's still single. You can see him soon in J. Arthur Rank's "Romeo and Juliet."—ED.



Laurence Harvey's a nobleman

My brother says Jane Russell is married and has children. I say she has been married but isn't now. Please tell me so we can settle the argument.

JACQUELINE SUE VOLKLAND
Bushton, Kansas

You lose—Jane's happily married to her one-and-only, Bob Waterfield, and they have two adopted children.—ED.

I would like to know if Debra Paget's sister is Leslie Gaye or Lisa Gaye. In your September issue it's Leslie. In your July issue it's Lisa.

ELLEN DORN
Phoenix, Arizona

Her studio decided to change her name from Lisa to Leslie.—ED.



Debra, Leslie: look-alikes that are sisters

Could you please tell me the names of the movies Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn starred in together?

LESLIE JOSI
Waterloo, Wisconsin

"Keeper of the Flame," "Without Love," "State of the Union," "Sea of Grass," "Adam's Rib," "Pat and Mike."—ED.

I have just seen "Three Young Texans" co-starring Keefe Brasselle. I would like to know if he played Tony or Johnny . . . I think he played Tony.

GERTRUDE BANNISTER
East Detroit, Michigan

He did.—ED.

I have just read in a newspaper that Julie Mitchum (sister of Bob) and Victor McLaglen's son were in "The High and the Mighty." What parts did they play?

MARILYN A. CHURA
Brooklyn, New York

Julie Mitchum played the part of the navigator's wife, Susie. Victor's son, Andrew McLaglen, was the assistant director of the film.—ED.

We'd like nothing better than to answer every single letter we receive asking for information and addresses of the stars. We can't! Each week hundreds of letters are received. We can only answer a limited number in Readers Inc. each month. We suggest, therefore, that if you want to start a fan club or write your favorite stars, address them at their studios. And if you're collecting photographs, a good bet is to investigate the commercial organizations that have pictures for sale. For a list of studios turn to page 92. ED.

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Operation Manhunt

U.A.

✓✓✓ Filmed in Canada, this modest action picture imagines a harrowing episode in the present-day life of Igor Gouzenko, the Russian who fled from a Soviet Embassy to help Canada smash an atom-spy ring. Portrayed with conviction by Harry Townes, Gouzenko is seen living quietly in a farming section with his wife (Irja Jensen) and children, their true identity hidden to escape Soviet vengeance. The family's situation draws automatic sympathy, but the emotion would be stronger if the movie showed some of the events leading up to Gouzenko's big decision. Here, he is touched by a letter from a man who wants to follow him to freedom. It's a trap, of course, and the would-be rebel is a triggerman sent to Canada to make an example of Gouzenko. In this role, Jacques Aubuchon is a portly, dead-pan villain better suited to a more romantic sort of melodrama. But events move with satisfying swiftness to a surprise finish. **FAMILY**

Bread, Love and Dreams

TITANUS

✓✓✓ Gentle, leisurely and charming, this Italian movie (with titles in English) gives luscious Gina Lollobrigida her best role. As the prettiest and the poorest girl in a mountain village, she's a free-striding little figure in tattered clothes, vigorously defending her virtue against a townful of admirers. To this isolated spot comes handsome, graying Vittorio De Sica, a marshal in the *carabinieri* (Italy's national police). A lonely bachelor, he casts an eye first on the comely young midwife, but gives up because he thinks he has a rival. Then he's drawn to Gina, not realizing that she's in love with one of his men, a youth too painfully shy to approach her. All the picture's people, even the prying villagers, are a likable lot, pathetically human. **ADULT**

Hansel and Gretel

MYERBERG, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Puppets of a remarkable new design are featured in this slow-paced version of the classic fairy tale. They are quaint and appealing figures, with features that move, as well as limbs. But their motions aren't always smooth and realistic. Very young movie fans, however, are likely to be too spellbound by the little live dolls to quibble. The story, of course, follows a small brother and sister as they wander from their poverty-stricken home into a deep forest—where a fearsome witch lurks. A spirited caricature, she's the most convincing of the puppets, though over-imaginative youngsters might find nightmare material in her fondness for baked children as a tasty dish. With Humperdinck's familiar music, the film is a miniature opera. **FAMILY**

Fire over Africa

COLUMBIA, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Maureen O'Hara, Macdonald Carey and the rest of the troupe located in North Africa for this wildly melodramatic yarn of smugglers and secret agents. A former OSS girl, Maureen is assigned to find the unknown leader of a smuggling ring that operates in defiance of several

governments. Posing as an adventures she gets a job in a dive run by the forthright Binnie Barnes. The customers, rakish group, provide plenty of leads for Maureen's detective work, but she can shake Carey off. He's a shady character.



Below deck on a ship that's fleeing killers, Maureen and Mac find they've fallen in love.

who keeps following her, making brash advances. Eventually, both are embroiled in a colossal brawl with the smuggler gang. The story travels fast along its involved course, against varied, colorful backgrounds. **FAMILY**

The Black Dakotas

COLUMBIA, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Again the Civil War is fought out west, in a lively horse opera that favors neither side. Gary Merrill's a Confederate spy representing himself as an emissary from Lincoln, ready to offer the Sioux a peace treaty and a gift of gold. Actually, Gary has murdered the real Union agent and now plans to steal the gold, so that the Sioux will renew warfare and the Union will be forced to send troops against them. Wanda Hendrix, whose father was hanged as a Southern spy, also has Confederate sympathies, though her true love (John Bromfield) is a loyal Union man. Dissension among the Sioux and the revelation of Gary's real character keep the plot bubbling busily. **FAMILY**

The Human Jungle

ALLIED ARTISTS

✓✓ No hidden motives for Gary Merrill this time. He's a thoroughgoing good guy. About to leave the police force and begin a law career, he can't resist a challenge thrown at him by his wily superior: the job of cleaning up the toughest precinct in town. Gary's treat-'em-rough policy draws censure when the gang frames him. But this can't stop his search for the murderer of a party girl. As the chief suspect, rangy Chuck Connors does a believable sketch of a deadly young hoodlum. His alibi is furnished by Jan Sterling, equally effective as a brassy, cop-hating B-girl. Though the plot as a whole is not too plausible, the action's exciting. The romantic element is weak, with Paula Raymond as Gary's patient wife, in a home rather too well-appointed to belong to an honest cop. **FAMILY**

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CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

BAREFOOT CONTESSA, THE—U.A. Directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz: *Harry Dawes*, Humphrey Bogart; *Maria Vargas*, Ava Gardner; *Oscar Muldoon*, Edmond O'Brien; *Alberto Bravano*, Marius Goring; *Eleanora Torlato-Favrini*, Valentina Cortese; *Vincenzo Torlato-Favrini*, Rossano Brazzi; *Jerry*, Elizabeth Sellars; *Kirk Edwards*, Warren Stevens; *Pedro*, Franco Interlenghi; *Myrna*, Mari Aldon; *Nightclub Proprietor*, Alberto Rabagliati; *Busboy*, Enzo Staiola; *Maria's Mother*, Maria Zanolli; *Maria's Father*, Renato Chiantoni; *J. Montague Brown*, Bill Fraser; *Mr. Black*, John Parrish; *Mr. Blue*, Jim Gerald; *Drunken Blonde*, Diana Decker; *Gypsy Dancer*, Riccardo Dioli; *The Pretender*, Tonio Selwart; *The Pretender's Wife*, Margaret Anderson; *Lulu McGee*, Gertrude Flynn; *Hector Eubanks*, John Horne; *Mrs. Eubanks*, Bessie Love; *Eddie Blake*, Robert Christopher; *Chambermaid*, Anna Maria Paduan; *Chauffeur*, Carlo Dale.

BENGAL BRIGADE—U.I. Directed by Laslo Benedek: *Jeff Claybourne*, Rock Hudson; *Vivian Morrow*, Arlene Dahl; *Latah*, Ursula Thiess; *Colonel Morrow*, Torin Thatcher; *Rajah Karam Jee*, Arnold Moss; *Capt. Ronald Blaine*, Dan O'Herlihy; *Major Puran Singh*, Michael Ansara; *Hari Lal*, Harold Gordon; *Bulbir*, Shep Manken; *Capt. Ian McLeod*, Leslie Dennison; *Capt. Guy Fitz-Morrrell*, John Dods-worth; *Major Jennings*, Ramsay Hill.

BLACK DAKOTAS, THE—Columbia. Directed by Ray Nazarro: *Brock Marsh*, Gary Merrill; *Ruth Lawrence*, Wanda Hendrix; *Mike Daugherty*, John Bromfield; *"Gimpy" Joe Woods*, Noah Beery, Jr.; *John Lawrence*, Faye Roope; *Judge Horatio Baker*, Howard Wendell; *Marshal Whit Collins*, Robert Simon; *Warren*, James Griffith; *Frank Gibbs*, Richard Webb; *Grimes*, Peter Whitney; *War Cloud*, John War Eagle; *Black Buffalo*, Jay Silverheels; *Spotted Deer*, George Keymas; *Boogs*, Robert Griffin; *Stone*, Clayton Moore; *Burke*, Chris Alcaide; *Zachary Paige*, Frank Wilcox.

BREAD, LOVE AND DREAMS—Titanus. Directed by Luigi Comencini: *The Marshal*, Vittorio De Sica; *The Girl (Frisky)*, Gina Lollobrigida; *The Midwife (Annarella)*, Marisa Merlini; *The Carabiniere (Stelluti)*, Roberto Rizzo; *The Village Priest (Dom Emidio)*, Virgilio Riento; *The Priest's Niece (Paoletta)*, Maria Pia Casilio; *Another Carabiniere*, Memmo Carotenuto; *The Housekeeper (Caramel)*, Tina Pica; *The Mother*, Vittoria Crispo.

FIRE OVER AFRICA—Columbia. Directed by Richard Sale: *Joanna Dane*, Maureen O'Hara; *Van Logan*, Macdonald Carey; *Frisco*, Binnie Barnes; *Soames-Howard*, Guy Middleton; *Richard Farrell*, Hugh McDermott; *Danny Boy*, James Lilburn; *Augie*, Harry Lane; *Paul Dupont*, Leonard Sachs; *Mustapha*, Ferdy Mayne; *Pebbles*, Eric Corrie; *Potts*, Bruce Beeby; *Cronkhite*, Gerard Tichy; *Rodrigo*, Mike Brendall; *Signor Amato*, Derek Sydney; *Mon-sieur Duclouir*, Jacques Cey.

FOUR GUNS TO THE BORDER—U.I. Directed by Richard Carlson: *Ray Cully*, Rory Calhoun; *Lolly Bhummer*, Colleen Miller; *Bronco*, George Nader; *Simon Bhummer*, Walter Brennan; *Maggie Flannery*, Nina Foch; *Dutch*, John McIntire; *Sheriff Flannery*, Charles Drake; *Yaqui*, Jay Silverheels; *Greasy*, Nestor Paiva; *Mrs. Pritchard*, Mary Field; *Evans*, Bob Herron; *Smith*, Bob Hoy; *Cashier*, Reg Parton.

HANSEL AND GRETEL—Michael Myerberg. Directed by John Paul: Voices: *Hansel and Gretel*, Constance Bringham; *Rosina Ruby Lips (The Witch)*, Anna Russell; *Mother*, Mildred Dunnock; *Father*, Frank Rogier; *Sandman*, Delbert Anderson; *Dew Fairy*, Helen Boatright; *Angels and Children*, Apollo Boys' Choir.

HUMAN JUNGLE, THE—A.A. Directed by Joseph M. Newman: *Danforth*, Gary Merrill; *Mary*, Jan Sterling; *Pat Danforth*, Paula Raymond; *Rowan*, Emile Meyer; *Geddes*, Regis Toomey; *Swados*, Chuck Connors; *Strauss*, Pat Waltz; *O'Neil*, George Wallace; *Greenie*, Chubby Johnson; *Cleary*, Don Keefer; *Bledsoe*, Rankin Mansfield; *Lannigan*, Lamont Johnson; *Karns*, Leo Cleary; *Ustick*, Florenz Ames; *Mandy*, Claude Akins; *Lynch*, Hugh Boswell; *Captain Harrison*, James Westerfield.

OPERATION MANHUNT—U.A. Directed by Jack Alexander: *Igor Gouzenko*, Harry Townes; *Katya Gouzenko*, Irja Jensen; *Volov*, Jacques Aubuchon; *Victor Collier*, Robert Goudier; *Chertok*, Albert Miller; *Jean Gouzenko*, Caren Shaffer; *Stephen Gouzenko*, Kenneth Wolfe; *Rostovich*, Will Kuluva; *Inspector Boucher*, Ovila Legare; Epilogue, featuring Igor Gouzenko.

THREE HOURS TO KILL—Columbia. Directed by Alfred Werker: *Jim Guthrie*, Dana Andrews; *Laurie Mastin*, Donna Reed; *Chris Plumber*, Dianne Foster; *Ben East*, Stephen Elliott; *Niles Hendricks*, Richard Coogan; *Marty Lasswell*, Laurence Hugo; *Sam Minor*, James Westerfield; *Carter Mastin*, Richard Webb; *Polly*, Carolyn Jones; *Betty*, Charlotte Fletcher; *Deke*, Whit Bissell; *Esteban*, Felipe Turich; *Little Carter*, Arthur Fox; *Vince*, Francis McDonald.

WHITE CHRISTMAS—Paramount. Directed by Michael Curtiz: *Bob Wallace*, Bing Crosby; *Phil Davis*, Danny Kaye; *Betty*, Rosemary Clooney; *Judy*, Vera-Ellen; *General Waverly*, Dean Jagger; *Emma*, Mary Wickes; *Joe*, John Brascia; *Susan*, Anne Whitfield; *Adjutant*, Richard Shannon; *General's Guest*, Grady Sutton; *Landlord*, Sig Ruman; *Albert*, Robert Cross; *Novello*, Herb Vigran; *Asst. Stage Manager*, Dick Keene; *Ed Harrison*, Johnny Grant; *General Carlton*, Gavin Gordon; *Maitre D'*, Marcel de la Brosse; *Sheriff*, James Parnell; *Conductor*, Percy Helton; *Fat Lady*, Elizabeth Holmes; *Doris*, Barrie Chase; *Station Master*, I. Stanford Jolley; *Conductor*, Mike P. Donovan; *Jeep-Driver*, Glen Cargyle; *Girl*, Lorraine Crawford; *Asst. Dance Director*, Joan Bayley; *Asst. Dance Director*, Lester Clark; *Asst. Dance Director*, Ernest Flatt; *Asst. Dance Director*, Bea Allen.

WOMAN'S WORLD—20th. Directed by Jean Negulesco: *Gifford*, Clifton Webb; *Katie*, June Allyson; *Jerry*, Van Heflin; *Elizabeth*, Lauren Bacall; *Sid*, Fred MacMurray; *Carol*, Arlene Dahl; *Bill Baxter*, Cornel Wilde; *Tony*, Elliott Reid; *Evelyn*, Margalo Gillmore; *Tomaso*, Alan Reed; *Jarecki*, David Hoffman; *Worker—Auto Assembly*, George Melford; *Butler*, Eric Wilton; *Cab Driver*, Edward Astran; *Bellhop*, Conrad Feia; *Waiter*, Marc Snow; *Doorman*, Bert Stevens.

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Sidney's pin-up girl—The Monroe, of course

For Ava, some of her best fans are women



For Terry, some of her best friends are men



THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

I BELIEVE Edmund Purdom portrays a dashing hero in the "Dragnet" acting manner. . . . Wonder if Audrey Hepburn paid Dior to try to make her fashionable. . . . "White Christmas" reminds me: I go for Rosemary Clooney singing, "Love, You Didn't Do Right by Me," especially when Mrs. Joe Ferrer sings, "Along came a Joe with winter and snow in his heart." . . . Do you remember when Johnny Weissmuller was "Tarzan, the Ape"? . . . Terry Moore claims she hasn't as many romances as printed. Terry explains: "It's not that I have a lot of boy friends. It's just that I have a lot of friends who are boys." . . . The third booth opposite the bar in Chasen's is my favorite dining spot in Hollywood. . . . People keep telling me Rock Hudson is improving as an actor. . . . All blonds are brunettes. However, the minute a brunette changes, she assumes the personality of a blond. . . . I'd like to know the exact count of the actresses who have been labeled "another Marilyn Monroe." . . . I watched The Monroe do "Heat Wave" and there's no one like her. . . . My favorite character Mike Curtiz told me that the way things are these days, any guy who's normal should see a psychiatrist.

Jane Russell lets her clothes flop onto the floor when she undresses. . . . I can listen to Sheree North talk for hours. She has a lingo all her own, flavored with bop stuff. . . . Treat yourself to Frank Sinatra's new album, "Swing Easy." . . . I don't know of a pleasanter gin-rummy loser than Robert Wagner. He's so nice you almost want to return the winnings.

I see Marlon Brando receiving the Oscar for the best performance by an actor. Anybody else and I yell Foul! . . . An actor told me he kissed Gloria Grahame in a scene and tasted Kleenex. She sometimes uses it under her lips to make them protrude. . . . I'd love to hear what Howard (Sam Spade) Duff thinks of Jack (Joe Friday) Webb. . . . Confession: I have never been to the Hollywood Bowl. . . . Do you remember when Dick Powell was singing love songs to Ruby Keeler? . . . Mamie Van Doren always wears a nightgown to bed. She told me why: "I just don't think you can take off all your clothes and still feel like a lady." . . . Wives of popular actors always are the noisiest at dinner parties. . . . Wonder why Kim Novak was chicken? She should have braved it with her real name, Marilyn Novak. . . . I find Bella Darvi charming and good company. . . . Only when "Roman Holiday" is mentioned have I seen Jean Simmons frown. She hasn't forgotten she was the first asked to play the Princess. She couldn't get out of her contract. . . . If you don't believe movies are better than ever just catch a few of those oldies they show on the Late Show. . . . When I'm talking to Lana Turner, I always feel she's standing closer to me than I am to her. . . . Bob Hope, introducing a comedy team: "And now—Martin and Lewis—who have brought a lot of happiness to people—not me—people."

Jeff Chandler sleeps in a king-size bed and uses every square foot of it at one time or another during the night. . . . I pic-

ture Tony Curtis muttering, "Is this real?" when the fans mob him for autographs. . . . Do you remember when you waited anxiously for the new Deanna Durbin picture? . . . I wish Judy Holliday would get back to Hollywood real fast. . . . Guess the only trick left for Alfred Hitchcock is *not* to appear in one of his movies. . . . I must ask Roland Petit to explain Leslie Caron to me. . . . Attention Please! Here is the whole story of Hollywood: The struggle to be a success, then getting there and finding out success isn't sufficient.

I know Eddie Fisher is a movie personality because of his hectic romance with Debbie Reynolds. . . . And Will Rogers, Jr., a full-fledged movie star, talking about his acting ability is honest enough to admit: "So far I've mastered two expressions—hat off and hat on." . . . Do you remember "What Price Hollywood" which is almost the same story as "A Star Is Born"? Both pictures were directed by George Cukor. . . . I'll never forget an afternoon some years ago when I walked into the men's room at M-G-M and saw Greta Garbo. Gee Gee stood there looking out of a window, turned, noticed the startled expression on my face, and calmly said: "I like the view from here." . . . Ava Gardner makes no secret that she likes men. She's prouder, though, that women like her off the screen and on. . . . Shelley Winters told me she'd never marry another actor: "I had it. He'd grab me in his arms, hold me, and tell me how wonderful he is." That's Hollywood for you.

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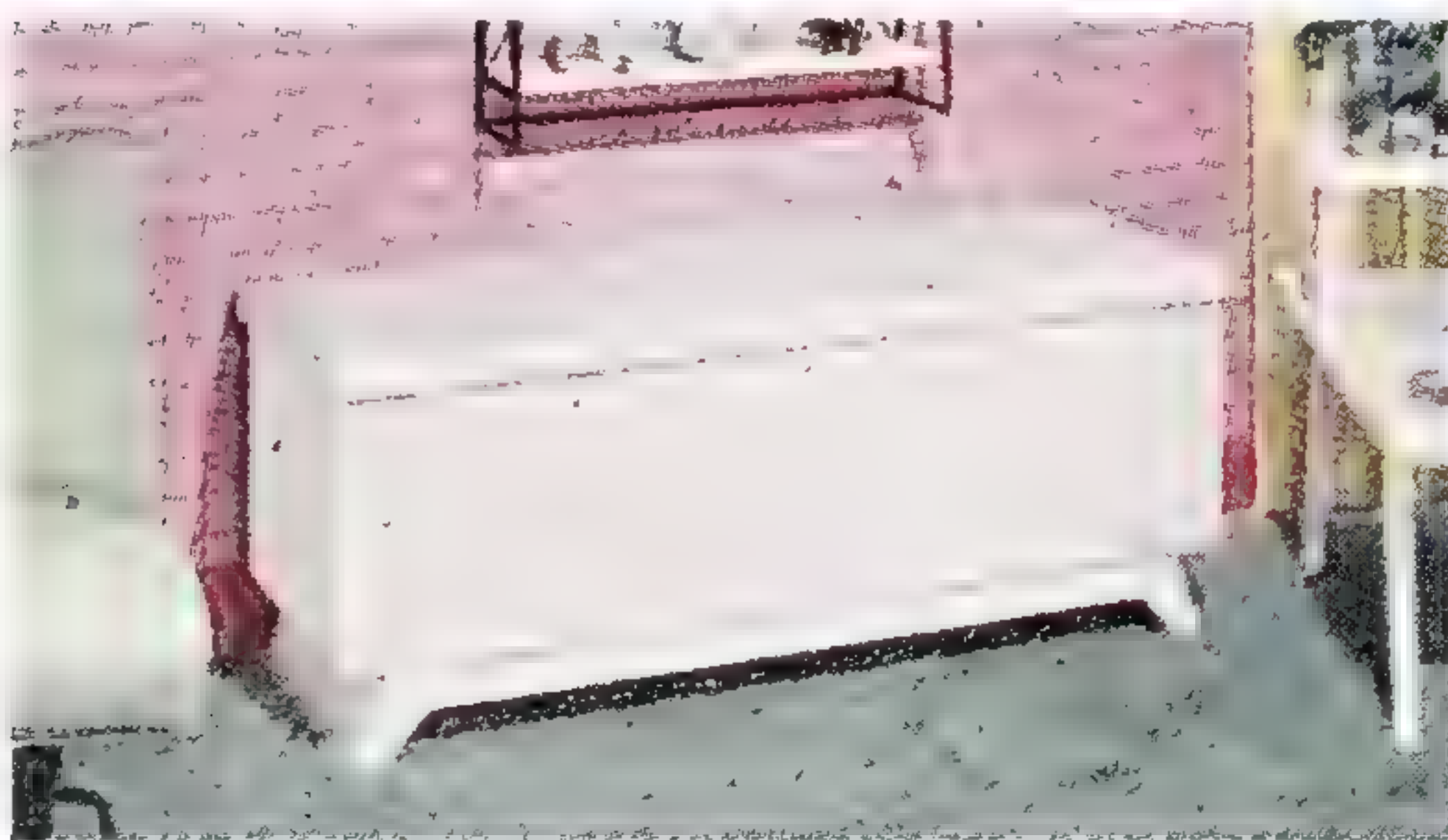
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BY
SHEILAH
GRAHAM

*Against letters a mile high
Kim stands supreme
She's rich, she's famous
In her CinemaScope dream*



Kim Novak is in "Phfff"

CHRISTMAS DREAMS

MEMO TO MR. S. CLAUS: Since children write you letters and grownups never do, we thought we'd play postman for the stars. All they want for Christmas is a red car, romance, Paris in the Spring and—some other things that will surprise you when you turn to the next page ————>



CHRISTMAS

● Young Pier Angeli is one of the dreamiest girls of the younger star set in Hollywood. And when she came *alone*, without any escort, to the fabulous filmland party tossed by Sonja Henie, I took her aside and said severely, "See here, Private Angeli, this sort of solo nonsense has got to stop. Why didn't you bring a guy?" "Because there was no guy, as you call heem, to breeng," said Pier with sadness in the sweet smile. So I told her to relax, to hang up her stocking on

*In her dreams she snuggles deeper—
Into the soft fur she nestles and sinks
"Oh, Santa dear," pleads Pat Crowley,
"Can you spare me these gorgeous minks!"*

A champion rider is she
*Winner of the Blue Ribbon Cup
It's Elaine Stewart's favorite dream
So, Santa, please don't wake her up!*

Elaine is in "The Adventures of Hajji Baba"

With intellectual mastery
*She tackles books on history
The world acclaims her writing skill . . .
At least, Anne Francis hopes it will!*

Anne is in "Rogue Cop"

She's walking in her sleep, but oh,
*Who wouldn't stride an ocean
To be in Paris in the Spring—
Is May Wynn's dreamy notion*

May Wynn is in "They Rode West"



DREAMS...

Christmas Eve and maybe old Santa will fill it with an honest-to-goodness man she can call her own. Of course, she may have one by the time you read this, because she was leaving for Rome *alone*, without Mama Pierangeli, shortly after our talk. And it's my belief that Pier's man shortage stems from Mama's over-supervision. Up to Christmas 1954, she has enjoyed, or suffered, through only two serious datings: mature Kirk Douglas and young James Dean—sometimes known in Hollywood as the poor man's Marlon Brando. But this is the time of year when dreams come true, and Dear Santa, Pier wants a *real romance!*

Every self-respecting little star counts minks instead of sheep at Christmastime and, when I looked over Pat Crowley's shoulder while she wrote her letter to Santa, she was crossing her T's with the tails of expensive little rodents by Teitelbaum. On her they look good. And for extra measure Pat, who was raised in the mining town of Scranton, Pennsylvania, was asking the gentleman with the white beard to travel down her chimney in a red convertible, which he could leave behind. We'll see that he's told, Pat.

Incidentally, I had an Xmas conversation with Zsa Zsa Gabor. "For a change, dollink, I'm going to wish for something very practical and not frivolous. These are serious times, so for Christmas I'd like a reversible stole, mink on one side and ermine on the other. So I can go directly from a cocktail party to dinner without having to go home and change furs." And if there is still room in the stocking, Santa should toss in a spare black eyepatch and Rubirosa.

Kim Novak, whose father is still working on the railroads, was discovered by a Columbia talent scout while riding a bicycle in Beverly Hills. Kim's Christmas dream is very much on the way to becoming reality. She wants to see her name in lights ninety feet high! Well, after "Pushover" with Fred MacMurray, her (Continued on page 84)



Pier is in "Two Girls from Bordeaux"

*Lightly she holds onto the man whose face
She never has seen in this heavenly place
But ah, Pier Angeli, what do you care
Your dream man will have you floating on air!*



He was through, Hollywood said. But Guy Madison was no quitter. And those who said he couldn't take it lived to cheer the man who came back

He stuck to his guns

BY ERNST JACOBI

It happened about a year ago—at the premiere of “The Charge at Feather River.” The applause was enormous, a sure indication that the picture was going to be a hit and its hero a star again. But one large, gray-haired woman in the audience didn't take part in the clapping and the shouting. She sat in her seat, sobbing like a child.

During the past twelve years she had known, and believed in, the picture's young star. She knew that for him there had been few ups and many, many downs, that it had been a long, hard road to tonight's success. For Guy Madison, this was one of life's rare moments of triumph.

Once before Guy had made a big splash only to fizzle out. He'd made his debut ten years earlier in a three-minute scene at a bowling alley in a tear-jerker called “Since You Went Away.” That scene drove bobby-soxers into hysterics and made Guy a star overnight. Supremely handsome, he became the nation's number one pin-up boy.

The large motherly looking woman who sat sobbing in the audience that evening knew the story well. (Continued on page 81)

A new house, a new tuxedo, dates with girls like Barbara Warner show new, happier side



Friends advised him against taking the Wild Bill Hickok role, but it brought him tv fame—second chance at movies

“He couldn't have held on if he hadn't had great character,” says agent Helen Ainsworth, who first discovered Guy at twenty



Growing up I was all legs and arms and shyness. Then I discovered the important rule for getting over self-consciousness. It works—honestly!

BY JANET LEIGH



IMAGINE ME — SHY!

● When I was going to high school, we had a class called Speech 1-A, which was held every Friday. And every Friday morning, without fail, I'd wake up with a raging headache and feeling wretched. Sometimes my mother would let me get away with staying home, but more often, she ordered me off to school—where I'd feel even more ill.

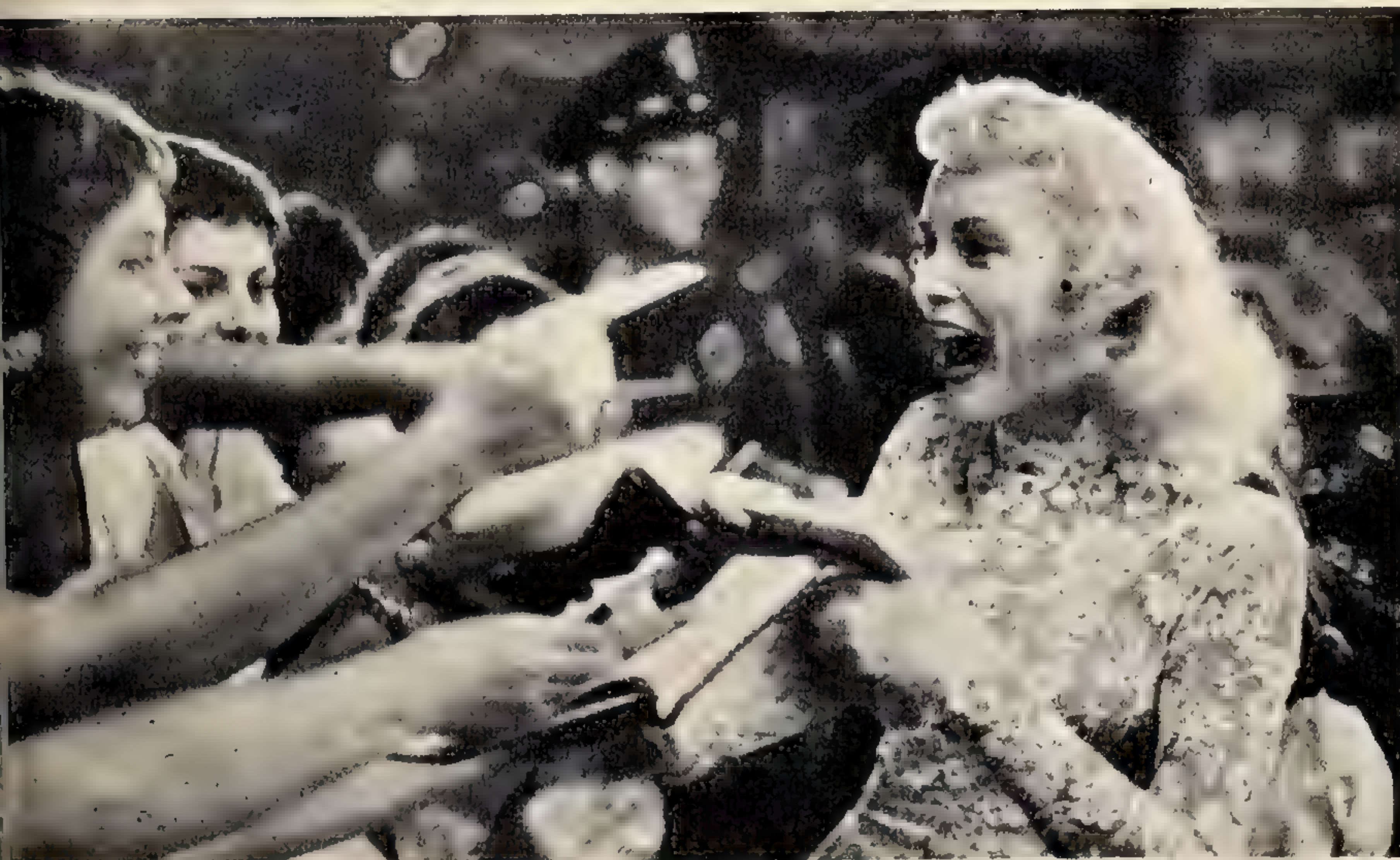
Yet the only thing I was sick from was fear. I couldn't make a speech then and I still can't—unless I've memorized every word of it. I can't even tell a story well.

The dark, curly-headed gentleman named Tony

Curtis, to whom I'm married—what a character he is when it comes to spinning a yarn! Make it two or two hundred and my boy is right there with the jokes. But let me try to tell one, even one with just a two-line lead-in and a one-line snapper on the end and I get all involved, I fall flat, the joke falls flat, my husband groans, "Oh, no."

In school, in my teens, that would have made me ill for a week. Now all it does is make me acknowledge my own limitations and be happy about them. Honestly! There are many reasons for this, which I'll tell you in a sec, but (*Continued on page 88*)

Janet, last in "Black Shield of Falworth," is next in "Rogue Cop"



"People are like passports—clearing your way into a strange, new, wonderful land. But you can't win friendship if you don't meet people more than half way." And today, meeting fans, being kidded by Jerry Lewis, no longer disturbs Janet





BY

Dorothy Mitchum



*Bob Mitchum is in
"Track of the Cat"*



Bob took this picture of Petrine, our daughter, at Xmas. He loves to give presents—gets more pleasure from giving than anyone I've known



Photographs from the Mitchum family album

Petrine and our two boys are Bob's whole life. He's as casual with them as with everyone—but their welfare's the most important thing to him

MY BOB—

*I am married to a man
few people will ever really know
or understand.*

*He is, by his own admission,
an invisible man*



On a Paris rooftop—our first trip to Europe. Months before, Bob would whistle "April in Paris" for my benefit!



When I flew to Dallas for a visit, this car, wrapped in cellophane, was waiting for me—Bob's birthday gift



There was barely enough money when Bob was a boy—that's why he wants his children to have things he missed

Our Man Behind the Mask

● I've heard it said that Robert Mitchum is a casual man. That he's a casual husband. A casual father. This does not perturb Robert in the slightest. It doesn't bother me, either. I can recall the time that casual Robert Mitchum's son, Jimmy, went east to visit my family. The day after he left, Robert began eyeing the mailbox. "Why doesn't he write?" he wanted to know.

Three days later, Robert was still watching for the letter carrier. "Why don't your folks write and let us know how he is?" Mitchum casually asked me—about twenty-five times.

Although I explained that Jimmy had barely had time to arrive at his destination, it didn't help. "Well, it's high time we heard from him anyway," said my husband, stepping up to the telephone which he usually avoids as

if it rested in a bed of hot coals. His long-distance call found Jimmy safe and sound—unpacking his suitcases. Bob may have an offhand manner, but he's not casual—about anything!

Sometimes I think our sons inherit their father's supposed offhand manner. Like the time Robert was working inside the house and heard a shout coming from the pool. To Bob, it sounded like *(Continued on page 73)*



I was brought up to believe the husband was master—the dominant head of the family. On the other hand, Arlene believed a woman could have a separate career in addition to marriage



BY FERNANDO LAMAS

● There's an old American tourist joke that goes something like this: An American businessman while visiting Mexico with his wife noticed that the Mexican peons always rode on burros while their wives trudged along behind them. Finally, the couple could control their curiosity no longer, and the man went up to the next peasant on a burro and asked, "Why do you ride when your wife has to walk behind you?" The Mexican, looking very surprised, replied, "But, Señor, my wife, she doesn't own a burro."

Because I'm Spanish, many people have asked me since I married Arlene, who rides the burro—in other words, who's the boss in our family. This is a question, Señoritas, that cannot be answered by a simple "she" or "me."

I was born in the Argentine of Spanish parents who passed away before I was four. I was brought up by two grandmothers of seventy and I lived for some years in Spain. Naturally, I accepted, as with the air I breathed, the typically Victorian old world concept of the husband as master. His role is the breadwinner and the dominant head of the family; his function, to support and protect his wife, make (*Continued on page 86*)

*In his own words
this Argentine gaucho is deeply content
in his marriage
with a modern American girl.
Which means,
somebody's settled the question of*

**who
wears
the
pants?**

*Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas.
She's in 20th's "A Woman's World"*



FORGET THE MYSTERY, MEET THE MAN—

Monty Clift

BY GEORGE KINGSLEY

● In Hollywood a myth can move faster, travel further and reach more gigantic proportions than in any other place on earth. In six short years, since 1948 when he starred in "The Search," Montgomery Clift has grown into a Hollywood legend. Ask anybody walking down Wilshire Boulevard and he'll tell you. "Monty Clift? He's a mystery—moody, shy, terrifically talented, true. But a mystery." They don't go much further; they can't. For it's hard to pin down exactly how this myth began and why it's perpetuated.

Monty came to Hollywood in 1946. Many people forget that when he arrived he carried with him years of experience on the New York stage. His first picture, "Red River," was for Howard Hawks but by the time it was released, he had finished "The Search" and it had already appeared. Only one year after both were released Monty was hailed the "top star of tomorrow" in a nation-wide poll and voted "the

leading male personality in the motion-picture industry" in another. Two pictures later, in "The Heiress" with Olivia de Havilland, Monty capped Hollywood success. And Hollywood acclaimed him as its most fabulously successful newcomer.

Monty was the only one who didn't agree with all the furor—and said so. Perhaps this is when the legend began.

He's not only modest, but also dead-honest, two qualities that throw Hollywood. "One has a part," he said, "and one goes ahead and works on it." After all, he'd been plugging along on his career for several years now—in fact, ever since he was fourteen—and personally he didn't believe he'd made any quick change. He'd turned down film bids before. "Considering the long life span possible to an actor, I felt it wouldn't be right to hurry things too much. I wanted to grow as much as possible in the theatre, to get as much experience as I could before I turned

to Hollywood and to filmmaking."

Strange talk for a new star, Hollywood thought, but it was in for another surprise. The young Mr. Clift accepted few social invitations, shunned all glamour and romance just as seriously as he attended to his career, and bought neither a Beverly Hills mansion, a new convertible nor a wardrobe befitting his new status. He made it plain that New York was his home. Even today, Monty rents a small apartment when working in Hollywood and sticks to a modest car. He cares little for clothes and feels most comfortable in slacks and a sports jacket. As a result, he's been called eccentric, shy, unfriendly. To anyone who does know him, this seems very unfair.

With his friends, Monty is good-natured and trusting almost to a fault, but anyone in his position has to be aware that some people will take advantage of him. This is partially why he has never (Continued on page 92)

You've heard all the stories about him—that he's moody

and shy, a rebel against conventions, a runaway from romance.

But if you think you've heard everything—wait until you meet the man!





News pictures showed Grace with Bing—didn't show sister Peg Davis was there, too



Usually evasive, Grace did admit, "I like Oleg Cassini better than any man I know"



Even Gable wasn't immune to Grace's charms in "Mogambo," escorted her in London



Spencer Tracy, others on her home lot, know Grace to be a conscientious hard worker

Grace Kelly is in
"Green Fire" and
"The Country Girl"

*What does she have,
this quiet well-bred
girl who's proved
irresistible to
most of the men
she meets? The answer,
we believe, begins
in Philadelphia*

How do you do, Miss Kelly-

HOW DO YOU DO IT?

BY
HELEN BOLSTAD

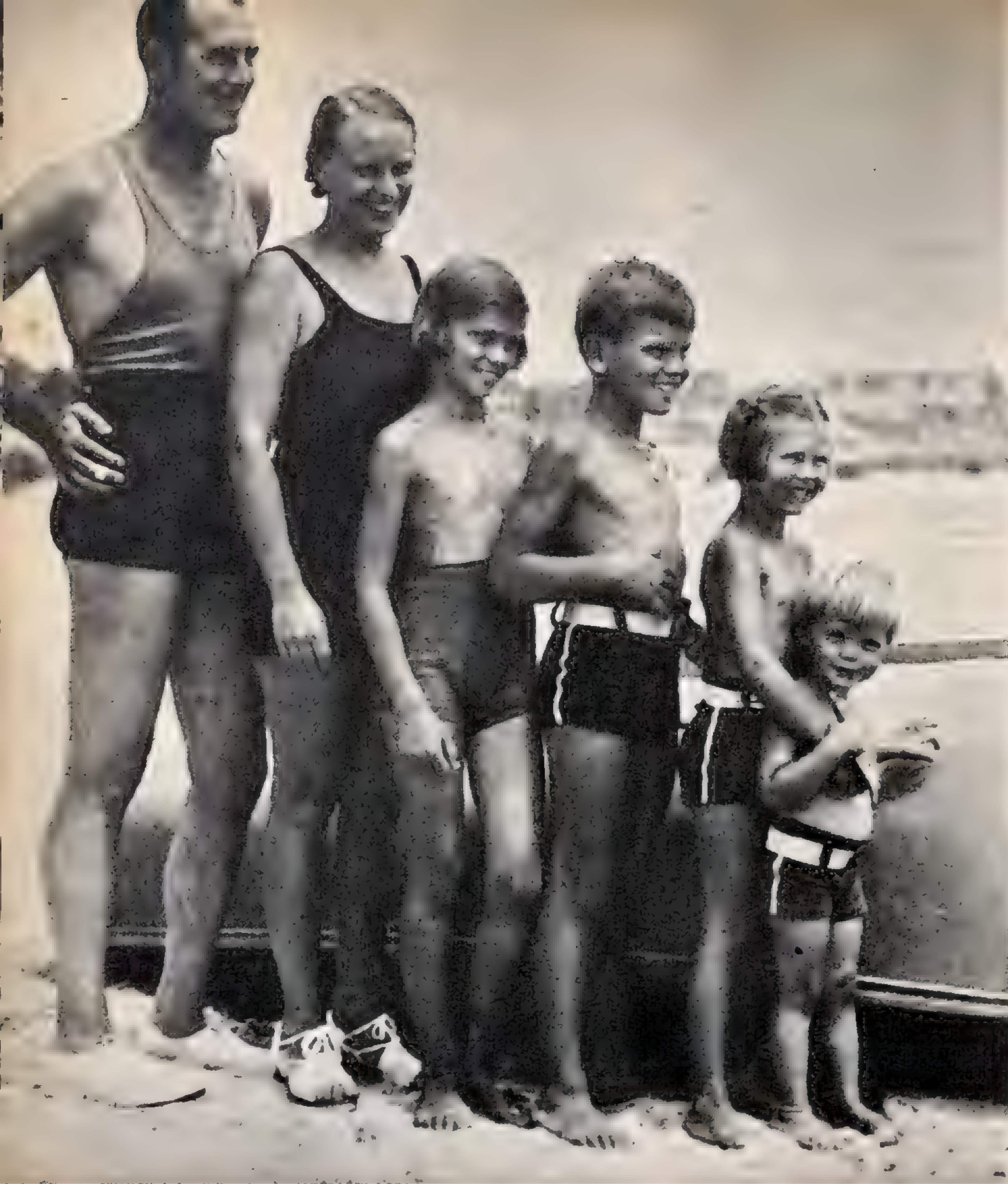
● Early last spring, a blond-haired young woman with a shy warm smile and a ladylike air casually walked into the Academy Awards presentations on the arm of the great Gable. There was nothing casual about the reaction she set up. It was the first time Gable could be coaxed to an Awards affair in years. Fans greeted the King and his queen royally, and Hollywood again raised a quizzical eyebrow and asked, "How does she do it?"

Weeks later, on the arm of that perennial glamour boy, Bing Crosby, young Miss Kelly caused another item at the Mocambo—despite the fact that married sister, Peggy Davis, chaperoned them. It was an item not only because Mr. Crosby is a contender for the title of motion-picture's Number One eligible male, but also because golden-haired Grace had done it again! In the few years since she arrived in Hollywood, her feminine charms have allured so many of the world's most pursued men that Grace Kelly has won star billing as Hollywood's Number One golden girl—and the gossips' Number One news item.

None of this excitement seems to disturb Grace, who accepts it as a matter of course. In fact, the more Hollywood delves

Continued





All the Kellys are gifted, possess the kind of charm which makes them stand out in a crowd. For Grace, the shy one, to hold her own took some doing. Above, father, mother, Peg, John Jr., Grace and Lizanne



Grace had lots of beaux, but only one serious love

deeper into the nature of her charms and romances, the deeper Grace keeps the secret to herself.

One thing is certain. Grace is a swift-rising young actress who has literally everything. She has a beauty which brings an appreciative gasp from an audience, talent which brings appreciative comparisons to the young Bergman from critics and such a spectacular record of performance—leading roles in seven major pictures—that the studios have given her star billing before half of these pictures were even released.

This by no means circumscribes her

aura of glamour. She also has a family background rich in both dollars and achievement and possesses a personal charm that makes her sought-after socially.

As for romance, Grace had lots of beaux before she met Oleg Cassini, Gene Tierney's ex. But Oleg was her first serious romance. They toured part of Europe together and Oleg went east and met the Kelly family at their summer home at Ocean City, New Jersey, this past summer.

But amid the furor of columnists' predictions, Grace maintained a firm

alliance with Emily Post, working hard, living very quietly, very properly. And even if Grace is married to Cassini by the time you read this, the same aura of dignity will continue to surround her. She's still reticent about discussing her personal affairs and whenever asked a direct question is adeptly evasive. To romance rumors with Oleg, she was exceptionally non-committal. "There is no one serious. My career comes first." Finally admitted: "I won't say that we won't be married. And I'm not exactly saying we will. I like Oleg better than any man I know."

That quiet, matter-of-fact answer is but another example of the skill with which she has avoided flamboyant actions and foolish public statements. Seldom has Hollywood seen a young star display such sureness and composure. Many wonder how she acquired these qualities. A clue to the answer is found in her Philadelphia background where she was born to wealth, schooled for social position and disciplined to be self-reliant. It is confirmed by those who have since worked with her. They testify that from the start of her career this training has been the most valuable supplement to *(Continued on page 95)*

Movies may have another Kelly if sister Liz accepts studio offers







*Managing two careers and marriage
was no problem for the Hestons,
but when a guy has to learn to rock
the cradle, oh, baby . . .*

THERE'LL BE SOME CHANGES MADE

BY RUTH WATERBURY

● Charlton Heston's smile was slow in coming. It was half-confession, half-pride. "When Lydia first told me, I just couldn't believe it. It just didn't seem possible that after nearly eleven years of marriage, we were going to have a child," he finally said as we sat across a table, lunching together. "I was plain shocked. I never thought I'd be so overwhelmed by the idea of fatherhood. Instead of clasping Lydia in my arms and telling her in my most soothing voice that I'd love, cherish and protect both of them forever, that



Lydia and Charlton Heston. He will be in "Two Captains West"

while waiting for the baby, I'd make her life a solid bed of roses, it was Lydia who was holding my hand, reassuring me I could do it. Telling me how wonderful *I* was. For suddenly, after years of being only Chuck Heston, actor and husband, I was slated for a more important new role, *father*. You have to admit, after eleven years it takes a little time to adjust.

"As Lydia and I move over to make room for the third member of our family, our big problem still remains: Just how can we best adjust our lives for

the good of our child? And what will these adjustments mean to our careers? For it's quite obvious that some changes will have to be made and that what we want most of all—our baby—is also going to upset every pattern that we loved and established in our years together.

"For instance," Chuck seriously added. "I would like my child to grow up in the timberlands, as I did. And I know from my own case that a small town and the great clean outdoors make for a healthy childhood environ-

ment. I dislike the idea of my son growing up in a city. Yet how can Lydia and I manage it otherwise? Suppose, even, that we were to go back to live with the boy in Michigan? Then what happens to our home life—not to mention our careers?"

Now when Chuck refers to "our careers," he's not merely arranging grammar. "Our careers" is exactly what he means. It is his career and Lydia's career, one career and yet two—his almost entirely on screen now, hers almost. (Continued on page 76)

Next to a successful career, there's nothing I want more than to be successfully married.

I no longer care for cooking my own meals nor enjoy eating out all the time; I can do without night clubs and premieres and although I have a good time dating such wonderful girls as Debbie Reynolds, Lori Nelson, Terry Moore and others, I'd much rather settle down with one girl—for good.

Why, you may ask, haven't I married if that's the way I feel about it? Not having found the right girl is one reason. Another, just as important, is that I'm simply not ready for marriage.

Not that I haven't been in love. That's one of my troubles—I'm always in love!

Starting with a crush on Mary Lou Valpey—when I was twelve—almost every time I met a new girl I fell for her like a ton of bricks. Sometimes I was impressed by her appearance, other times by her intelligence, mostly by an accomplishment of one sort or another—whether it was horseback riding, skating or acting.

In that respect I haven't changed and am not likely to do so in the immediate future. And since I can't be sure that my feelings for any particular

Tab Hunter is in "Track of the Cat"



girl will endure, it's best for me—and her—to boil my own coffee in the morning for the time being.

Sometimes I wonder why I'm unable to concentrate on just one girl for any length of time. A psychiatrist-friend of mine told me that it might be a matter of self-defense on my part: that I know I shouldn't get married at this time, and consequently, every time I get serious about a girl, subconsciously I start looking for someone else. . . .

Be it what it may, it doesn't make for permanence.

Another reason for staying single is my age. At 23, I feel I'm too young (*Continued on page 93*)

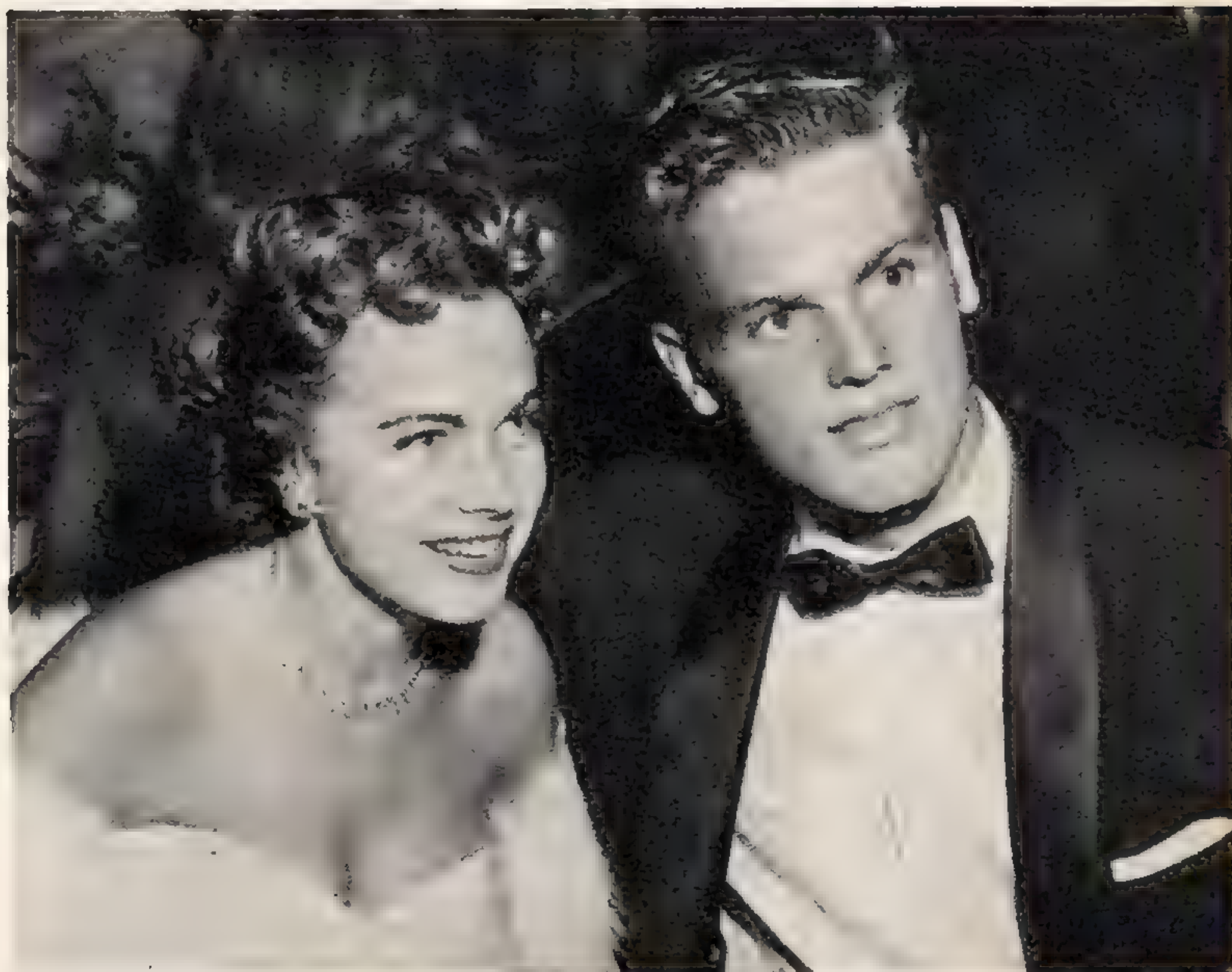
He admits he wants to get married—that he's tired of living alone. But there are reasons why Tab says . . .

don't
rush
me!

BY
TAB HUNTER



Tab, with Karen Sharpe, says: "I don't want my girl to be in the movie business. I don't believe two careers mix and I want to be the one to make the living"



"When I work, I earn a good salary. But by Hollywood standards, I am far from being even halfway up the ladder," Tab feels. Above, with date Terry Moore

"I have fun with girls like Lori Nelson, but before I settle down with one girl I want to take care of my mother," says Tab. "She sacrificed so much for me"



QUEEN

*Beauty she had, from the very beginning.
But it was the gift of faith that was to prove
Elizabeth Taylor's greatest blessing
during the years when
heartache and happiness walked hand in hand*

Ralph Edwards emcees "This Is Your Life" on
NBC-TV, Wed. 10 P. M. EST, for Hazel Bishop
Lipstick, Nail Polish and Complexion Glow



**THIS IS
YOUR LIFE**

BY
**RALPH
EDWARDS**



Elizabeth Rosemond Taylor, age 2. At 3 she danced for royalty at a benefit recital in London

Liz, 14, and Marshall Thompson went steady two weeks. Then—"She jilted me for a senior prom"



In 1942, Liz nearly missed chance to appear in memorable "Lassie Come Home," with late Nigel Bruce

Liz, at the White House, with Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., Mrs. Truman, Cornelia Otis Skinner



Liz, with best friend Anne Westmore, girl cousin of Anne's, Jim Westmore, Liz's brother Howard

At 16, Liz had first big crush—thrilled when Glenn Davis gave her his gold football to wear



Elizabeth Taylor is in "The Last Time I Saw Paris"

THE FIVE AGES OF BEAUTY



LIZ OF HOLLYWOOD

● You are the lovely young queen of Never Never Land. The Princess Pan.

As a child, yours was the dreamworld of Let's Pretend. Of autumn leaves and cobwebs. Of youth and joy. A world where dreams never die and time stands still. Yours was an animal kingdom of loving subjects. A paunchy chipmunk named Nibbles was your saucy captain of the guard. Monarch of them all was King Charles—"A fairy horse with wings on his heels." Together you flew over the treetops and rode on the back of the wind.

From childhood, yours was an invincible faith. You believed with all your heart God would see

that whatever was right for you would come true.

You have needed that faith. And there were jumps ahead of you then—almost too tough to take.

Today you reign in another magic land of pretend. Millions of subjects pay you homage. The young and the not-so-young. Through the magic of make-believe you bring escape and happiness, beauty and romance to all who share today's dream world with you.

Beauty like yours was born to be shared. But on February 27, 1932, on a foggy, cold London morning when you are born to handsome art dealer Francis Taylor and the former Sara Sothern, a

Continued



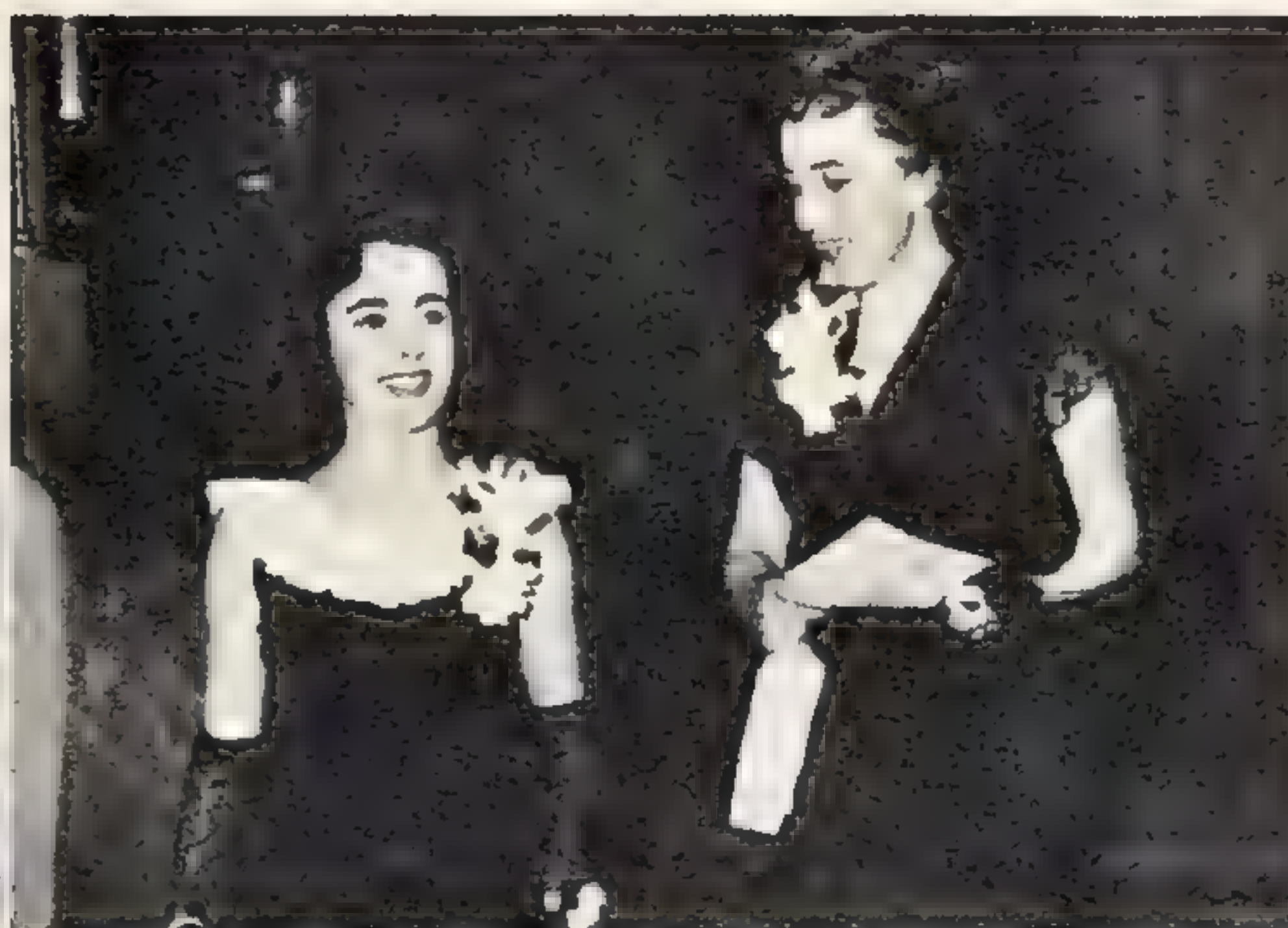
With *The Pi*, in "National Velvet." Studio gave Liz the horse as birthday gift

At 17, Liz met Bill Pawley. Career problems brought mutual end to their engagement



1946—a pet chipmunk becomes famous. Liz writes, illustrates book "Nibbles and Me"

In 1950, Liz took time off from "Father of the Bride" to graduate from studio high school



Her dates were only with Mom—but even at thirteen, Liz loved to get all dressed up!

At 18, a radiant Liz, here with parents, announces her engagement to Nick Hilton



Beauty at the beach in '47. Friends Anne, and Janice Cole are the old-fashioned type!

May 6—Hollywood's most beautiful bride. But in 8 months the Hilton honeymoon was over





Disillusioned, Liz still has courage and faith. In apartment with secretary, Peggy Rutledge, here they plan a new life for her



The lovely child has become a sophisticated, beautiful woman. Stanley Donen and other men vie for Liz Taylor's attention



Liz goes to London, to star with Bob Taylor in "Ivanhoe." Her phone rings—it is Mike Wilding



pretty American actress, you are homely beyond belief. In your mother's own words: "She was the funniest looking little baby I've ever seen. Her hair was long and black. Her ears were covered with a thick black fuzz. Her nose looked like a tip-tilted button. And her tiny face was so tightly closed, it looked as if it would never unfold."

You are christened Elizabeth Rosemond Taylor—and this is your life. . . .

You are ten days old when your eyes open, eyes almost unbelievably beautiful, which are to inspire a whole magic future for you. At sixteen months you begin to give further hint of the heartbreaker you are

Then, January 6, 1953, a longed-for event. Liz had wanted a baby so much. Now she has one—a son, Michael Howard



Her movie career soars on. More dramatic roles follow. In "Rhapsody," Liz is co-starred with Vittorio Gassman



While filming "Elephant Walk," a sliver of steel threatened her sight. But her faith held. "I was sure I'd be all right"





"He was so friendly and warm—with such a kind sense of humor." And so began a courtship that was to end in London's old Caxton Hall where, on February 21, 1952, Liz became Mrs. Michael Wilding. Their honeymoon home was Mike's bachelor apartment

But their permanent home is to be in Hollywood. Liz has found her man now—"it is the beginning of a happy end"

to become. But far from thinking of romance, your early ambition is to be an animal trainer, and the hearts you want to win are in the London Zoo.

In 1935 when you're three years old, you make your first public appearance on stage in a benefit dance recital in Queen's Hall. The then Duchess of York and Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose are among your audience. You give a command performance—but by your own command.

In your white dress and wings, along with the other little angels and fairies, you follow instructions, and facing the Royal Box, you curtsy to the floor and keep fluttering your wings. When the other little angels go

off the stage, you're still flat on your face fluttering away. When you finally realize you're alone out there, you give an encore. The group applauds and you have your first curtain call.

The applause will grow—and soon. But at three, the sound of a pony's whinny is still sweeter music to your ears. And your favorite stage is the flower-filled meadow back of an old fifteenth century lodge. It's your summer home on your godfather Victor Cazalet's estate. You love the picturesque little lodge. Your family renovate it and name it Little Swallows. You're enchanted by the tales old-timers tell about it, and you spend happy adventurous childhood holidays (*Continued on page 99*)

"Beau Brummell," took Liz, here with James Donald, to London again. And on second honeymoon with Mike—and Jr.

Today, Queen Liz of Hollywood has come of age—as actress, wife and mother. "I've enjoyed the twelve years I've been in movies," she says. "I've loved every minute of them. But my husband and my baby—they are most important in this world to me"





Jane Russell is in
"The Big Rainbow"



As individuals, my husband Robert and I are completely different people. For us, our meeting ground is our home



There comes a time when your man needs an understanding, intelligent helpmate. Just try a seductive simper then!

Gentlemen Prefer BRAINS



Facts, not the coy approach, influenced Bob's agreeing to adoption of daughter Tracy, here with Judge Paonessa

*I learned that all heart
and no head
can be pretty sticky.
And that in the
long haul of dating,
marriage and earning
a living, brains
are a girl's best friend*

BY
JANE RUSSELL

● Every time I hear a hen session on the merits of a gal showing her brains, I'm reminded of a studio romance that I watched—two young girls struggling hard to snag the same man. Phyllis was a real hep gal, had a nice job in the studio office, and in addition had plenty of gray matter, which she purposely hid behind a physical front. Jim was the nice guy in question . . . worth any girl's efforts to land. And Phyllis tried her hardest. She used every physical appeal in the book to get Jim and tried almost as hard not to show her intelligence quotient. This was part of her feminine attack. When Jim listened to a forum on political problems on TV, Phyllis would go into the bedroom to pretty her face. She might have discussed the forum with him, but she settled on sex appeal. When June came along, Phyllis didn't seem worried. June wasn't as pretty, and besides she could be classified as "brainy" . . . a good gal to have around to discuss the rising prices of steel. Well, to make the tale a short one, June walked off with Jim—natch. And Phyllis is still trying to figure out where she goofed.

I could have told Phyllis, since I had casually kept (Continued on page 97)

BY ROCK HUDSON

The star of U-I's "Bengal Brigade"



A good leather belt will make any man beam. Smart Lori Nelson and Susan Cabot, at Saks Fifth Avenue take a man's advice on a gift for a man.



Buying for a sportsman is easy—but be sure you know the brand of equipment he likes. The girls, at Sunland Sports Lodge, did.



You can't fit a shirt to a man by looking at other customers. The girls had the measurements—Saks had the shirt!



Personally, I like to receive books. The girls, at Appleton's Book Shop, know my tastes. You can find out from your guy in casual conversation

Lori and Susan can't resist the doggie in the window of the Beverly Pets Shop. A dog would be a nice surprise for a guy—but be sure he has room



THE GIVING IS EASY!

*If you really want to rate with
a guy—don't buy until you've read Rock's
rules on shopping for a man*

● Shopping for a man is a fine art. Speaking as a man, I know. I've been on the receiving end. And "Sometimes," as a friend of mine once said, "it's better to give!"

Shopping for a man is an art every woman should perfect, because it's something she'll be doing all of her life. And it's never too soon or too late for her to learn.

Perhaps you've given a man what you considered a sporty tie and waited for him to wear it? Are you still waiting? Have you ever presented the love of your life with a handsome (Continued on page 89)



Donna Reed is in "Three Hours To Kill"



Shoo Shoo, Donna Reed's poodle, has a right to put on the dog—his Mom's a champion of all England!

Debra Paget was last in "Gambler from Natchez"



Honey, Debra Paget's cocker spaniel, loves to sit in the bathtub—especially when there's water in it!

Young Bess made Stewart Granger late for dinner, but she brought back the smile on Jean Simmons' face.

DOG DAZE

BY BEVERLY OTT

● There's a saying that every dog has his day. In Hollywood, this happens to hold true—every day. Just ask around among the members of filmland's canine colony.

One of the most distinguished of the group is Shoo Shoo, to whom Donna Reed belongs. According to the London Kennel Club, Shoo Shoo is the only silver-blue standard poodle in America. His real name is Vulgan Chouffleur, and his papers, which recently arrived by plane from Great Britain, indicate that his mother Vulgan Champagne Spinach is a champion of all England. His distinguished father is Vulgan Pluvius.

Born in Buxstead, Shoo Shoo was discovered by Donna's husband Tony Owen while he was making a picture abroad. Tony looked at (Continued on page 85)

Jean Simmons is in "Desiree"





Mari Blanchard is in "Destry"

Querida and Loreli, Mari Blanchard's Afghans, are in show business, too—are star mother-daughter team at dog shows.

Mona Freeman's next is "Battle Cry"



Piper Laurie is next in "Smoke Signal"



Sashay is a lady with a weakness. When Piper Laurie isn't looking, Sashay's in the garden—gobbling up all the flowers!

Smog, Mona Freeman's pet is the quiet type—but when Mona posed with fortune in jewels, it was Smog who dazzled fans.



Sucked her thumb!



Won't write letters

She's in "Young at Heart"



Soft drinks tickle!



Never liked school



*She adores French fried onions and all kinds
of flowers . . . can't abide birds in cages or arithmetic.
She's always chewing gum and
always full of zip. Her name is Doris Day*

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

ALL THE THINGS SHE IS

- She suffers claustrophobia in elevators. "Especially in the Empire State Building."

She will not wear a red dress. She does not smoke.

She hates to make decisions, sleeps "like a rock" and rarely eats ketchup.

She was baptized Doris Kappelhoff. She sleeps in shortie nightgowns.

She loves baseball, drive-in movies and breakfast in bed. She is an inveterate gum-chewer.

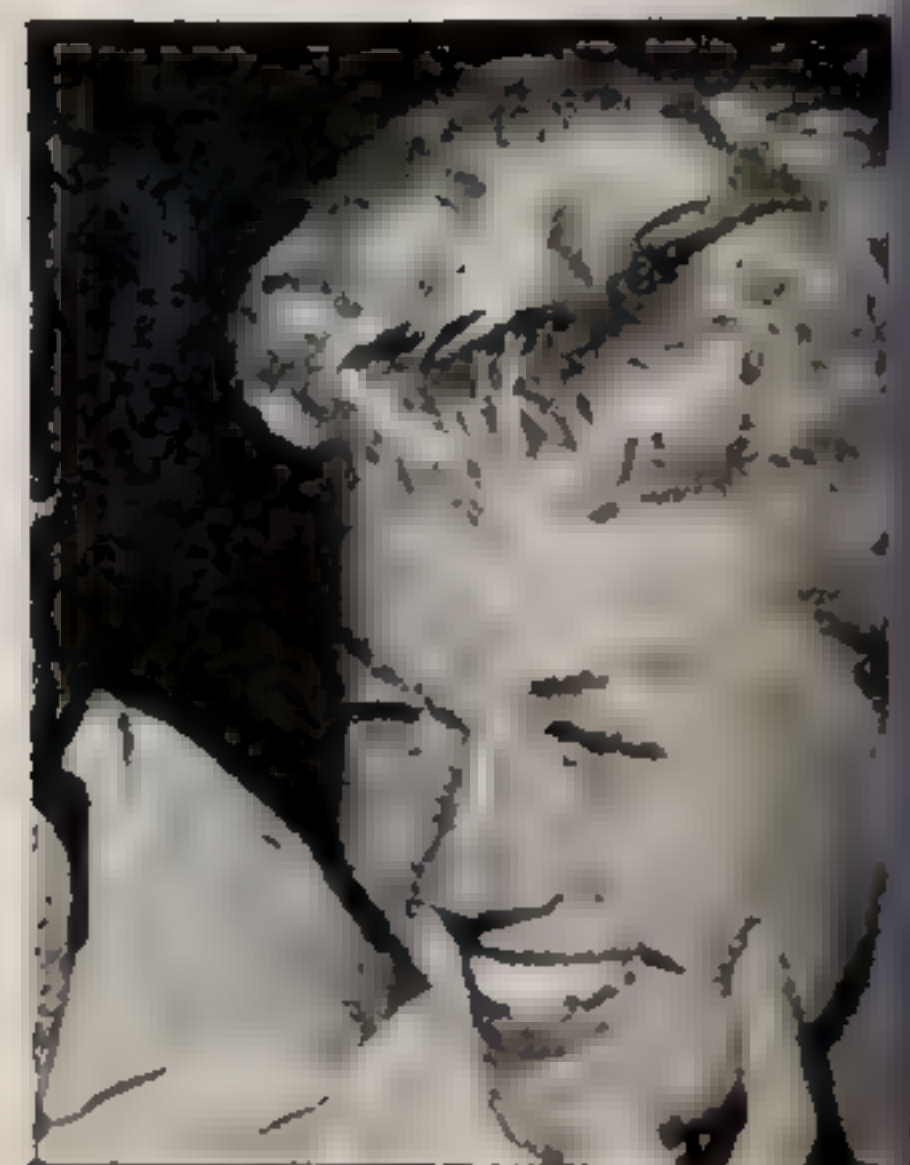
She cannot stand the sound of a chalk scratching on a blackboard or the crunch of a bite into an apple. "It gives me goose-pimples." She wears a size 12 dress and is very fond of hot dogs with chili and onions.

Her parents are of German extraction. As a little girl she was very popular with the boys. She hates cooking, doesn't mind washing the dishes but is particularly proud of her skill as an ironer.

She has never seen a bullfight, ". . . and I never will!"

Her favorite color is bisque (a kind of light sandstone) which predominates in her home and her cars. She never gets seasick and puts no stock in the alleged benefits of matrimonial vacations. She married her agent, Marty Melcher, in 1951. (Continued on page 80)

Fortunetellers are fun



Hates mussels



Suffers from stage fr





CHRISTMAS GLAMOUR GIFTS

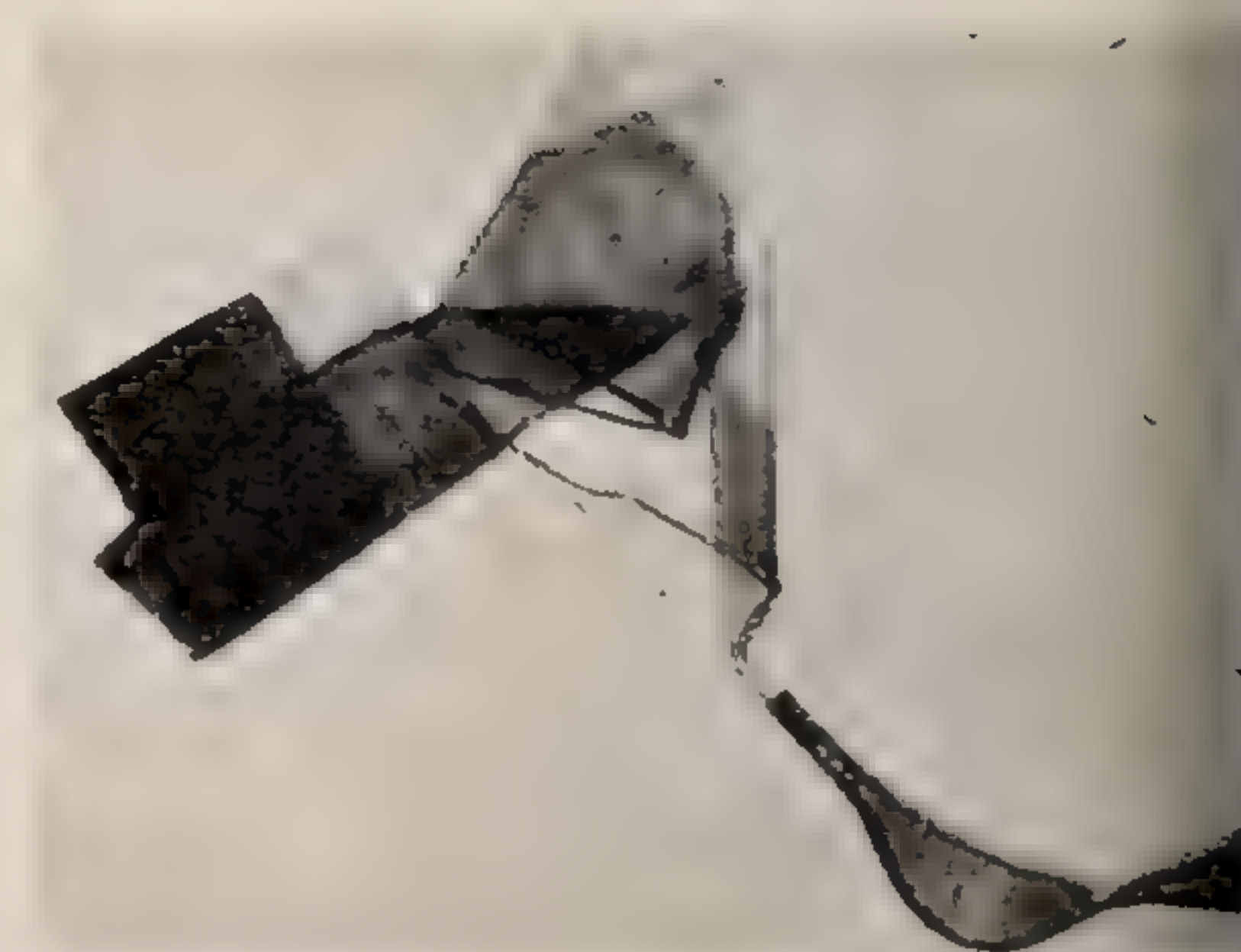


Beautiful
Phyllis Kirk's
holiday dress reflects
cheer. Crisp, eye-filling
black and white faille, with
twirling voluminous skirt, Prin-
cess bodice bedecked for Christ-
mas with sequin-touched red
felt rose. In sizes 5-15.
BettyCarol for Mr. Mort.
About \$30. J. Magnin,
San Francisco, Cal.



Phyllis Kirk stars next in U.A.'s
"Canyon Crossroads"

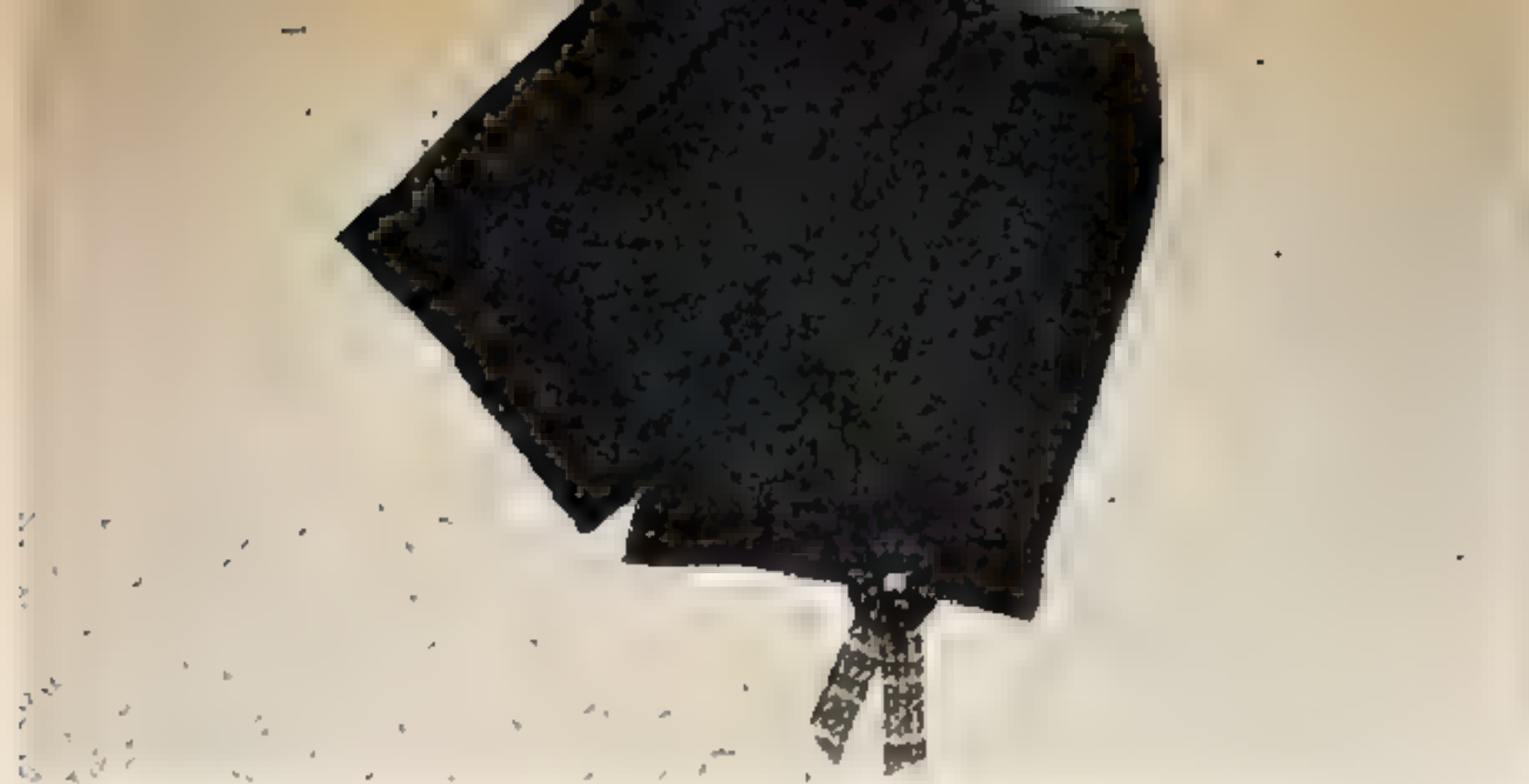
The eyes have it with new gold or
silver jeweled clip-ons that glam-
orize your glasses. Glorif-eyes.
These, \$3.95.* White House, L.A.



Ultra-sheer, fit-perfect nylons with lace toe
and heel for special evenings. In "Beauty
Colors." Mojud. \$1.50. At leading stores

*plus federal tax

... under \$5



Whimsical and warm, the season's knee-length cotton knit underpants, with a ribbon flash. Munsingwear. About \$2. Arnold Constable, N.Y.



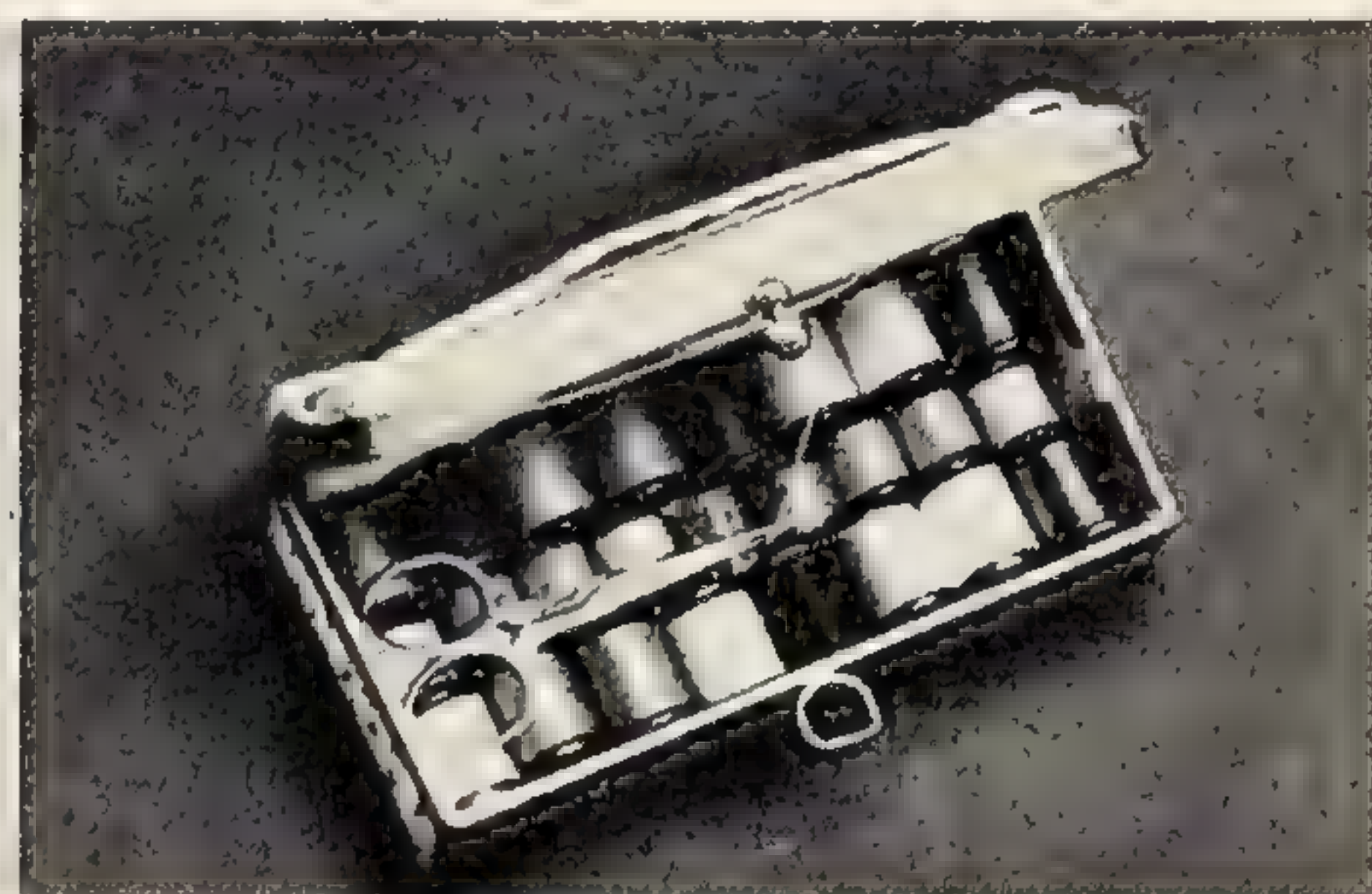
Gingham blouse made festive with smart smocking, woven print. Sizes 28-36. Many colors. Ship 'n Shore, \$3.98. Saks-34th, N. Y.



Pleated velveteen cummerbund, a bright filip for all your fashions. Bold colors. Annette Belts. Under \$4. Dayton Co., Minneapolis



Gold star-topped watch case compact with silk cord to loop on a belt or lapel. Volupté. About \$5. J. L. Hudson, Detroit



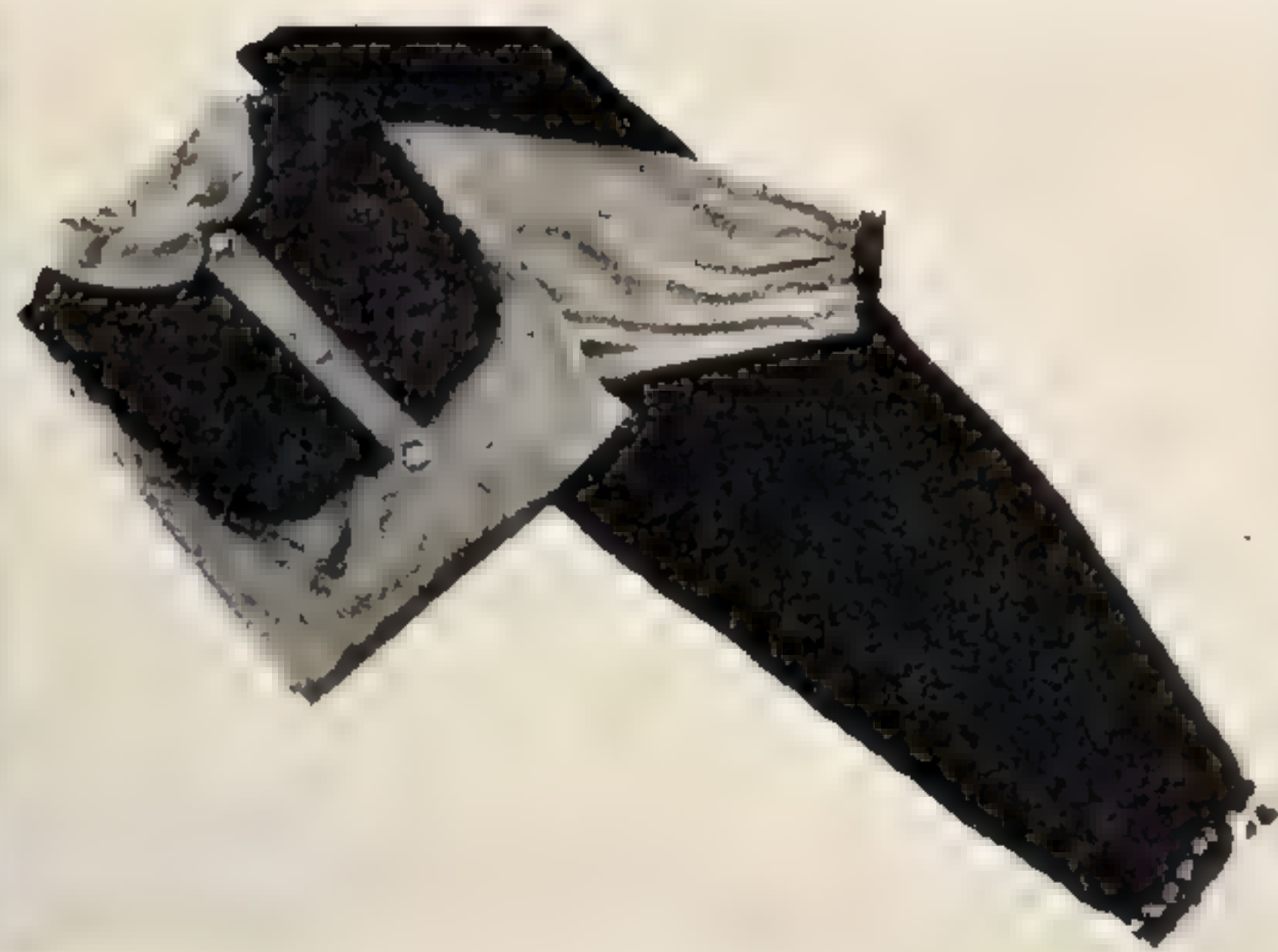
Useful satin-lined sewing kit acts, too, as brocaded evening purse. Belding Corticelli. About \$3.95. Leading dept. stores



Pretty enough to come out of the kitchen, Busy Pockets denim apron, red ball fringe. Pastels. Midge Grant. About \$3



Cutest toy seen. Lovable, sad-eyed basset in plush-covered foam rubber. Bantam. \$3. Wanamaker's, N. Y.



Mojud's loungers in washable tricot. Black toreador pants, lace-bibbed red top. 32-38. \$4.95. Lit Bros., Phila.



Fathers-to-be or cuff-link collectors will love these silver storks on black. \$1.15 postpd. Lane Bryant, Chicago



Black satin mule, dripping with silver mink-like fur. Glamour-comfort. Honeybugs. Under \$5. Lit Bros., Phila.



Holmes & Edwards' hollow-handle cheese server in new silver-plate pattern, Bright Future. \$4.50. Foley Bros., Houston, Tex.



For outdoor picture-taking fun, the smartly styled Brownie Holiday camera's still king. \$3.95. Most photographic stores



Symbol of protection for travelers, St. Christopher medal on handsome golden bracelet. Ciner. \$3.* Bonwit Teller, N. Y.



Paris-inspired middie shirt, in wearable cotton knit. S, M, L. Gray, red with white. Smartee. About \$4. B. Altman, N. Y.



For kiltie skirt or shorts addicts, Bonnie Doon's pure wool Argyle knee socks in colors you'll love. About \$5. At leading stores



Practical 'n' pretty sueded nylon black gloves with trim of jet, sequin and silver Lurex flower. Kayser. About \$3. Leading stores

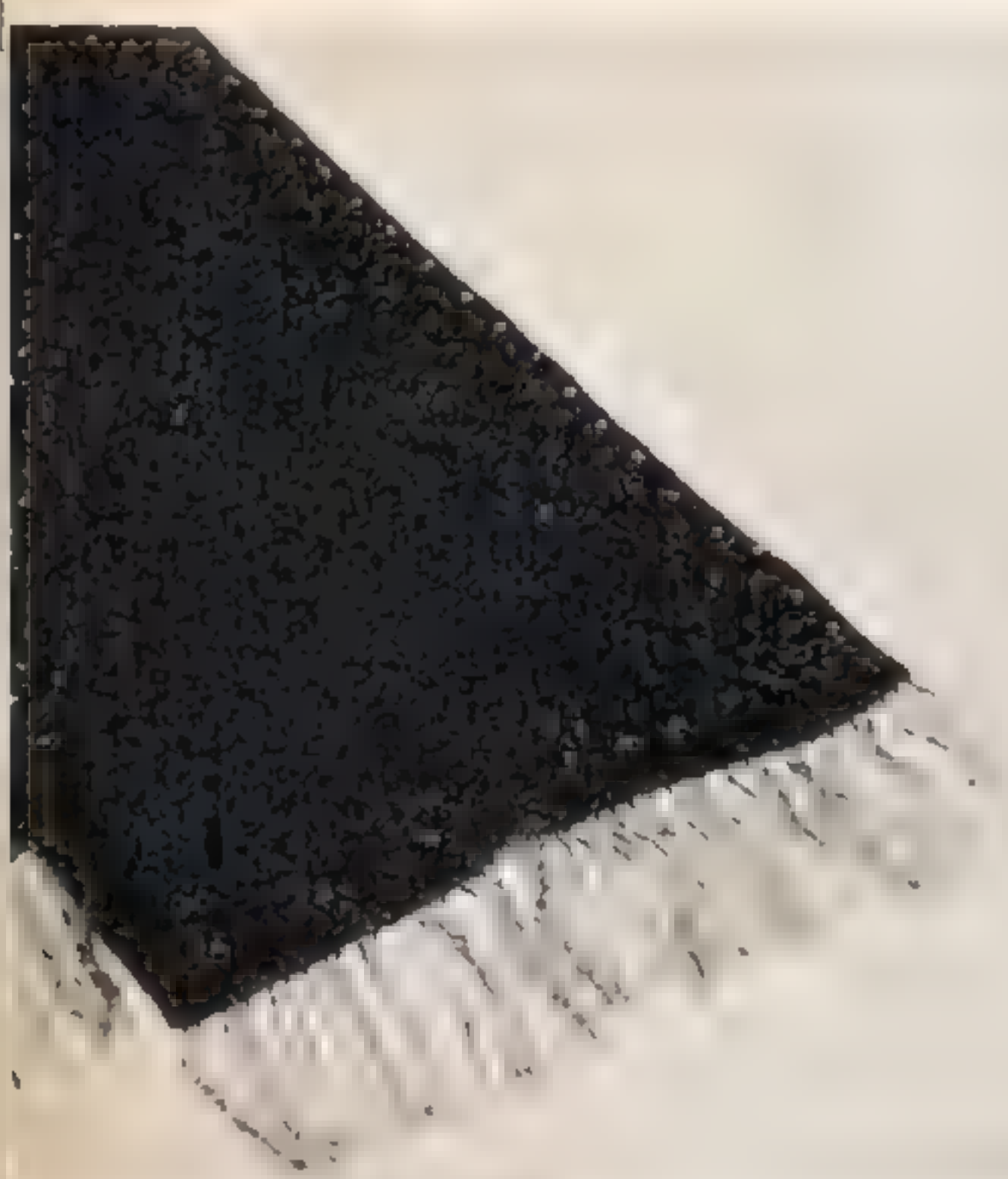
Photographs by Peter Eco



CHRISTMAS

Fashion wise Phyllis Kirk chooses gay-as-the-season separates which star a festive black leaf-printed circular skirt of standout felt. Crimson or beige. About \$20. Its running

mate, a sleeveless black velveteen blouse with high cuffed neckline. About \$9. Sizes 10-16. Both by Nelly de Grab. At Sakowitz, Houston, Texas. Suede sandals by Paradise



What more exciting than a length of black velvet stole? Luxuriantly fringed, studded with vari-colored sequins. Baar & Beards. About \$8. Rich's, Atlanta, Ga.



Old favorite reticule bag, newly designed for chic carrying. Satin or velvet, with gold-plated frame and snake chain. By Greta. Under \$11.* Leading dept. stores



The kiltie skirt's all the rage. This one in wool and Orlon is pleated, fringed. Red clan tartans. Sizes 10-16. By Korday. Under \$15. Hutzler Bros., Baltimore, Md.



Lustrous simulated pearls, adjustable choker style, in smart black and gold carryall, satin-lined, sectioned. Deltah. \$12.75 with tax. Leading jewelry stores



The "little something" spelling fashion know-how. Scalloped collar encrusted with sparkly gold, silver bullion. White, black satin. Specialty House. Under \$8. Leading stores



Carousel petticoat, a bit of fluff in nylon tricot, stiffened net. Deep bouncy flounce of hearts and bows on paper taffeta. S, M, L. Munsingwear. Under \$9. Stern's, N. Y.



Fashion's love, the smart, roomy tote bag, in creamy make-believe broadtail fur, smooth leather trim. Beige, taffy, black. By Roger Van S. About \$10.95.* B. Altman, N. Y.

GLAMOUR GIFTS . . . under \$15



The feminized pipe, diminutive, exciting new accessory. Lady Briar comes in six shapes, rhinestone-studded for extra dash. New fashion colors. Kaywoodie. \$7.50. Leading stores

Soft-as-down short wool cardigan a gleam with gold and silver medallions, jewel studs. Pretty toss-on. White, black. 34-40. Garland Knit. \$8.95. Boston Store, Milwaukee, Wis.

For pure whimsy, try a conversation-making golden piggy bank. He's adorned with a mass of pearls, jewels, and inset coins. Fashion Craft. About \$7.50.* J. W. Robinson, L. A.

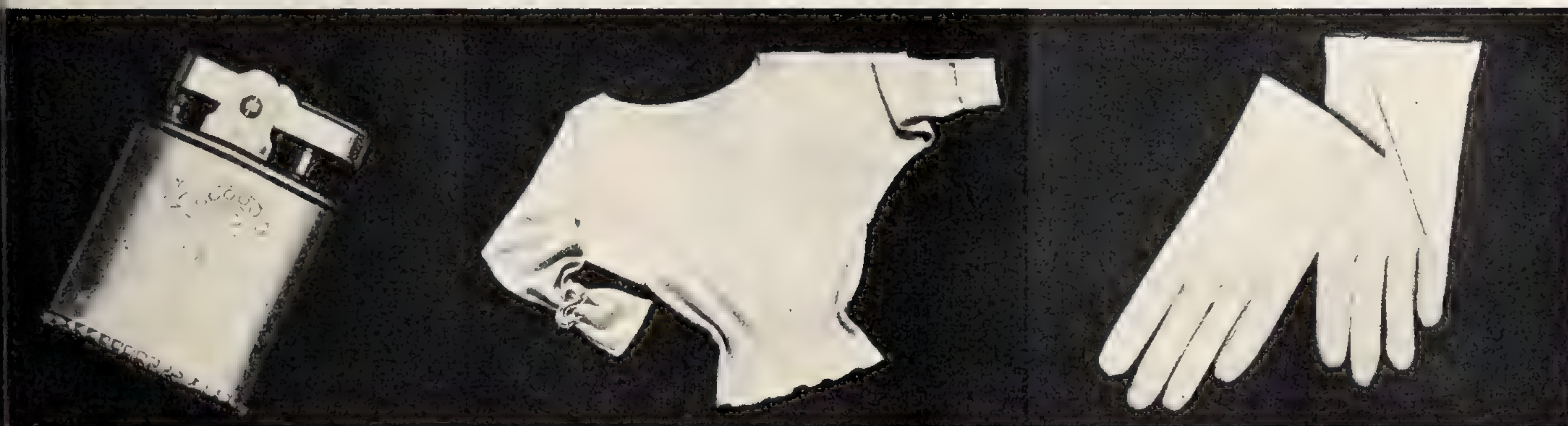


Imagine the charm of a ranch mink-tail bracelet on your wrist. This adds the flash of a fake diamond. By Fur Fancies. About \$10.95.* Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh

Magnificently bejeweled compact makes "touch-up" a glamour job. Shimmering spray on golden ground. Elgin American. \$15.* Leading jewelry, department stores

Long, black and slim umbrella for the sophisticate. A circlet of colored stones for flair. In its own case. By L. P. Henryson. Under \$7. Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago

For the young or the young-at-heart, Mommie and Me dolls, realistic down to the shampooable hair, exquisite clothes. The set, \$12.95. Lane Bryant, N. Y.



To whip out with pride, the ever-ready love of a Princess pocket lighter. This is in smart satin-finish chrome with engraved design. By Ronson. \$6.95. Available at leading stores

All-purpose, briefly scooped sweater of fluffy wool and Angora. Push-up dolman sleeves. Five luscious colors. Sizes 34-40. Catalina. Around \$8.95. Meier & Frank, Portland, Ore.

The luster and elegance of snow-white pigskin in a snug shortie glove that's always "right." Finger-free. Also pink, blue, oatmeal. By Superb. About \$6. Jordan Marsh, Boston

* plus federal tax

CAMPUS

panties
say
"Merry Christmas"
6
times!



Box of 6 \$2.75



6 pairs of briefs, elastic knit from the finest rayon and individually cellophane wrapped. 6 assorted colors—white, pink, blue, orchid, maize, Nile. 6 colors to each attractive gift package.

BAND LEG BRIEF OR HOLLYWOOD ELASTIC LEG BRIEF IN SMALL, MEDIUM, LARGE AND EXTRA LARGE SIZES.

At your favorite store, or send us your order and remittance (include 30c for postage).

We'll have an authorized dealer fill it.

Specify style, quantity, and size.

VARYNIT MILLS, Empire State Building, 350 Fifth Ave., New York 1.
Makers of the popular Campus Panties.

PHOTOPLAY

STAR

FASHIONS

continued

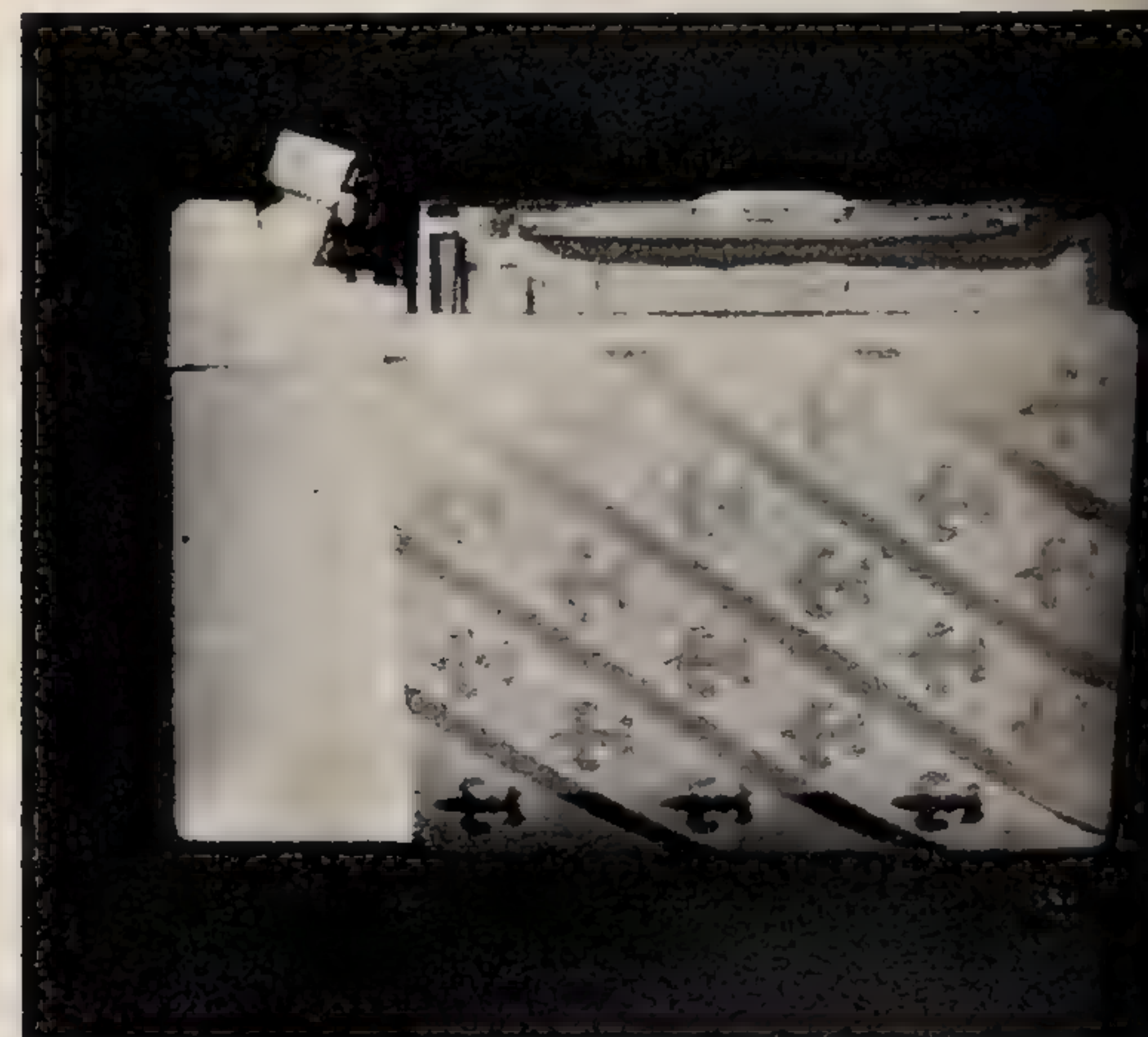
CHRISTMAS



Samsonite's easy-pack hat box, the smart new way to tote your stuff for a week or a weekend. Light-bound green, blue or leather-toned sturdy vinyl plastic. \$15.* At leading luggage stores



A flash of beautiful petticoat to buoy up both your skirts and fashion charm. Forever-pleated black nylon taffeta, embroidered with tiny rosebuds. By Eye-ful. About \$17. Leading stores



There's pocket glamour in handsome golden fleur-de-lis design cigarette case with a famous plus in built-in Lite-O-Matic lighter. Elgin American. \$22.50 including tax. At leading stores

GLAMOUR GIFTS

... under \$25



You're smart like a fox in a silky Orlon cardigan with fabulously flattering fox collar that's dyed to match the lovely pink, blue, white, black. Sizes 34-40. By Storyk. About \$18. Russeks, New York



Hand-tooled and laced saddle leather handbag adds accessory spice with its striking design. Roomy, leather-lined interior. Five tawny leather colors. By Clifton. \$16.75*. A. Polsky, Akron



Divinely feminine, richly jeweled pink ermine scarf loop and matching head band that molds your head to a pretty turn. All colors. By Laitman Furs. The set, about \$25*. Blum Store, Philadelphia

*plus federal tax

CHRISTMAS GIFT BOX
OF THREE GARMENTS



—for
every
gal
on
your
list!

Dove Skin Undies

The gift that fits every body —
tall, short, thin or extra-size.

Dove Skin rayon knit undies —

beautifully tailored, softer to the touch,
fuller cut. Gay holiday pack of three,
individually cellophane wrapped.

Box of 3 \$2.07

ELASTIC LEG BRIEF OR BAND LEG BRIEF—

white, pink, blue—5-8, regular sizes

SPORT PANTY—pink, white—5-8, regular sizes

FLARE STEP-IN—pink, white—5-8, regular sizes

At your favorite store, or send us your order
and remittance (include 30c for postage).

We'll have an authorized dealer fill it.

Specify style, quantity, color and size.

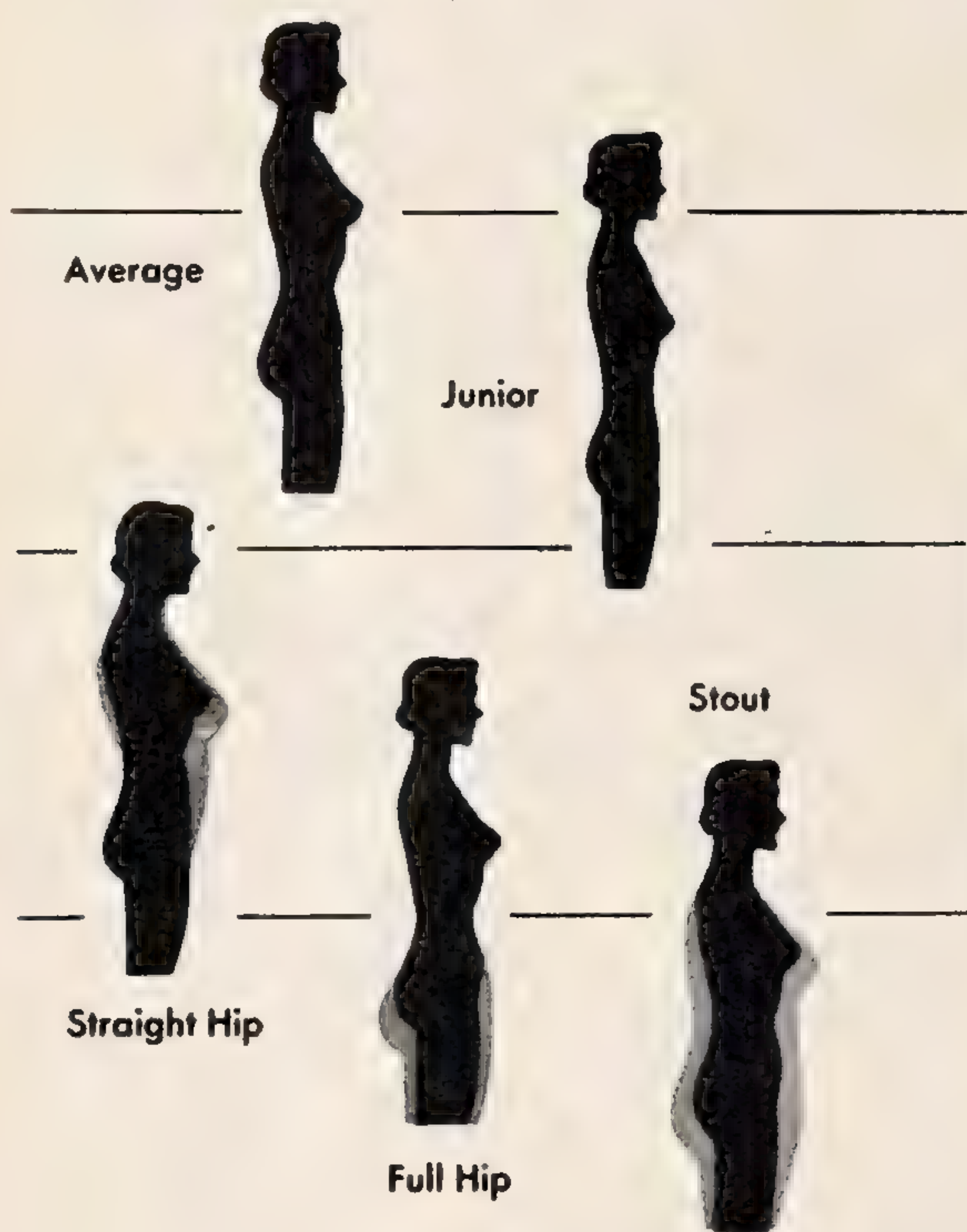
LUXURAY, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1.

Makers of famous *Dove Skin Undies*



From Formfit ... a beauty question of top priority

Which figure type are you?



47 out of every 100 women are dissatisfied with the way their girdles fit, according to a recent impartial study. To assure you perfect fit, Formfit makes a wide range of styles and designs for every figure type.

Because no two women have exactly the same figure, no one type of bra or girdle can fit all women perfectly. That's the reason 47 out of every 100 are not satisfied with the fit of these garments.

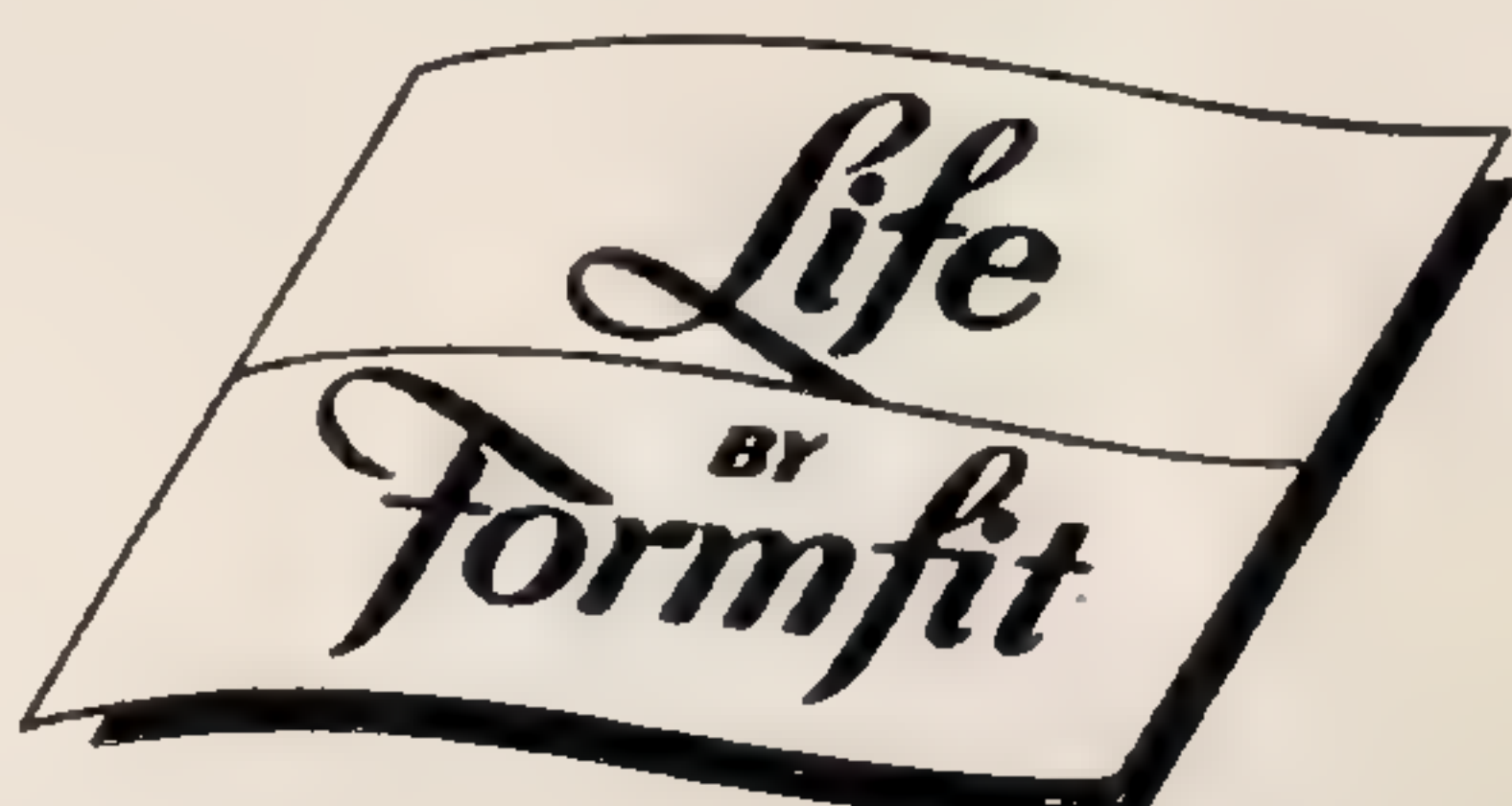
No matter what your figure type, there's a Life Girdle and Bra to fit you as if custom-made ... to slim, smooth and support you to your own individual needs. For Formfit brings you the widest selection of girdles and bras in the world!

So, if you are one of the 47 out of every 100 who are not satisfied, decide now to change to Life by Formfit. There's a Life Girdle and

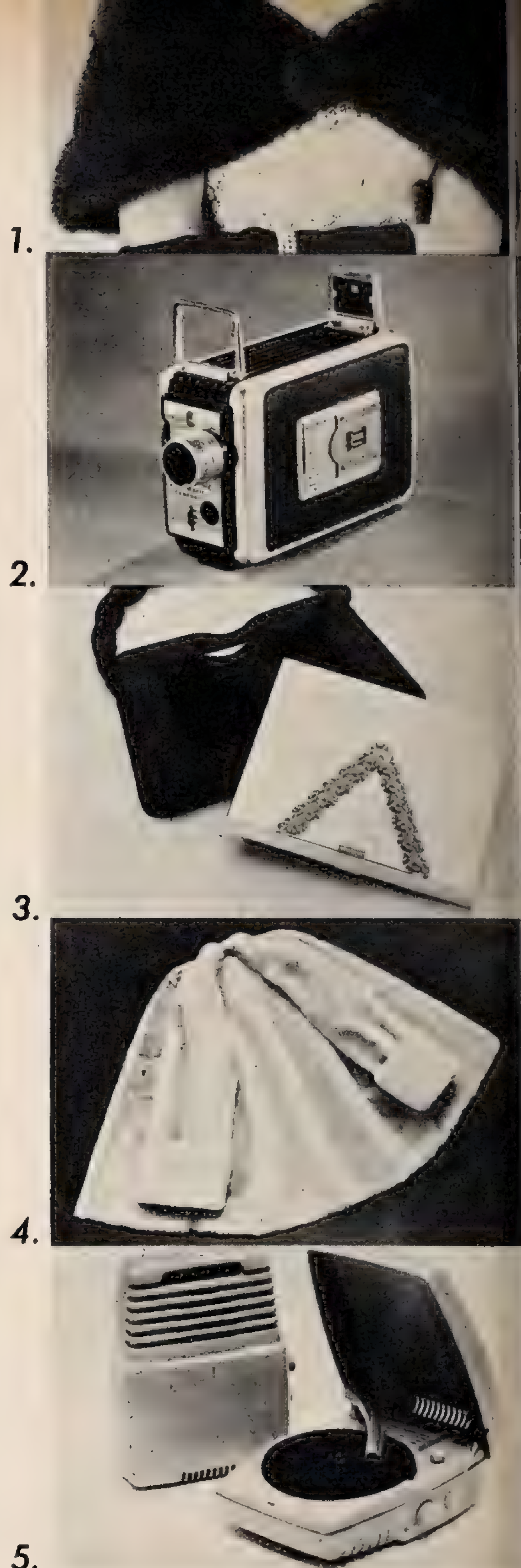
Bra for you at any of the better stores. Try them—and see the difference!

...

#1590 Life Girdle shown ... beautifully slimming design in nylon taffeta and French-type leno elastic. 26 to 34, \$16.50. Others from \$7.50. Life Hidden Strip Bra #515 ... new-design stitched underbust with uplifting sewn-in strips. 32A to 42D, \$4.00. Others from \$1.25.



THE FORMFIT COMPANY, CHICAGO, NEW YORK



LUXURY GIFTS at a price

1. Lustrous, silky ranch mink shrug capelet, tastefully tapered to fit. So much glamour for so little. Landau, Newman & Rosen. About \$150.* A. & S., Brooklyn, N.Y.
2. Latest Brownie movie camera, still a miracle-maker, with newly added pre-focused, extra-fast lens. An amateur's delight. \$46.75. At photographic stores
3. Elegant satiny silver carryall, rich with rhinestones. Mirrored golden interior completely fitted. Faillie case. Volupté. About \$45.* Hutzler Bros., Baltimore
4. Generously full mouton fingertip jacket, gentle rolled collar, deep cuffs. The news! Delectable pastels, red, white. Assoc. Fur Mfgs. Under \$100.* Macy's, N. Y.
5. The magic "Midge" performs vertically as a compact radio; horizontally, a phonograph. Streamlined, colored case. By Webcor. \$49.95. Lyon & Healy, Chicago

*plus federal tax

My Bob—Our Man Behind the Mask

(Continued from page 41)

a cry for help. He went through the doorway at hurricane-speed and took a flying leap. In his haste, he misjudged the distance, missed the pool and landed hard on solid ground. When Robert came to, Chris, who'd been noisily splashing in the water, was standing over him. "Now why in the world did you do that, Dad?" he asked—casually.

Often, it's so hard for me to believe what I read about my husband that I've given it up. I have my memories of the past; I have the moments of the present; I look forward to the future. Consequently, I can dispense with all the fiction that is written about him in these three tenses.

I can remember, for instance, the man who had won a fine role in a little-theatre production. I remember opening night when, just before the curtain was scheduled to go up, I told him his first son was on the way. I recall that he borrowed a car, rushed me to the hospital, and then dashed back to concentrate on his part—or try to concentrate. And that he returned to the hospital after the performance, with his make-up still on, to pace the floor with the other expectant fathers.

The Mitchum I know is the fellow who turns out a cake for my birthdays . . . one with "Happy Birthday, Darling" written across the top in bright pink icing. He's the man who taught me to cook when we were first married. Although I've asked him many times just how he happened to learn, I've yet to get a straight and serious answer. He's the husband who'll come home for dinner two hours late—bringing dinner with him.

He's the father who takes his small daughter for long rides along the beach road because she likes to look at the ocean. He's the fellow who can be found stretched out on the floor, mending his sons' model airplanes.

The Mitchum I know takes great pride in his home—wherever it happens to be. I remember the time when we decided to redecorate the house and discussed the idea of consulting an interior decorator. "How can a stranger tell me what I want to live in?" asked Robert. And in the year that we lived there, he proceeded to paint the living room three times—experimenting furiously with the various colors.

My husband is a self-styled handyman around the house. It may take him months to finish a project (the completion of a dog kennel, for instance, took him around six months), but his interest and good intentions are ever present. "It's got to be done right," Robert would explain, as the dog grew older in his place by the hearth in our house.

A character? Well, frankly, yes. When you think about it, who isn't—in his or her own way? I am married to a man whom few people will ever really know or understand. I am married to a fellow who is, by his own admission, an invisible man. He once told me about a writer who had come to the studio to interview him. The writer started to inquire about his childhood. "When I was a youngster, I was always running away," Robert began.

"Didn't your family object?" asked the scribe.

"Well, I guess they figured if I wanted to see the world, I might as well have a chance to get a good look at it," said Robert.

"What did they do when you got home?" asked the writer.

"They looked right at me," Robert said seriously. "As far as I was concerned, it was pretty unnerving. You see, I used to think I was invisible."

The writer put down her pencil and

shook her head while Robert went on. "I didn't know that later I'd be so visibly magnified. When I made the discovery, I became somebody else . . . the guy they write the stories about. I don't know what they write. I don't care. It's not me."

The real Robert Mitchum has remained invisible to most people. They identify him with the actor they see on the screen, or with the stories they read about him. They turn to a chapter in the Hollywood rule book called "How a Movie Star Should Behave." And by doing this, they lose the key to his actual identity.

"I learned early in life that by telling a story far more colorful than the truth would be, one's truth is let alone. I like it to be let alone," Bob says.

When people come to him for stories, he's likely as not to murmur, "Make it up." When people offer small talk at parties, asking about the early days, he's apt to launch into, "Now when I was a youngster, I was strictly a juvenile delinquent," or, "Did I ever tell you about my days on the chain gang in Georgia?" He realizes that they are interested in Robert Mitchum the personality—not Robert Mitchum the person.

The person and the personality are completely divorced. For one instance, he's quite a horseman in the movies. In private life, he never goes near a horse. The movie star is supposed to love night-clubbing. Robert avoids night clubs like a plague, unless he's showing around some out-of-town guests. Once he was asked, "How did you feel when you first saw your name in lights?"

He replied with another question. "How do you suppose the operator of a gasoline shovel feels the first time a crowd gathers to watch him excavate a sewer line?"

He believes that favorable public response—for making a movie or excavating a sewer line—is a result of the work a man has done. Acting is a job. A very gratifying one. But, nevertheless, a job. Off-screen, Robert lives like other people, some of whom occasionally mutter, "But you make so much more money."

Says Robert, "So I pay so much more tax."

Sometimes stories give the impression that Robert views everyone with sardonic scorn. This is far from the truth. Honesty and an adult attitude toward life will win his respect any time.

I believe that Bob's youth accounts for many of his ways. It gave him his protective shell. It gave him the sense of humor that permits him to stand back and look at the world. It also gave him a tinge of bitterness—and was responsible for keeping his feet on the ground when success came. He still considers his success to be a sort of super-sized piece of good luck.

Few people would have given a nickel for Bob's chances at one time, except perhaps those who read his poetry in his home-town paper, *The Bridgeport Post*. The paper ran a good many of his works, beginning with "A Chreestmus Pome." And then there was "A War Poem":

*I seek adventure and I find too much.
Oh, if I were only rich,
I'd not be in this terrible "dutch"—
I'd not be in this ditch.*

With these efforts, Robert won the reputation of Bridgeport's "finest young poet." However Robert was a restless young poet. He wanted to see the world. "I wanted to do things," he explains. "So I lit out and did them. Anything. Dull, some of them—so I quit those. Fun, some of them—so I kept on."

He was six when he first ran away. He ran as far as New Haven, took a long look, got hungry and hurried home. Home was

a modest one. Bob's father had been killed in a railroad accident, and his mother had gone to work on the newspaper to support her brood of three. She worked long hard hours and there was little time left to give to her children. There was money, barely enough. There were clothes, but no luxuries. So Robert set out to see the rest of the world . . . time after time. He returned less frequently when the police grew tired of chasing him and sending him back.

Long before he was twenty-one, Bob had seen nearly every state in the forty-eight. He managed to sandwich in grammar school in Delaware and Connecticut and even had a fling at high school. But he never finished.

Bob rode the rods. He lived in hobo camps, dodged yard bulls in railroad centers. He got into trouble sometimes. What boy wouldn't? "But I always managed to come out all right," he'll tell you. "I like people and I like towns. A strange town is always exciting. Every new place is an adventure. I'd get into a new town and wouldn't know what to expect. There would always be a new, interesting person to talk with."

Even today he's restless. He wanders. He's likely to leave on a trip at a moment's notice—Mexico City, Paris, New Orleans. . . . If the family can go, we all depart. If not, he goes alone or with a friend. People who've traveled with him on personal-appearance tours have asked me if he ever sleeps. Once, while on such a tour, he wasn't in the mood for sleep, so he knocked on one press agent's door. "Talk to me," he pleaded.

This fellow had accompanied Robert on trips before. "Get lost," he shouted. But the knock came again. "Awright, come on in," he finally said. After which he mumbled, "Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh," as Robert talked on.

When the press agent began to snore, Robert went across the hall and woke another press agent—one who didn't know him as well. They talked for the rest of the night. Next day, the man was so bleary-eyed he could hardly see. Robert felt fine.

Actually, he does sleep, but he prefers to deny it. He does it casually and heartily dislikes to have anyone catch him. "Think I'll go over my lines," he'll say, stepping into his dressing room or the study and shutting the door. A while later, someone will awaken him, and he'll look sheepish.

When Bob first came to Hollywood, he held some sort of record for cross-country travel—via freight. He'd worked as a farm hand, a truck driver, a stevedore, a bouncer, housepainter, steel worker, track layer, cement mixer, day laborer, quarryman, dancer, boxer and gag writer among other things. Between jobs, he came back to Delaware.

We met when I was thirteen. He was fifteen. To be perfectly honest, I didn't like him. He was a wise guy. He never thought of paying a compliment like other boys. Instead, he teased. Yet every other boy I knew seemed dull by comparison.

When I was fourteen I fell in love with him. We double-dated with his cousin one night and spent the evening riding around in his cousin's car. That was it. We'd just started going steady when Bob's family moved en masse to Long Beach. Bob and his brother Jack hitchhiked out.

Bob did odd jobs around the beach. He worked in stores, filling stations, on the amusement pier. His sister was doing night-club work and was interested in the local little theatre. Bob also joined the Long Beach Theatre Guild and began writing night-club material for his sister and for local radio performers. Then he

moved to Hollywood and teamed up with an astrologer. Bob became his contact man.

However, he always returned to Delaware. My family had hoped that I'd forget him, yet somehow I couldn't. I went on to business school and took a job in an insurance office. Then Robert arrived again. He and his employer were making a tour of the east coast. For our marriage, Bob's boss consulted the stars. Robert, he said, was under the influence of Leo, the Lion. I was guided by Taurus, the Bull. "There will be great conflict," predicted the astrologer. "It will never work."

Although my family neglected to consult the stars, they held the same opinion. I knew Bob's faults. I didn't care. When there is love, I concluded, who needs perfection?

Robert has claimed that he won enough money in a crap game to get us married. Actually he borrowed a hundred dollars. And I had a hundred given to me by my employers and co-workers as a wedding present.

We met in Dover to do some last-minute shopping. I went in search of a wedding dress. Bob and Charlie Thompson, our best man, struck out to look for a ring. Robert found a plain gold band, but then came the problem of measuring my finger. He and Charlie solved the problem by borrowing the jeweler's sample scale and going out to look for me.

They'd forgotten the name of the store I'd gone into, so they simply wandered up and down the main street. At last I saw them through a window and knew they didn't know where to find me, so I pulled on the gown and ran out into the street. We measured my finger on the sidewalk and I tore back into the shop before they could get the idea that I'd run off with their dress.

We rode around until we found a Methodist minister. We rang the doorbell and an elderly man appeared. "Bet I know what you folks want," he chuckled. He led us into the living room, and, I remember, the temperature seemed somewhere below zero. So we adjourned to the kitchen where there was warmth, plus a rather strong smell of cabbage.

The old man put on a frock coat. Then his wife came and sat down at the kitchen table. "Do you want the old service or the new?" the minister asked us.

"The old one," I said, because it sounded more romantic.

The day after the wedding, Robert and I took a Greyhound bus to Hollywood, where we moved in with his family. There were nine of us in a two-bedroom house. The family in that hilarious play "You Can't Take It with You" never had it so hectic—and I'll venture to say that their home must have been a mite larger.

Bob resumed his little-theatre work. Having left the astrologer, he began working in an airplane factory to earn money. When he decided to try acting as a full-time career, he and a friend, John Shay, formed a partnership. They had one good suit between them and took turns wearing it when they made the rounds of studio departments. Once Bob got in to see a famous producer who was considering him for a role. The producer looked him over and finally spoke. "You're ugly," he sneered. "Your nose looks as if it's been broken."

"It has," said Bob.

"Your eyes are too small, and your ears . . ." the producer went on.

Bob started across the desk, vowing he'd do a little work on the producer's own face. But the studio cops came and hauled him away.

"I've never mortgaged my tongue to get or to hold a job," Bob says. It's true. And I, too, am proud of the fact. I wouldn't

want Bob to feel any other way.

Meanwhile Robert had met an agent who believed that he could find work for him. "Can you ride a horse?" he asked.

Robert mentioned that he had once handled horses on his grandparents' farm. By the time the information reached the producer of the picture, it had become "He used to break broncos."

The farm horses were a long cry from broncos. When Bob came home from his first day's work, he was stiff all over. "I got on the horse," he said, "and he threw me. Then they gave me another horse. He threw me. I knew I'd better do something in a hurry. So when he snarled at me, I snarled back. Then we understood each other."

Hopalong Cassidy pictures kept him busy for a while and Bob and Bill Boyd became good friends. Between *Hoppy* pictures, he did bits at U-I and Monogram. Then he went to M-G-M, where he tested for some thirty-two different parts. "Mitchum," said director Mervyn LeRoy, "you're either the lousiest actor in the world, or the best. I can't make up my mind which."

Nevertheless, Bob won a role in "Thirty Seconds over Tokyo." Then came "The Story of GI Joe," in which he portrayed a captain. His next stint was in the Army—in which he was a private. When he was inducted at Fort MacArthur, they asked him if there was any branch of the service he'd prefer. "Nope," he said. "Just put me where I can get some action." He landed in the infantry.

While he was in the service, there was a great deal of action, career-wise. "The Story of GI Joe" played in theatres throughout the country and Bob was acclaimed a brand-new star. His portrayal won him a nomination for an Academy Award. It established him as a fine actor. And a "character."

Stories said that he was an explosive character. One mentioned that he had swung at a guard at a studio gate. As a matter of fact, he did. As Bob passed, the guard, a new one, had barked, "Where do you think you're going?"

"What did you say?" asked Bob.

The guard repeated his question and added a few more well-chosen words. Bob jumped at him, but his agent pulled him back. "You can't go around slugging people," he said. "Everybody will hate you."

Bob explained. "I wasn't mad at what he said to me. But if he makes cracks like that at me, he'll do it to some unknown kid down on his luck. And that'll hurt him. It's that little guy I was thinking about when I got sore."

He still thinks of the little guy. Not so long ago, a director bawled out a crewmember on one of Bob's sets. Then he told the man to pick up his check. Bob

had been sitting in the corner, apparently unconcerned, throughout the row. When the crewmember left, Bob retired to his dressing room. And when the director called for shooting to resume, he was told, "Mr. Mitchum can't work without a full crew."

The director got the point and sent for the banished crewmember. The director apologized to the crewmember and production again rolled.

People mean a lot to my husband. Possessions don't mean a thing. I remember once when he was on a hospital tour. In one ward, a boy admired his shirt. Bob pulled it off and handed it to him. "Take it," he said. Then he grinned. "I guess I ought to have something to wear out of here. How about giving me your shirt?"

The boy gave him his T-shirt, several sizes too small. Mitchum donned it and wore it home.

One evening he arrived home and I noted that his new watch was missing. It seems that someone had asked him the time. "Don't you have a watch?" Robert inquired.

The fellow explained that it was in the shop. Bob removed his own watch. "Guess you need this more than I do," he said by way of explanation.

He likes to give gifts. Sometimes they're most unusual . . . like the time he came home with a coat for my birthday. I opened the box and my jaw dropped a mile. "It's a man's coat," I told him.

"I know," said Robert. "But I thought you'd look well in it, so I bought it."

As it turned out, I did look well in it. I wore it and grew very fond of it.

When our daughter Petrine began to sing and dance whenever she heard music, Robert decided that she must have a record player for her room. He searched the town over for a phonograph, but could find none that suited him. Then one evening he walked in with same. "I've seen that one before," I mused.

It was the one that he kept in his dressing room. "Has the best tone I've ever heard," he explained, carting it into the nursery. "She'll like this one."

Bob gets more pleasure from giving than anyone I've ever known. For a while, after he became a star, he gave away most of his salary. It had to stop. We had practically nothing left. So we worked out a budget. Bob went on an allowance. "I feel better now," Robert told me when the deed was done. "This way there will be something against the future, something for the kids."

The kids, Jimmy, Chris and Petrine, are his whole life. He's as relaxed with them as he is with anyone . . . but their welfare is the most important thing in the world to him. Bob was alone a great deal during his childhood. He didn't have the care or the fun that most kids have. He wants his children to have everything he missed—the very best there is.

He takes the boys hunting and fishing, and often we all go along on location trips. The last one was "River of No Return," in Canada. Petrine was about a year old, but Bob was determined that the entire family would come. So I packed diapers and bottles and the thousand and one things a baby needs and away we went.

Often people ask if Robert is teaching the children his own philosophy of life and how to avoid the mistakes he's made. Robert figures a person has to profit by his own mistakes, that you can't really teach anyone to avoid anything. In the final analysis, people have to make their own decisions. They have to learn—in their own way.

That's Bob's way. And I happen to like it.

THE END



Color portraits of Pat Crowley by Ornitz; Elaine Stewart, Anne Francis and May Wynn by Stern, Guy Madison by Ornitz; Janet Leigh by Jones, the Bob Mitchums from the family album; Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas by Ager; Grace Kelly by Fraker; Monty Clift by Dirone; Donna Reed by Smith; Jean Simmons by Powolny; Debra Paget Mari Blanchard, Piper Laurie and Mona Freeman by Stern; Doris Day by Six.

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There'll Be Changes Made

(Continued from page 51)

entirely on stage. It keeps them separated more than it keeps them together. It makes for romance with these two.

"We have another problem. It's crazy. After much ticklish rearranging of our schedules, Lydia and I finally worked it out so that we both could go on a location trip together. We have always wanted to see Egypt and here was our opportunity. Cecil B. DeMille is soon filming 'The Ten Commandments' in Egypt. And in my role as Moses, I will be able to visit the spots where the young Moses is believed to have been born and the place where he started the tribes of Israel out toward their promised land.

"Now we can't take the chance of our baby coming ahead of schedule and arriving in a land where we won't know a single doctor. That means I'll have to go alone and leave Lydia here alone."

"Lydia was alone during the war," I said.

"Yes. And maybe, now that I come to think of it, that set the pattern of our marriage. As you know, I'd courted Lydia from the very first day I met her at Northwestern University, where we were both drama students. Lydia was everything I was not: lively, social, alert and popular. She tells me now that the first time I managed a date with her, she reported to her friend, 'I've just been out with the wildest man on the campus.'

"That was true, too. Until I went to the University, most of my schooling had been in a one-room schoolhouse in the backwoods where the ink froze in our inkwells during the winter and our boots steamed from melting snow. I was never conscious of a single girl in any of my classes. I avoided the boys as much as I could. I wouldn't have been conscious of them, either, except that they always beat me up."

Chuck caught my bewildered look. "I was the runt of the class," he explained. "Out on my grandfather's twelve hundred acres in Michigan my thinness and shortness didn't matter. My grandfather had pioneered that land. Now I own it, and my children will inherit it. The lake that is on it is called Russell Lake—after my father.

"I wasn't an only child, but I might just as well have been because next to me there was my sister Lilla, a girl, mind you, and four years younger. When you are a boy of eight or ten there can be nothing quite so humiliating as playing with a girl who is merely four or six and your sister at that. I have a younger brother, too, but he was always too young to figure in my scheme of things. So I ignored them both, prowled by myself.

"I'd heard pioneering stories from my grandfather. I was very close to my father. When I was barely old enough to hold a gun, he taught me how to shoot. In school I wasn't ahead of my grades. We had a lot of books on the farm and I'd read all the ones that were fiction. I was forever acting them out for the chickens and the cattle, but I wasn't any outstanding brain at school. I was just smaller and thinner, that was all.

"When, finally, my family moved to Winnetka, Illinois, and I enrolled in the New Trier High School, I suddenly began growing. I shot up eight inches in one year. My shoulders broadened. I'd never been really sick one day in my life, and I still haven't. But the day I was able to go out and try for the football team was the first day I had any sense of being free. It was like coming out of prison to know I couldn't be pushed around any more, that I was strong enough to fight back."

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Chuck stopped, his steak finished, and attacked a salad nearly as large. "I'll be glad if my son follows this pattern, too," he said. "If he's just born big and keeps on being bigger, he will never know the psychology of the small man, what it means to be helpless, what it means to have to accept certain disagreeable facts because there is nothing you can do about them. Now I am a lot bigger than average, but I will always know what it means to be a lot smaller."

He laughed suddenly. The sound echoed around the room, and all the women in the place who had been watching him from beneath their eyelashes now looked up openly and smiled.

"Saying that reminded me of my father," he said, "and the time I had been reading 'David Copperfield' or something like that. At any rate, it had inspired me to run away from home to seek my fortune. I did it in the classic manner, also. I got a pole to put over my shoulder. I took a bandanna and put a few treasures in it, tied it on the pole and was just striding manfully out when I saw my father coming toward me, coming home from work."

"I couldn't make a run for it, so I put on my best soldier-of-fortune manner and told him I was leaving forever. My father said, 'I'm sorry to hear that, son. Aren't you happy here?'"

"That wasn't what he was supposed to say, of course, but I let him gather I wasn't. I told him there was no use in his trying to stop me. I was going. He'd never see me again."

"Well," my father said, "If that's the way it is, I guess I can't stand in your way, so goodbye, son."

"I didn't want him to take it that well, either. So there I was, stuck with it. I hiked on. And on. It got dark and cold and I got cold and hungry. Finally I turned around and crept back home, into the house. My parents were very nice about it. Nobody mentioned anything. But I've been quite careful since then not to make idle threats, and I guess it was then that I began to realize that I had been merely acting, that I was always acting—but that it could be carried too far."

Chuck was ten years old then. The year was 1934 and there was a depression on, but he didn't know it. And it was the depression years that kept him from being raised as a city boy, for he actually was born one—in Evanston, Illinois, on October 4th, 1924. But, of course, the bottom fell out of American prosperity, as well as out of many of his father's enterprises, by the time he was five, which was why the family so often went back to his grandfather's acres. They were land-poor. They were often glad that hunting was both a sport and a means of obtaining food, and to Chuck the silence of the woods was friendly. He made friends with the chickens on the farm and the small animals that were wild among the trees. He fell in love with sunsets and sunrises and ate wild berries, and knew the difference at a glance between edible mushrooms and dangerous toadstools.

By 1938, however, the family fortunes were upbeat again, as our whole country was. The Hestons moved to Winnetka. Charlton enrolled in the New Trier High School.

"As far as I know, it's the only public high school in this country that has a complete drama course," Chuck said, reliving it again at lunch. "I hope my son will find some such life-saver in some school he attends some time. I hurled myself into that course, and we did everything. We painted scenery, we learned lighting, we were ushers and leading men, both at the same time. We swept the stage and studied Shakespeare. I realized

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there that I had been acting all my life, and that it was all I wanted to do all my life.

"Of course I had to get through my other studies and I did, but I was conscious of them only as they applied to the drama course. I didn't have a car. I didn't have any money. I didn't have a girl. And I didn't miss any of it. I had acting."

Chuck sat back, silent and startled at my insistence that somewhere in his life before he met Lydia Clarke there must have been a girl, one girl at least who'd stood out to him in grammar or high school or on Coke dates or something.

"But there wasn't," he said, finally, obviously searching his mind with complete honesty as he does in response to any old question you throw at him. On this occasion you could see that he was remembering deeply, going far back into his teens, and then suddenly, he swung that magnificent, craggy face of his toward me and said, "Do you know something? You just made me realize that except for interviews like this I've never talked to any woman who isn't an actress, and except for Lydia, I've rarely talked to any actress except in rehearsal. In other words, until I met Lydia, all girls were just parts of a show to me, a necessary part of drama, a kind of framework for my dreams."

"Only Lydia became the dream—and only she could bring me out of my dream into the reality of having to fight for her attention."

Actually it was the other way 'round, even if Chuck doesn't realize it to this day. It was she, as serious a drama student as he was—even as solemn—who brought herself to his attention by asking him how to interpret a line in a play which they were doing for a class in interpretation.

It was a foolish question. It was a foolish line, and there was no way it could possibly be read except straight—a throw-away line, as actors call it—thrown away so that no one will notice it. But tall, awkward, owl-eyed Charlton Heston was immediately charmed that the slim, worldly, dark-haired, dark-eyed girl should be so sincere regarding drama that she wouldn't even permit a foolish line to be fluffed off. And the fact that she was sincere was affirmed immediately thereafter when she spurned every date he suggested—he who had never thought about dating a girl before. She didn't want to get married, Lydia told him. She had no time for love, less for flirtation. She had only the drama of acting.

She couldn't have charmed him more. Chuck was working his way through Northwestern by acting as elevator man

at night in an apartment house in nearby Chicago. This meant he got virtually no sleep. He could afford virtually no food. But there were from that moment two burning ambitions to highlight his life—the conquest of acting and the winning of Lydia—and they rated in about that order.

Lydia wasn't as poor as he. She's never been as poor as Chuck has been, that is, until after the war when they were wildly poor together, when they were Mr. and Mrs. Heston and he came back from two years on the most desolate island of the desolate Aleutians and couldn't get a look-in at theatre, tv, radio, movies, anything.

Nevertheless, in those college days, Lydia was amplifying her income a little by working in the college cafeteria. And this charmed Chuck even more. Here was a living girl who was worthy to be queen to those kings he had been back on his grandfather's farm. Here was the charmer who had inspired the adventurers he had been, at eight and nine and ten, sailing the seas (while firmly seated on the ground by one of Grandpa's trees), wearing furs which he had trapped for her (and he really had trapped muskrats and beaver on the farm, but they were for selling—twenty-five to fifty cents apiece when the market was right).

Charlton Heston began coming out of his dreams, because of Lydia Clarke, and looking upon the world with different, appraising eyes. The more she refused his dates, the more he appraised the other boys whom he occasionally saw her dating, and by this observation he began to see what was wrong with his own personality and appearance.

Lydia will tell you now, "The first time I did have a date with Chuck, he told me it was the first he'd ever had with a girl, and I told my best girl friend the next morning that he certainly looked it. Instead of sitting in a chair, he enveloped it, and instead of talking, he orated, using the most elegant words in the English language." Incidentally, Charlton still has a tendency this way, to which his best friends, Jan Sterling and Paul Douglas, will testify any time. It comes as a result of his reading every classic book he can lay hands upon.

Chuck has the inborn caution of the woodsman who thoroughly examines everything before he gets into danger through being impetuous. He was even a slow starter in pictures when Hal Wallis brought him to Hollywood for "The Dark City." He was good in "The Dark City," but not much more, because he didn't know the medium of picture-acting. Watch his steady climb, however, through

"The President's Lady" up to the recent "Naked Jungle" and you see the growth in him. DeMille, who knows acting, says he is nothing less than superb as Moses in "The Ten Commandments."

What Chuck himself says is "There's so little time to learn all you have to know about acting. That is why I never stop. People ask me why between pictures I hop to Bermuda or Phoenix or wherever it is to do some play. That's because I want to keep on learning. I want to play *Macbeth*. I've studied that one role for years. I figure it will be another five years at least before I'm remotely ready to play it adequately."

Slow though he may be, however, once he starts on a thing, he never gives up. As he did not on the courtship of Lydia Clarke, who didn't want to be bothered with him, or love.

The Army clapped him into uniform the day he got out of college. He was sent on to a camp in Greensboro, North Carolina, so he had to keep up his pursuit of Lydia by correspondence. He wrote her, finally, that the scuttlebutt was that his company was being shipped out. From the tropical issue they were being given, they assumed it was North Africa, Italy or some such. He implied he might soon die, and he asked his persistent question. Would she marry him?

Lydia wired him. It wasn't the most romantic telegram in the world, but it sent him into romantic transports. "I have decided to accept your proposal," it said.

It was springtime in North Carolina, and he chose the date March 17th—March 17th, 1944—"So I would never forget it," he said. He began planning wildly, seven ways at once, not able to believe the happiness that had come to him.

The Hestons had two weeks, and then the scuttlebutt turned out wrong, like most scuttlebutt, and Chuck found himself with his tropical outfit in the Aleutians, and he remained there two solid years.

"I wrote Lydia every day," Chuck told me at lunch. "I thought about her constantly. And I read. I read anything and everything. We were supposed to be a flying station, but we seldom flew. All I wanted was to get back to my wife."

At last the war was over. Finally Charlton Heston was out of uniform, back to his wife, back to Chicago, where Lydia was making a very meagre living as a model. She did have a room, and abashed at his own helplessness, he moved into it. She had \$6 left, weekly, after she paid the rent. He had some savings after he got out of service, but gradually they disappeared. He was living on his wife's earnings and they were both hungry.

"It never stopped," Chuck told me, finishing his huge, luncheon salad. "It never stopped, that frustration, loneliness and grinding misery of trying to break into show business, of seeing other actors getting parts that you knew you could do better. Every day I went out looking for work. I stayed out all day. I went everywhere and I would have taken anything. And every night I came back with the same story—nothing."

"No woman could have been more wonderful than Lydia. We went to New York, trying Broadway. It was the same story. She could get some work modeling, but I could get nothing. And then finally one break came. We could go to Asheville, N. C., as co-directors and leads in the Thomas Wolfe Memorial Theatre, acting and directing a series of repertory plays."

"Of course we grabbed it, not alone for the opportunity but for the regular eating, the regular income. And for the first few months, nothing could have been more charming. It's a delightful town, Asheville,

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with a delightful way of life. The people in the company were delightful, too. In fact, that was the matter with it. They asked us to stay on indefinitely, and it seemed wonderful to be so secure, so assured. Only Lydia said, 'Chuck, we are succumbing,' and wretchedly I looked at her and agreed. We were almost ready to sacrifice every one of our ideals for a pleasant home and steak every night.

"So back we went to Broadway, back to the frustration and hunger. I know now we couldn't have done that if we'd been 'the three Hestons' rather than the two. But we were back at least to believing in acting as an artistic force, not merely as a means of making a living."

That was when Chuck and Lydia got the cold-water flat, which up until recently they retained. That's when they had wonderful moments that only two people so in love can have. They understand each other's mood so well that nothing seems strange to them. Like the Christmas when they would barely eat, when Chuck spent almost their last dime on a Toulouse-Lautrec lithograph. They needed that like they needed an extra landlord, but Lydia understood why Chuck bought it. It was a lithograph of Sarah Bernhardt, the greatest actress of them all. He thought it was beautiful—and Lydia never bothered to point out that is probably why he bought it—not because it was a Lautrec.

Yet finally, after plays that opened and closed too fast, after tv shows sweated over that not many important people saw, the break came, as it always will to people who just won't be licked. Lydia was in Chicago in "Detective Story," when Chuck in New York got the call from Hal Wallis which brought him to Hollywood. And as has been printed many times, they met in Grand Central Station, the first time they had been together in eighteen months. She was just coming back. He was heading for Hollywood. They had one hour together. So they just stayed right there in the station, talking, holding hands, understanding one another.

"It clears away a lot of worry if you figure Chicago is just three hours by plane from New York, nine hours from Hollywood. Lydia and I have always been able to think that way," Chuck said. "That was the 'why' of our keeping that flat in New York. We were sentimental over it, and we knew we could afford it, too. We knew, to an hour, whenever either of us got free how soon we could get there, how long we'd have together. That was also the 'why' of the modest place we took in Hollywood. I didn't want anything pretentious without Lydia, or she without me.

"Then, when it turned out that Lydia seemed so often to get into Chicago runs of plays, we took the third flat, there. But now—with our son . . ." He paused, wordless, back where we started from.

"What if he's a daughter?" I asked.

Chuck sat back, laughter in his eyes. "Now how's that possible?" he said. "He has to be a son because DeMille has already promised him the role of the infant Moses—the one found in the bulrushes, of course—if he is. And furthermore, I feel he's already launched in the profession, having played more than a hundred performances in 'The Seven Year Itch' before Lydia was positive that he was with us."

"Yes, but just suppose he is a she," I persisted.

His rugged face softened, and he was suddenly about as handsome a man as anybody could hope to see.

"If he's a she, and looks like Lydia," he said, "then I'm prepared to adore her."

THE END

"RAIN DEARS OF THE YEAR"

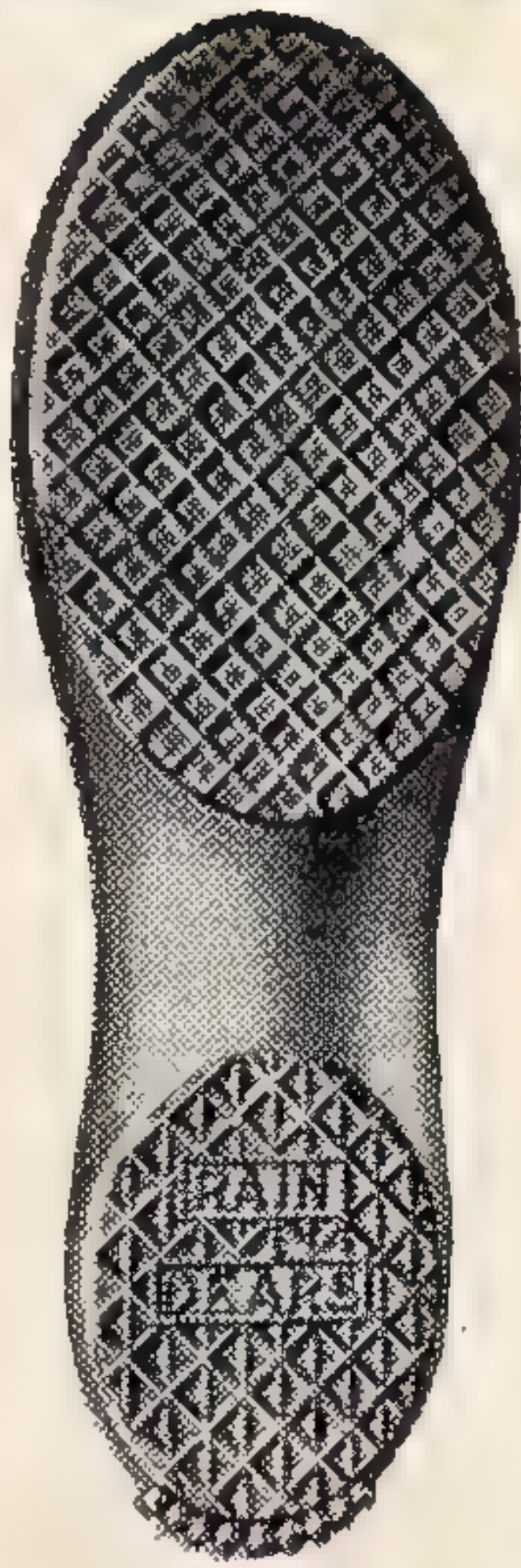


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All the Things She Is

(Continued from page 64)

She claims her pet aversion is the telephone, but her husband says she is always on it. She likes long walks, all kinds of flowers, snow and French fried onions.

She doesn't like eating alone.

She has at least ten favorite songs and has no desire to ever go hunting. "Not even fishing. I can't stand the thought of killing anything." She was born in a modest two-story brick home in Cincinnati.

She hates mussels, still experiences stage fright and was named after Doris Kenyon, whom her mother greatly admired. She has a son named Terry from a former marriage.

She has never worn dental braces and, if riding in the car with someone, she doesn't like the radio on, prefers to talk. She is five feet five and three-quarter inches tall.

Her taste in music ranges from hill-billy to opera. "I just love music, period."

She has never been able to write a decent letter, and consequently hates it. "I just ramble on and never seem to really say anything." She loves olives.

Her favorite meal is roast beef and baked potato. She has a bad memory for names, but not faces, has two French poodles and is firmly convinced that good taste is not the result of education. "There are well-educated people who haven't the faintest idea what the words mean."

She cannot abide birds in cages because she "feels sorry for them." Her hair is blond, she is punctual in appointments and likes to wear Levis around the house.

She sucked her thumb when she was little.

She is righthanded and has never seen a track meet.

She has no superstitions.

Her father was an organist and piano, violin and voice teacher. She began dancing lessons early, and by the time she was 12 she was frolicking in a Fanchon and Marco stage show. She and her husband do not play cards, preferring informal get-togethers with their friends.

Her dancing aspirations were cut short by a nearly fatal automobile accident in Hamilton, Ohio, while she was on tour. She was badly hurt when the car in which she was riding hit a train and she spent fourteen months in and out of hospitals before a broken leg would mend and she could walk again.

She subscribes to no book clubs.

She has a passion for making things clean and is constantly fussing around the house. Her shoes are size 7.

Doris decided to save herself from overwhelming anguish and boredom by studying voice while waiting to mend after the automobile accident. She is deeply indebted to Grace Raine, her vocal coach in Cincinnati. It was Miss Raine who helped her get started.

She lives in a two-story Colonial home in Toluca Lake, two blocks from Warner Brothers, her studio.

Her natal surname means churchyard in German.

She doesn't like the comic strips, although she adored them as a child.

She loves candy. Her eyes are blue and she is very good at spelling. "My son's best subject at school."

She doesn't like caviar or arithmetic.

Her first singing engagement was an engagement with Barney Rapp, owner of a night club in Cincinnati, but he insisted that something had to be done about the name of Kappelhoff. Doris saw the point and was forthwith christened Doris Day by

Rapp because of her rendition of "Day After Day." She weighs 120 pounds.

She never liked school.

She dreams mostly about casual acquaintances, never her close friends, which puzzles her no end. She drinks only decaffeinated coffee.

Her favorite game as a little girl was Spin the Bottle. She is systematic and orderly in everything except her desk. "It's always a mess. My husband goes crazy trying to sort out the bills and things."

She is highly impulsive, drinks lots of milk, sodas and malts, and likes to go swimming in her pool at midnight or six in the morning.

She is currently addicted to treader pants, enjoys ballroom dancing, particularly the fox-trot, and would like to learn golf and tennis. "But only if I could be good at them."

She doesn't care for garlic, flashy cars or "too much red in anything." She wishes she could play the piano. She rarely goes to night clubs because she had to practically live in them while working with bands.

She loves to go shopping with her husband and likes to "pick his clothes." She does not believe in fortunetellers or astrology but thinks "they are fun." She is thoughtful, forthright and completely unaffected.

She has a vivid and dear memory of a certain street in Great Neck, Long Island, which she walked along during a visit to the late Buddy Clark. "I was walking by myself. It was covered with autumn leaves of a hundred colors and had a strange serene beauty. I don't even remember its name, but I'll never forget the incident."

She plans to take up skiing, and believes that environment is infinitely more important than heredity. She likes all kinds of seafood except those that are "too fishy."

She seldom gets a traffic ticket.

She prefers gold jewelry.

She and her husband agree on politics. She loves to go to the Farmers Market and eat enchiladas.

She once sang with Bob Crosby's band. She no longer knits as a hobby, wishes she could speak French and German, and got her first big break with Les Brown,

with whom she sang for three years, culminating with the big national hit recorded by Les and Doris—"Sentimental Journey."

She has a disconcerting habit of "tuning out" in the middle of a conversation, resulting in her sudden, "I'm sorry. What was that you were saying?"

She used to have a quick temper but has learned to curb it.

She is frightened by high altitudes.

Doris Day is very conscientious about her work and very critical about herself. She is fond of all kinds of cheese. She can never remember beyond the first two numbers of her car license.

She never makes a wager. "I'm a bad loser."

She and her husband gave up Scrabble because it made her nervous. She is intense in everything she does. She likes her steaks charred rare.

She loves puttering around her garden, has made countless military and hospital tours.

She has no particular extravagance, no yen to sketch or paint and gives little thought to the past, always looking ahead to the things she is going to do tomorrow, next week and next year. She alternates between tub and shower.

She would like some day to visit Italy, France, Germany and Sweden. She considers herself very bad in business matters and makes it a point to stay out of them.

She has never eaten abalone.

She likes cats but cannot have them on account of her dogs. Her Columbia recordings are consistently among the best-sellers and her usual breakfast is eggs, bacon, thin toast, a large orange juice.

She has an uncommonly ready wit and would like to have more children. "But we haven't been blessed."

Doris Day avoids arguments but welcomes spirited discussions even if they are about politics or religion. She was appearing at New York's Little Club when director Michael Curtiz discovered her for Warner Brothers.

She is an early riser, knows her Bible well and values most in her husband his kindness, consideration and honesty. "He is a wonderful father to my son."

She is desperately trying to develop a taste for lox, loves bagels and cream cheese.

She likes hamburgers and popcorn, and when visiting San Francisco always makes it a point to take a ride in a cable car. When riding with her husband, if they were stopped for some minor traffic infraction, she used to argue with the policeman, but her husband solved that problem recently by immediately getting out of the car and meeting the officer out of ear-shot.

She hates to learn new things.

She is very sentimental about her son's infant identification (hospital) beads and his first ring. She invariably finishes everything she undertakes and has a habit of reading three books at one time, which perpetually baffles her mate.

She is a "Dragnet" and "Mr. Peepers" fan and never misses a panel show if she can help it. She loves French antiques and annoys her husband because she likes to read while driving instead of enjoying the scenery.

Doris Day works hard and tirelessly, devoting many hours a day to her career and her home. She maintains a steady and boundless enthusiasm. "I am very grateful for the feeling of deep security that is in my heart."

THE END

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He Stuck to His Guns

(Continued from page 37)

She was Helen Ainsworth, the woman who had discovered Guy and is his agent. "He looked so cute with his little sailor cap, I fell in love with him at first sight," Miss Ainsworth relates, referring to the oft-told incident of how she discovered Guy in a picture on the back of a naval publication while she gulped down coffee at a drug-store counter. She got in touch with him by mail, persuaded him to visit her in Hollywood and saw him signed for a contract that same day. No doubt about it, Guy Madison—until then, Robert Ozell Moseley—was cute. But cuteness wasn't enough. It didn't wear well.

"I became a victim of my own publicity," Guy comments on that phase of his career today. "The build-up was terrific. It made me into sort of a male Marilyn Monroe—only more so. The trouble was I had nothing to back it up."

He's still one of the handsomest men in Hollywood, but Guy Madison today is a far cry from the downy-cheeked sailor lad he was ten years ago. Nobody in his right mind would think of calling him "cute." It takes a while, in fact, to find in his taut, virile features the faint echo of the tousle-headed youth he once was. It's a man's face now, a face full of character on which life has left its imprint.

"It took a little seasoning to bring it out, but Guy's always had a strong spiritual quality," Miss Ainsworth says about him in a more serious vein. "He couldn't have held on through all those years if he hadn't had character right from the start. What few people know about him is that he has strong religious faith. One of the men he admires most and has looked up to all his life is an uncle who went into the

ministry and who is today a missionary."

He himself is a little resentful at having the former Guy Madison dismissed too cavalierly. "It wasn't my fault that I was young," he protests. "What else was there to expect from a twenty-year-old kid fresh from Pumpkin Center, Cal.? It was like coming to fairyland—the fuss everybody made over me! One brief appearance in a film, and I was right at the top of the heap. And I didn't know beans about acting. Naturally I promptly proceeded to slide down."

Guy's first picture after his release from the Navy was "Till the End of Time," in which he was co-starred with Dorothy McGuire. Cruelly overshadowed, he looked stiff, awkward and self-conscious, and completely failed to come across. After that, his studio decided to loan him out instead of using him in its own productions. Guy's reputation failed to improve, however. Nor did his performances.

"One of my bad failings was that I used to resent criticism," he admits.

Guy didn't know much about acting. It was quite the fashion to pan him. "Harvard, I think, once voted me the worst actor of the year," he recalls. "It seemed almost like a conspiracy. After all, hadn't I become a star with my very first picture?"

"Altogether, I guess I must have been pretty full of myself in those days. Maybe I didn't show it—I hope I didn't—but you can't have a bunch of teenagers go into convulsions over you and pretend not to notice it. It embarrassed me all right, but I won't claim that it didn't affect me to some extent. Deep down in my heart, I probably considered myself pretty hot."

During his early days in Hollywood, Guy was shy and blushed easily, though. Once

a famous beauty with an equally famous reputation cornered him at a party and asked him what he liked to do for his amusement and whether perchance he liked to play postoffice.

"No, Ma'am," he replied, reddening to his ears. "I like to go rabbit-hunting."

Maturity has since given him a lot more poise without taking away from his attractiveness. According to some of his associates, there's rarely a female who doesn't immediately shine up to Guy. During a recent personal-appearance tour with his tv partner and sidekick in the Wild Bill Hickok series, Andy Devine, a party of fifteen women raided his hotel room in New Orleans. They left hurriedly when Andy instead of Guy greeted them in bulging shorts. In Seattle a young mother pushed her son toward Guy. "You go and shake hands with Wild Bill," she coaxed him.

"You go and shake hands with him yourself," the offspring replied. "This was your idea."

And in still another receiving line, a girl in her late teens squeezed through to the front of the crowd. "I bet my girl friend five dollars that I could kiss you," she giggled, pursing her lips expectantly.

Guy looked her straight in the eye. "Lady," he said, "I'm sorry but I'm afraid you just lost yourself five bucks."

Despite his enormous mass appeal, he's personally always been a one-woman man who doesn't run around and scatter his affections. He did some experimental dating for a while, but fell in love with Gail Russell soon after he came to Hollywood, and for a long time Gail was the only girl in his life. He admits, however, that it hurt a little to see the admiring crowds

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and his popularity vanish. "There were a lot of years when nobody knew I existed," he says. "I was still in my twenties and already a has-been. There's one good thing about being on the skids, though. It gives you back your sense of proportions. There's nothing like it to teach you the proper valuation of yourself."

The years he refers to were the ones when Guy slipped back into oblivion almost as fast as he'd gone to the top—although with a lot less noise. They were Guy's bad years in Hollywood. He wasn't quite broke yet and he didn't starve, but it wasn't very funny all the same. Guy has a lot of pride, and disappointment with oneself is never very easy to take. Harder, though, a lot harder to bear than professional disillusionment, was the personal tragedy engulfing his young wife.

Guy is willing to talk candidly about almost anything else, but he refuses to discuss this phase of his life. He's the kind of man who fights his battles alone and, during the years of prolonged crisis, even his closest friends had little direct insight into his mind or heart. His intense loyalty restrains him from making any but the most general comments to this day.

So much has already been written about the break-up of the marriage between Guy Madison and Gail Russell that the details needn't be repeated here. Guy didn't go into the marriage blindfolded. They were married in 1949 after he'd courted Gail for close to four years. He knew well that she was a sick girl then, abnormally shy and suffering from profound depressions. But he loved Gail and thought he could help her by giving her the security she lacked.

It didn't work out. He had to stand by helplessly, watching an exquisitely beautiful and talented human being destroy herself.

He feels no rancor toward her. "Gail can have anything she needs and wants from me," he was quoted only recently. He's grateful for the honest emotion she let him experience and resents it when outsiders shift all the blame on Gail. "There are always two sides to every problem," he insists. "I'm certainly not entirely free from guilt for the break-up myself."

These—briefly—were the events that took the baby flesh off Guy's face, and it was during these sad, unhappy years that he acquired the reputation of being something of a hermit who lived in seclusion, rarely went out into company and never was seen in a bar, at a night club, a gala premiere or a party. Guy was too strong to let heartache and disappointment break his spirit, but neither did it all simply run off his back. Suffering left its stamp on his face, refashioned him from the handsome young boy he once was into something rarer and infinitely more valuable—a man.

There is a stubborn streak in Guy that wouldn't let him give up even during his darkest moments. While Gail, who'd been in many more pictures than Guy and had by far the bigger reputation, ceased struggling and eventually collapsed, Guy had a powerful drive to make good.

"In a left-handed way, being cut down to size somehow gave me more real confidence in myself than I had before," he comments on that. "I remember how everybody used to tell me what to do and what not to do. I had to comb publicity people out of my hair. They told me to wear a tux, and I wore a tux. In my whole life I don't think I'd ever even worn a tie before then. I was as uncomfortable as the dickens. The collar itched and kept sticking me in the back of the neck. But I was told to smile and I smiled. They told me to go to some party or another, and I went to the party. Always had a heck of a timetrying to figure out what

to do with all those knives and forks. Every move I made was dictated in advance. I felt as though I was smothering.

"I'm sure they meant well and did their best, but they tried to make me over completely and I just wasn't the right material for them. Not that I wasn't anxious to please. Too anxious perhaps. I figured I could put up with the acting business all right till I made myself enough money to buy a ranch and retire from pictures. Only it didn't work that way."

The turning point came when Guy began to realize that all those people who kept telling him what to do weren't necessarily right. It gave him the confidence, at the very moment when he was hitting the skids at a rapidly accelerating pace, to rely on his own judgment.

Though his contract with Selznick assured him of pretty good eating money for some years to come, he secured his release from it, feeling that it was stifling him. He took drama lessons and joined a road company touring the country in "Light Up the Sky" and "John Loves Mary." "It's the old story that any job worth doing at all is worth doing well," he says. "I'd never dreamed of becoming an actor before Helen Ainsworth tapped me on the shoulder, so to speak, but being in it I found that there was more to it than I'd thought. So I decided I might as well start learning my craft."

Guy frankly concedes that he'll probably never be a first-rate dramatic actor capable of portraying a wide range of different characters. Rather, he hopes to be considered a competent performer. "By that I mean that the part has to fit my own specifications instead of the other way around. 'Be yourself!' Eda Edson, my drama coach, told me that some years ago, and it turned out to be the best piece of advice anybody ever gave me. I've made that my yardstick by which I judge a new part. Can I, or can I not act naturally in it?"

When Guy was signed for his part in "The Command," he read the script, sat down and wrote the producer a long letter. "I want to make it clear for the writer's sake," it started off, "that this script probably would be perfect for the type of actor he had in mind when he wrote it. But you're stuck with me. It's been my experience that to come across believably I have to be able to believe that I, personally, could act and react the same way as the character I'm playing." This was followed by fifteen tightly written pages of specific suggestions. The kid from Pumpkin Center had indeed come a long way.

Few actors in Hollywood ever get a second chance, fewer still make the most of it. Paradoxically, Guy's second entry into moviedom came about through his success on television where he'd portrayed the part of Wild Bill Hickok for some time. He'd been advised against taking it, but he liked the part and stuck by his guns. "For the first time since I came to Hollywood, I felt completely at ease from the minute we started shooting," he says.

As a cowboy star he quickly became the idol of millions of youngsters. Kids can spot a phony any time, and they knew that Guy was the McCoy. It was one of them, Susan Trilling, eleven-year-old daughter of Warner executive Steve Trilling, who was directly responsible for bringing Guy back to the movie screen. She happened to overhear her father complain at the dinner table that he had a hard time finding a star for a picture his company was about to produce. "Why don't you get Wild Bill?" she suggested.

Trilling listened to his daughter, borrowed a reel of the series and had it run off for Jack Warner and himself. "Get him," was all Warner said when the lights went on.

The picture for which he was signed

without a screen test after years of oblivion in Hollywood was "The Charge at Feather River," one of the big hits of 1953. It re-established Guy as a star.

Ironically, the sharp up-beat in Guy's career coincided with what was perhaps the lowest point in his private life. He and Gail had finally separated for good; he'd left their Brentwood home and moved into a small Westwood apartment, furnishing it with the barest necessities. The austerity of his quarters—he had to sit on the living-room floor to watch television—seemed to underscore his personal unhappiness and withdrawal from the world. He looked drawn and his friends seriously worried about his health.

Guy threw himself into his work. When the first rushes came in, the director excitedly ordered the script to be rewritten to give Guy a more important part. Helen Ainsworth, sobbing at the premiere, wasn't fooling herself. She'd been in this business too long and had seen too many disappointments for that. She knew that this was the pay-off. Guy was in—and this time for keeps.

He has since scored in "The Command" and recently signed a long-term contract with 20th Century-Fox, for whom he'll do "The Tall Men" with Clark Gable later this year. First, though, he must finish "Five Against the House" for another studio. He gets excited as he talks about that picture. "It's about five ex-GI's at college who hold up a gambling house. I'm one of the five, getting involved in it through no fault of my own. It's a story with an unusual twist, a good story, I think. And I like my part."

In addition to these two pictures, Guy will tape some eighty radio shows and do a score of television films in the Wild Bill Hickok series during the year.

Guy still wants to buy himself that ranch some day, but he's no longer in too big a hurry for it. "It will have to wait," he says. "I've got a job to do and I've come to like it. I don't mind sticking around for a while."

Proof that he's serious about that is the fact that he's building himself a house on Mulholland Drive. "I picked a beautiful site with a terrific view over Beverly Hills on the one side and the Valley on the other. It's not going to be a big affair, but a comfortable house with a swimming pool and a big workroom."

There's a good deal of pride in his voice as he talks about the house. Certainly he doesn't sound like a man who has soured on life. Since buying a home usually means that a man intends to settle down in more ways than one, the question prompted itself as to whether or not he plans to get married again soon.

Guy may have seen the light of day on a farm, but he has the instincts of a gentleman to the manor born. "You shouldn't have asked me that," he scowled. "After all, I'm not even divorced yet. I'd be kind of a heel if I were to talk about any of that at this point. Sure I'll want to get married again—some time."

There's been a normal amount of gossip linking Guy to a number of pretty girls, but he's denied romantic involvement with any of them. It seems unlikely, however, that he'll stay single for long after his divorce becomes final. He's been separated from Gail for quite a while, is young, successful and, as noted, exceedingly attractive. And there are other indications as well that he's no longer a recluse.

For instance, he's recently bought himself a new tuxedo. Yes, Bob Moseley from Pumpkin Center, who used to squirm when he had to wear a tie, voluntarily went out and ordered a new tux. "The one I had was all out of style," he explained. "It's the one I got back in 'forty-six. It didn't look right when I wore it at the premiere

of Warners motion picture "The Command."

In years past you couldn't have dragged Guy to a premiere. Being the star of the picture, he more or less had to be at the one for "The Command," but he's since gone to a lot of others. He wore the new tux for the first time at the premiere of "King Richard and the Crusaders," and he didn't go alone but asked Barbara Warner, Jack Warner's daughter.

"Guy was worried about whether people would think he was buttering up the boss by taking out his daughter," an associate of his commented. "I told him that was silly. For one thing, Barbara's a real cute girl and is a lot of fun to be with. She can have all the dates she wants without trading on her father's name. For another, Guy's in a position today where he has to butter up nobody, and people know that."

With an income estimated at a quarter of a million dollars a year, Guy Madison is indeed in an enviable position. Helen Ainsworth figures he'll earn at least ten million dollars before he's through, and the way he's been going, that doesn't seem to be such a wild guess. His contract for the Wild Bill Hickok television series calls for a percentage of the profits, and that alone, in addition to his radio and film earnings, is probably worth a small fortune. He's only thirty-two and should easily be good for another twenty to twenty-five years of movie stardom in the type of roles he's grown into. Guy's manner is still unassuming, but he knows that he's in a strong bargaining position and the knowledge has given him poise and self-assurance.

One result is that after ten years in Hollywood he's taking his place in the social life of the movie colony and no longer feels himself to be an outsider here. He joined the Lakeside Club about six months ago and took up golf, a sport that's tame compared to hunting wild boars with bow and arrow, his favorite pastime since his early teens. "Howard likes the game, so I figured it must be all right," he says, referring to his great friend and hunting companion Howard Hill, the world's undisputed archery champion.

He's also finally traded in the Ford pick-up truck which he drove the longest time for a snazzy Lincoln-Capri hard-top convertible. It isn't the kind of car a man would drive who's withdrawing from the world to nurse a broken heart.

He wouldn't be Guy Madison without his great love for the outdoors. Whenever he can squeeze it into his busy schedule, he takes off on hunting trips. This fall he plans to go antelope hunting in Wyoming and this winter, if time permits, on a safari in Africa. Needless to say, he hunts only with the bow and arrow. It's an interest he shares not only with Howard Hill but also with his other close friend, Rory Calhoun. These two and their wives, along with the Andy Devines, are the handful of people with whom he feels completely at home and relaxed and whom he visits frequently. In fact, he has most of his meals with them. Success hasn't interfered with the loyalty he feels toward the few people he's known for a long time, and it's a good guess that it never will.

Guy was once quoted as saying that he wanted a round dozen kids. He didn't have even one with Gail, and under the circumstances that was undoubtedly for the best. But Guy has a quiet way of going after and getting the things he wants. There's no hiding the fact that he's coming out of his shell—a new house, a new car, a new tux, and maybe a new girl. He's found new pleasures, new assurance, and renewed joy of living. Luck, it would seem, has changed and is giving him a great big grin.

THE END



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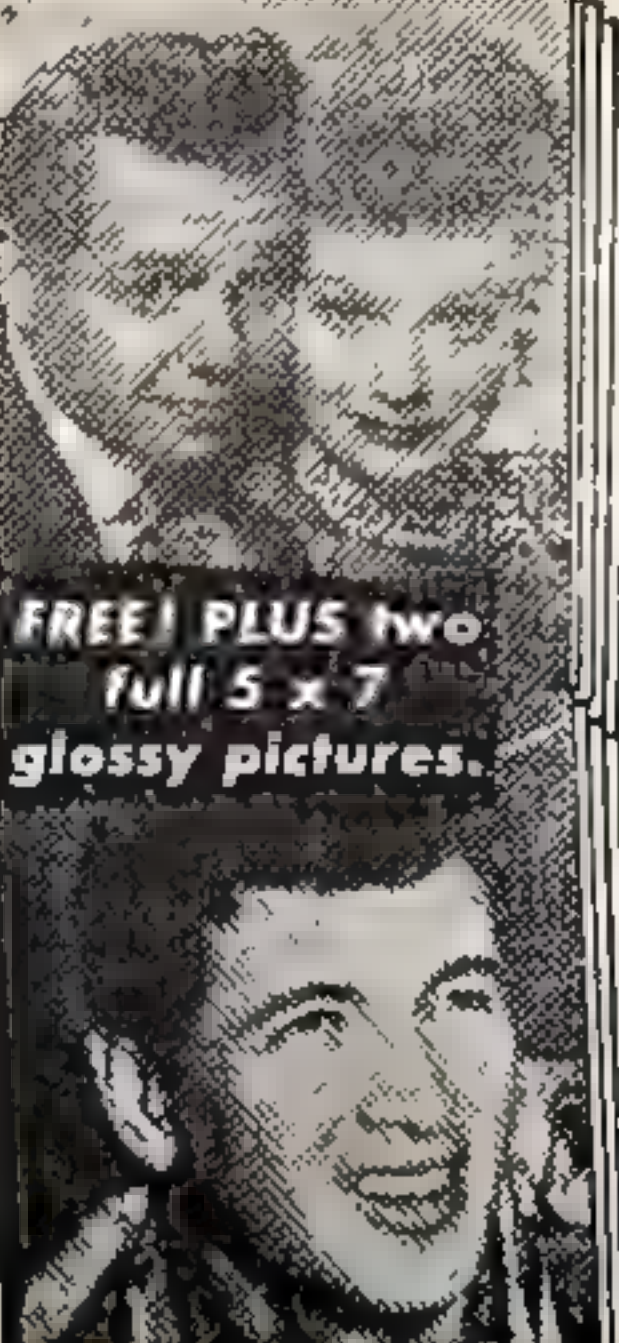
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Christmas Dreams

(Continued from page 35)

name already means something on the marquee, although it may take a few more Christmases to achieve the length of her longings.

The only thing Elaine Stewart ever rode before she became a movie star was the train from her home in New Jersey to New York where she was a model. Her stocking will have to be a very big one this year for the horse, cup, coat and derby she wants from Santa. A girl who was not born to the saddle can still dream of winning a blue ribbon at a swank horse show, can't she?

Christmas 1948, Donna Lee Hickey was kicking up her heels in the chorus at the Copacabana. But as May Wynn, Yuletide 1954, she is dreaming of Paris in the Spring, on the Boulevard, sipping an aperitif at the Cafe de Paris, where if you sit long enough, says the legend, you will see everyone you didn't know was in Europe.

Anne Francis is dreaming closer to home. The best holiday gift for Annie would be to see her name on the jacket of a best-selling novel. Her desk drawers are full of poems, plays and short stories. This is one beautiful blond with lots of brains.

Susan Cabot was born in Boston and raised in the Bronx, and she isn't dreaming of a White Christmas this year. Susie, who has played more Indians than you could throw a movie hero at, gave me a private preview of a palatial mansion on Sunset Boulevard in Beverly Hills that she would like Santa to wrap up for her. And while she's asking, Susan would like to find some true-blue American-girl roles in her bobby socks.

When I asked Jane Powell what she was wanting for Xmas, she replied, unhesitatingly: "A baby!" Then blushing, "Not this year, next!" Janie never wastes time on daydreams either. And to make room for the new baby she wants, she and Pat Nerney are already looking for a bigger house. That's what I call being really premature.

And I don't have to remind you what Grace Kelly wants in her stocking—Oleg Cassini, who's so mad about the socialite cinema queen. Grace admits she's been very lucky in Hollywood and says, "I hope

Santa Claus will continue to be good to me and bring me more good movie parts."

Ava Gardner isn't writing to the North Pole about romance this year. She's had it—north, south, and you name it. After three husbands and bullfighter Luis Dominguin, all Ava wants this year is a chance to eat Christmas pudding and turkey at home. "Last year I was in Rome with 'The Barefoot Contessa.' The year before, in Africa with 'Mogambo.'" I wonder where and with whom lovely Ava will Xmas next year?

Jean Simmons wants Santa to act as her house agent this Christmas. "We need a buyer for our other home in Bel Air. Oh, how I would love to get rid of that white elephant." But husband Stewart Granger wants something harder. "An end to those never-ending and totally unfounded rumors that my wife and I are on the verge of a separation. Jean and I have learned to laugh off such reports, but it would be real nice to have the holiday season at least pass by and not have to deny them."

Bette Davis is one movie star who will have a White Christmas—in Maine with husband Gary Merrill and their two children. It's incredible, but the First Lady of Filmland has been off the screen since "The Star"—two years now! That's too long for her and for us. Her jaw is healing, and now Bette would like to find a good movie script in her stocking.

Richard Burton was on the whimsical side when I put the gift question on behalf of Santa. "Is there any way I can arrange to have some of this California sunshine shipped over to England for my friends?" Nothing is impossible for Mr. Claus.

Maureen O'Hara's big Christmas present is already here. For the first time in seventeen years, Maureen's entire family will celebrate Christmas together. Her mother and father are ensconced in the home she bought for them near her own, her two handsome brothers are here, also her sisters from Canada and Washington, and her sister from the convent in Ireland has been transferred to close-by Long Beach. This is one Christmas tree in Hollywood that will be super-loaded with love and affection.

I have a great present to suggest for June Haver and Fred MacMurray—a baby of their own in the near future. Fred's

adopted children are crazy about gentle June. And their cup of happiness would overflow if the Stork could promise a landing.

Jerry Lewis calling Santa, "The best present my partner and I could have for Christmas, or any time, is one year without a story that Dean and I are splitting up. The time we wasted denying these stories in 1954 we could have used making another picture."

And from Dean Martin: "A South African head-shrinking kit, complete with instructions. Oh yes, and a book of New England bird calls. And don't go, my own company. I figure that's the only way to save money."

Big likable Rock Hudson is afraid to look into his Christmas sock this year in case Santa gets his signals mixed. Rock wants to establish himself as an actor before he marries. He proved in "Magnificent Obsession" that he has what it takes to rank with the top-notch actors. A wife is sometimes a hostage to fortune. You have to accept roles you don't like to pay those bills. Rock wants to be free to concentrate on his career. So this is to ask Mr. Cupid to stay home and not bother him this Christmastide.

Not so with Debbie Reynolds. The cutest love story of the year started when Eddie Fisher told me he would like to meet Debbie Reynolds, and I said, "Why don't you call her and say I said for you to introduce yourself to her." He did, and you all know what happened. Who knows, maybe they'll marry at Christmas—if not before. And Debbie couldn't wish for a nicer present.

Rosemary Clooney calling. "Is it too much to hope that Santa Claus will send me twins?" While Tony and Janet Curtis will settle for one, just one lovely baby, for their happy Christmas wish.

Gary Cooper's asking for a fishing stream that no one else can find.

You'll never guess what Robert Wagner wants. Money! Bob's parents have all the money they can ever use, but their movie-star son wants to be financially secure in his own right. And he will be. Bob earns \$1,500 a week and he also owns a chunk of his 20th Century-Fox studio. R. J. borrowed the money from Pop when the stock was very low and cleaned up. But he wants more.

Calling all Santas for Elizabeth Taylor, who pleads, "If I go to see a sick friend in the hospital, someone will say I'm splitting up with Mike Wilding. Please, a truce."

Bob Hope would like to find Bing Crosby in his stocking, so he could tie him up "and prevent him from buying all the tv stations in the country just to keep me off video."

As for Bing, the best present his son Gary can give him now is to finish his senior year at Stanford before plunging into show business. I'm not sure Gary can wait. "I have twenty thousand dollars worth of jobs waiting for me," he grumbles, "but Dad wants that sheepskin." Methinks Dad is right. And so will Gary, later.

Some Xmas quickies . . . Doris Day: "Health and happiness for my family." Ginger Rogers: "To improve my backhand in tennis." Jack Palance: "No more movies with snakes; they scare me." Gregory Peck: "My three sons for Christmas." Rita Hayworth: Her release from Columbia. And from June Allyson and Dick Powell: "Please Santa, no telephone calls on Christmas Day and no fights between Ricky and Pammy and some peace and quiet. And Christmas, it's wonderful!"

THE END

Who Says Christmas Dreams Never

Come True!



NEWS FLASH! As we went to press the news came from Hollywood—PIER ANGELI and VICTOR DAMONE are engaged!

When she told us her Christmas dream, Pier had no idea how close she was to romance. And when she sailed for Europe, alone, she was still dreaming of meeting him—the man of her dreams. But for Pier, the miracle was at home. And the face of her dream man was to be the face of an old friend—Vic Damone, whom she had known for two years. Today, with her hand in Vic's, Pier is indeed—floating on air!

Dog Daze

(Continued from page 62)

Shoo Shoo. Shoo Shoo looked at Tony. That sort of settled things. On Christmas Eve Tony returned home to Hollywood and his family. He was wearing a black English raincoat when he walked through the doorway. Shoo Shoo was nestled in one pocket. Within minutes, Shoo Shoo and the Owens' children had discovered one another. "I'll never forget their expressions," Donna remembers. "They were excited. They'd wanted a dog so long!"

Shoo Shoo now rules the Owen household. He bows to only one person—Tony. "A word from me," says Donna, "and he does exactly as he pleases."

They were the dark days when Jean waited anxiously for word from RKO as to whether or not they would lend her to M-G-M for "Young Bess." Her smiles were slow in coming in these days. During this spell, just before dinner one evening when Jean and Stewart were in the kitchen whipping up a light meal, Stewart got an idea. "Be back soon," he told her.

A great deal of time passed before Stewart returned. When he did, Young Bess peeked out from under his coat and a huge smile peeked out from Jean's sad face. Needless to say, Stewart's lengthy absence was forgiven, and Young Bess was royally welcomed. And she's been given royal treatment around the Grangers ever since.

Smog is a condition that often hangs over Los Angeles like a blanket. Smog is also a Christmas gift to Mona Freeman from Bing Crosby. The pup got the name Smog because he's a gray-white color.

Smog has a habit of capturing the center of attention in the Freeman household—and outside the Freeman household. Take the time Mona went over to Pasadena to pose with a half-million dollars' worth of emeralds. The photos were to be taken in a local bank. Smog walked in, eyed the jewels and walked away. Half the bank employees followed him, to ooohh and ahhh. Emeralds? They got photographed, but they took a back seat to Smog.

Lassie is not the only famed dog who has famous offspring. There is, for instance, Piper Laurie's Squeaky, mother of Sashay. Squeaky was just a pup when Piper retrieved her from the dog pound during Piper's early days at Universal-International. Having trained Squeaky, Piper has gone to great pains to train Squeaky's daughter, Sashay. She has also imposed a number of the same rules upon her. Sashay is not allowed to enter the living room except upon special occasions (special occasions usually mean when Sashay decides to enter the living room).

Sashay also has a penchant for flowers—eating them, that is. Tulips and lilies are her favorites—especially the variety planted by Piper's mother in the backyard.

Mari Blanchard raised her Afghans, Querida and Lorelei, for show dogs. This is another mother-daughter team, Querida being the mother. Each has won a number of ribbons at various dog shows.

Mari spends a lot of time with her pets—grooming and training them, even frequently taking the pair to the studio with her. When Mari leaves town, both Querida and Lorelei grieve for her, losing their appetites and moping around Mari's mother's house until their owner returns.

A favorite of the Paget household is Honey, the cocker spaniel given to Debra by her family several Christmases ago. Honey's two now, and through the years has developed a mania for cleanliness. Honey's favorite resting place is the bathtub... with or without water. Say "bath," and Honey comes running!

THE END



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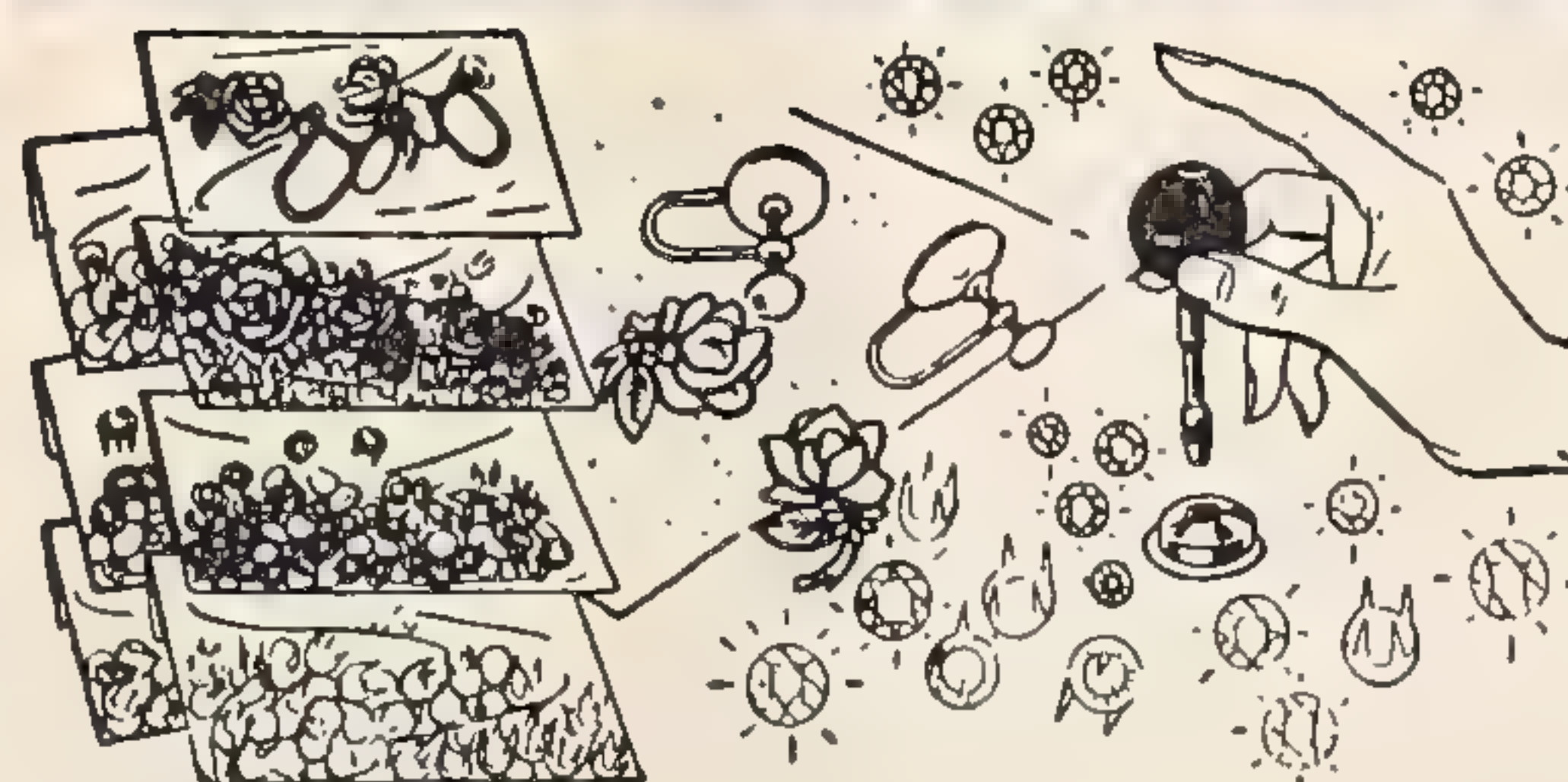
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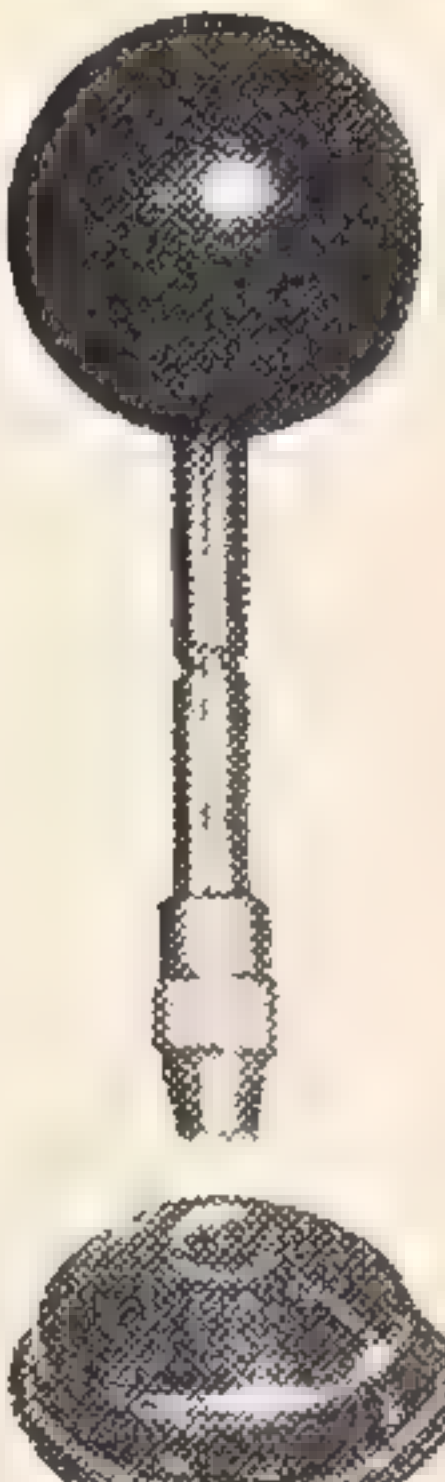
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Who Wears the Pants?

(Continued from page 42)

all major decisions and apportion the family money. His wife's sphere of influence was strictly the home. I was wary of the self-sufficient, aggressive woman who goes around with a chip on her shoulder because she considers this a man's world. My preference was for the clinging-vine type.

Now Arlene was born in Minneapolis; her parents came from Norway and had already changed their feelings about family life. While Arlene's father had been the head of his household, her mother had active interests that took her outside the home—like her painting and welfare-club work. She was certainly not submissive to her husband, although she did permit him to make the family decisions. Theirs was a very happy marriage until her death some years ago. At seventeen, Arlene left home and adopted completely the American attitude: equality for both sexes. She felt very strongly that marriage is a 50-50 proposition and believed in equal sharing of decisions, home responsibilities and financial matters and maintained that a wife could share both career and home successfully.

When I first met Arlene, she was with M-G-M and she helped me make a screen test there. I did not see her again until two years later, in October 1952. When I did, I fell deeply in love with her. At the time, neither of us paused to consider that our early training and environment were different, that our feelings on marriage and love were dissimilar. All we knew was that we were both deeply in love.

For the next fifteen months we were inseparable and saw only each other. Yet during this time we couldn't seem to work out our personal problems. Our completely divergent viewpoints brought on unpleasant disagreements, quarrels over little things. Since I'm very emotional, I'd jump in feet first. At the time, I was under great tension, with career, personal and health problems that made me even more difficult to get along with.

Finally one day we sat down and talked things over in a civilized manner and concluded that we should part good friends. We had both made unwise marriages and were frightened of making another mistake. For once, we decided, let our heads rule us instead of our hearts and we made the most difficult decision that either of us ever had to make. We decided to part.

That week Arlene left for the Cannes Film Festival alone, and I remained behind. We wanted our break to be complete.

Like a Latin, I must confess my feelings are very changeable. At intervals I feel elated, energetic, the world is my oyster, I am talkative, self-willed. After Arlene left my life, all of the elation and peace of mind was missing. My career, which had been so important, suddenly didn't even interest me. The future didn't matter. I became ill and suffered extreme pain in my back, which all the doctors diagnosed as nothing but nerves and tension. By the time I finished my role in "Rose Marie," I was strapped in a steel brace and could bear the pain only with the help of novocain injections. As I lay in bed resting after completing the picture, I found that more and more my thoughts were with Arlene. I wanted to call her but hesitated. After all, we still had the same problems to face. With more time I had to consider our situation, the more I began to blame myself for my unyielding attitude. I realized I would have to change.

First of all, I concluded, my outspokenness must go. I'd always been very frank by nature, sometimes embarrassingly so.

I never meant harm to anyone. I was only trying, in my bungling way, to be completely honest. If a producer or director would ask me, "Fernando, how did you like my latest picture?" I'd answer truthfully—even if I thought it was poor. It was the same with reporters. And when I read the cold, hard words on the printed page, I'd be shocked. Honesty is fine, old boy, I told myself, but so is sensitivity—to people's feelings. Today I'm learning—slowly—to hobble my tongue, to leave remarks unsaid if they will hurt, for words are living things; they can bless or blight, sting or sear, heal or cure.

Secondly, I tried learning to relax. For me this is difficult. Ever since I can remember I had to work out my own problems for myself. Things have never been easy for me and I've had to fight for whatever success I've achieved. This has made me strong-willed and, I'm afraid, stubborn. It has also made me try to force life to bend my way. I decided to try to let life flow around me, to learn to live with myself, accepting me for what I truly am. This led me to realize that perhaps I had tried too many times to force Arlene to adopt my way of thinking without giving sincere thought to her convictions.

My illness, which at the time seemed so catastrophic, turned out to be of immense spiritual value to me. I learned that my subconscious mind is on the job twenty-four hours a day, helping me in every life situation, acting as a powerful force for the attainment of my desires. Or anyone's—if he disciplines himself. Personally I used it to help me from blowing my top. My quick temper was using enough energy to thrash six men. And I began to do some thinking about Arlene's feelings on mixing a career with marriage and a family. Arlene instinctively knows how to build up another's ego. For instance, when we were in New York together, Arlene told friends, "Fernando was mobbed by his fans, everyone wanted to meet him. Wherever we went it was the same." Of course, I knew she was exaggerating, but still I must confess that her desire to make me feel more important made me feel good. I wondered how often had I seriously considered her feelings, her ego. Not too often, I realized.

I purposely started to take an interest in many of my American married friends. Some of their wives combined homemaking with careers and they had happy marriages, too. In a number of instances, the wives actually made an important—and very much needed—contribution to the family finances. However, I still couldn't understand why a woman would want to combine the roles of wife, mother, career woman and femme fatale if there was no economic necessity. Was it a need for self-expression? Was that what drew women away from their homes? My traditional feeling that a husband must be the only provider became slightly modified and I saw that men, too, must learn to adjust to modern times. A truly modern husband must learn to think of homemaking as a joint responsibility, instead of shifting the whole burden to his wife. Somehow, I felt, perhaps I had been wrong in limiting Arlene's creative talents.

About this time, some three thousand miles away in Europe, Arlene herself was becoming aware of the other side of the picture. During her stay there, she was meeting many new people—and a number of well-adjusted happy European wives who considered marriage a career in itself and were unconcerned over the battle of equal rights.

One evening Arlene phoned me all the way from Cannes. She was cordial,

friendly, but there was no word of a renewal of our courtship. She had read about the difficulty I was having with my back and urged me not to undergo the dangerous operation I was then contemplating. That was all.

A few weeks later, I came home around midnight from a party. I was particularly depressed since I had not enjoyed myself at the party. The phone rang. It was Arlene, telling me she was thinking of me and that she had just returned home from a fabulous dinner party presided over by the Aga Khan and his Begum. It gave me a tremendous ego boost to know that during this excitement she had been thinking of me. And although the call was completely impersonal, it left me at peace.

I had suggested to Arlene that she phone me when she returned home to Hollywood and we could have a welcome-home drink together. She did, and when I arrived at her doorway, I was completely ill-at-ease. I knew we would both have to play cagey. Suddenly, seeing her so lovely, after so many months' absence, my carefully rehearsed routine vanished. So did Arlene's and she broke down and wept.

We began seeing each other every day again. When Arlene first arrived, she felt drawn, tired and confessed she'd missed me. Soon she was herself again, looking more ravishing than ever, so vibrant with happiness that I hoped I had a small part in it. As for me, the pains in my back and my depression both vanished magically. Arlene explained how, in Europe, her ideas had changed and I had some explaining of my own to do. We both came to the conclusion that our differences were small and absence had put them in their proper perspective.

When we finally announced our intentions to marry, we were convinced, both of us, that we could make a wonderful marriage together. Our love for one another had been tested. We'd known great unhappiness, groped in the dark before we were able to realize happiness. I was grateful that we hadn't married during the first glow of our courtship. It doesn't take a philosopher to know that it's much easier to thresh out differences before instead of after marriage.

With just a few months of marriage behind us, I won't be unrealistic and say we have a perfect marriage. For marriages are not made in heaven but right here on earth. We do, however, have a solid basis for marriage and it should, like good wine, grow more mellow with each year.

How did we work out our mutual ideas on a wife's career and her outside activities? Easy. And yet it seemed so insoluble previously. Everything seemed to suddenly fall into place, again demonstrating the wisdom of not forcing life to do your bidding but allowing events to adjust naturally.

Arlene felt differently. "I'd believed for a long time that women must express themselves—that housework as a profession for a woman was somehow inferior to a job. And then I began to look back to my own home as a child—to remember how happy my mother was, as a homemaker. I thought of the pleasure my father had in his home—wondered if we American women, so discontented in many instances, should not go back to traditional thinking on this subject. I met many happily married and charming European women who had no desire for an outside career, who busied themselves in building up their husbands' positions. One of them who had visited in the United States told me that she felt our wives were discontented, restless, and possibly that was why American husbands shared so little

with their wives, found them not a better half of themselves but often a separate and demanding individual. After talking to a number of European wives I realized that a man wants to be the center of his wife's universe. He wants her emotional interest focused on him, and in so far as a career diverts it, he feels forlorn and cheated. If a wife's mind is totally absorbed in her career she is no longer a wife first.

"All the same, as an American I believe a career is a wonderful thing. Only, as has been said before, you can't take it in your arms on lonely nights. I know. I tried. No marriage can be successful unless a wife devotes herself to her husband. You come first, darling. By pleasing you, I please myself. Of course, I won't throw away my career. I know you wouldn't want me to. I've worked too hard for it. But instead of taking every role offered me, I'm going to pick and choose. This will leave me with free time between films."

Recently Arlene was offered two film roles. She asked me if she should accept them and I told her to decide herself. She made her decision: "I've turned them both down because it meant being away on location. I don't want to leave you."

Arlene has also streamlined her outside business activities to a regular routine that's hardly noticeable. Four times a year she designs and sketches new ideas for her lingerie business, ships them to the manufacturer in New York who takes it from there, selling them in over 100 shops. On her syndicated beauty column which, I'm proud to say, is now carried in over fifty newspapers, she works at home with an assistant. Besides being so lovely to look at, Arlene has a very practical and well-organized way of working—which makes it easy for her to deftly juggle several careers successfully.

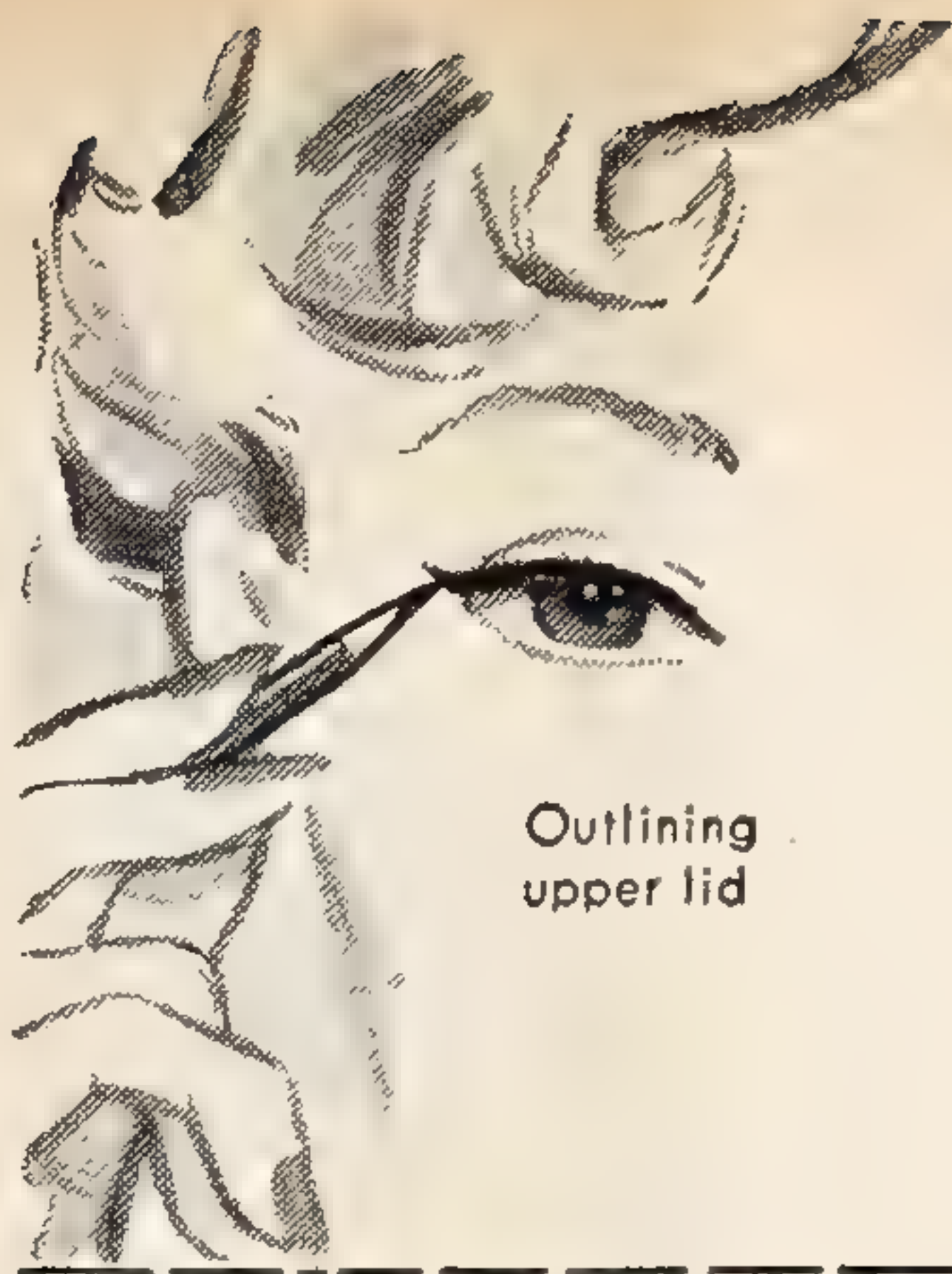
On some points we need more work, naturally. As I said, I'm a creature of moods and not the easiest person to live with, but I hope I'm making steady improvement. Arlene is the least frustrated person I know. She hasn't even a tiny neurosis. She is quiet, hardly ever lets her temper show. But she has one! Annoyances must pile up and pile up, but when she gets angry, then she lets fly. Like a business matter this morning. She discovered that a business contact had been procrastinating as well as telling untruths. Finally—boom, she let him have it.

My bride likes the contrast of our temperaments—one cool, quiet, collected, thoughtful, practical, weighing each decision carefully—the other high-tempered, volatile, loquacious.

Before we married if I were feeling moody and difficult, Arlene immediately would blame herself and try to find out what she had done to upset me. This only made me more vexed, because generally I didn't know what had brought on my moody spell. But now, in the emotional security of marriage, Arlene is beginning to understand that she's not to blame. If she has something to discuss with me and finds me worried about a problem, she suggests that I go off by myself and when I feel better we'll come to a decision on her problem. She has also paid me a subtle compliment by buying all her clothes on approval and letting me decide which ones she'll keep, and shopping with me for my clothes, too.

All in all, you can see that this Argentine gaucho is deeply content in his marriage with a modern American girl. As for who wears the pants in our family—I told you there was no single answer. Both of us do.

THE END



Outlining upper lid



Accenting eyebrows

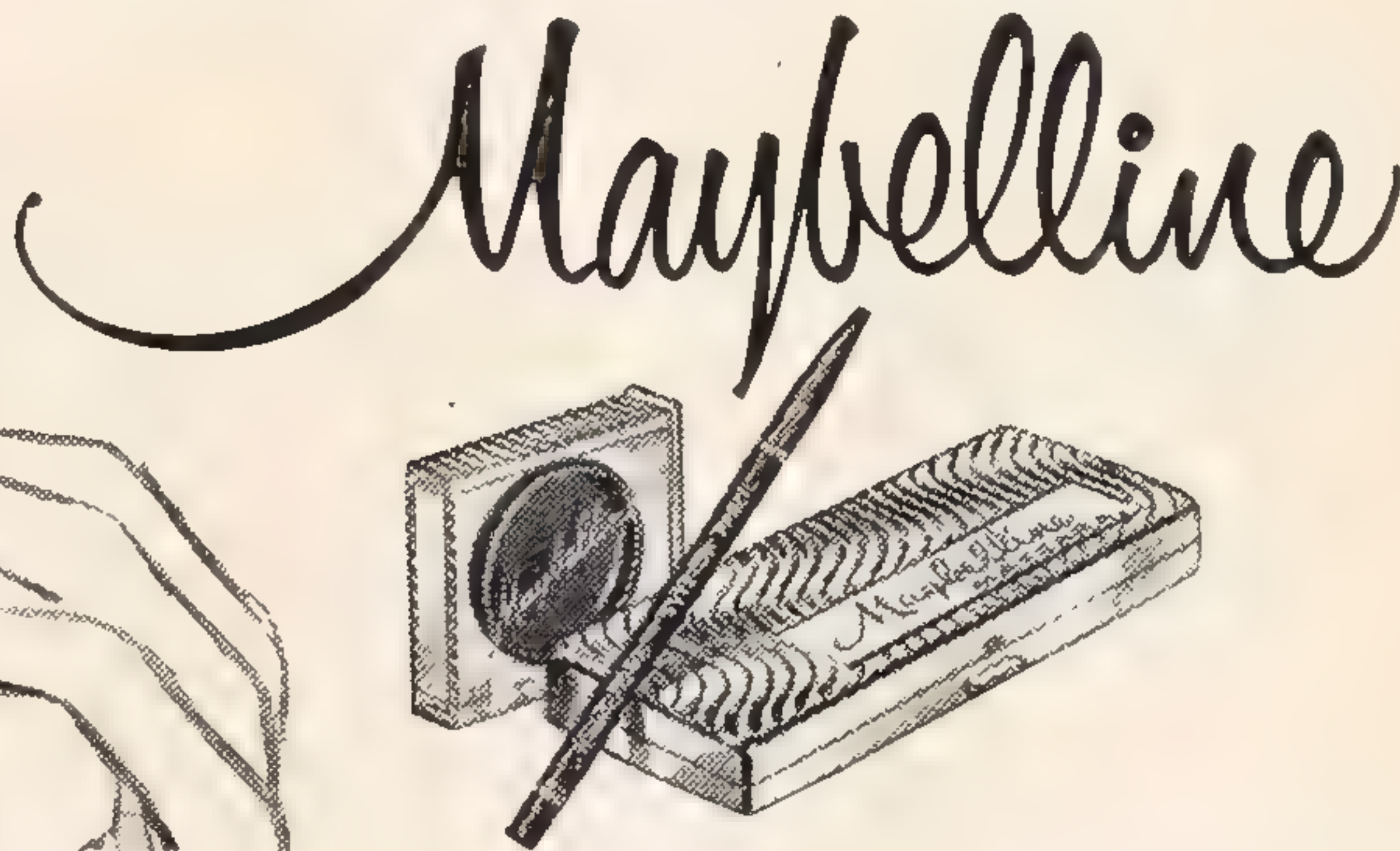


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Imagine Me, Shy!

(Continued from page 39)

the big, fast rule for getting over self-consciousness and shyness, I'll tell you right now. I mean the rule that worked for me.

It's this: Instead of beating your brains and crying your heart out over something you do badly, find the thing you do better than anybody else. I have two things and they are such snaps *anybody* can do them.

1. I can laugh better than anybody at another person's humor.
2. I can listen better.

See? No hands, Mom. It takes no time, it takes no money, it takes no talent. Anybody, as I said, can do it. Only, fortunately for me, very few people do, especially at parties.

Growing up in Stockton, California, which is a mighty small city, I was all legs and arms and shyness. There was a clique of girls in my class who clung together and, since they excluded me, I madly longed to join them. But there was one thing they had against me and it made me miserable.

What a goon you can be when you're thirteen and fourteen! Those uppity girls made my life a gloom because my looks didn't suit them! If I'd had the sense of a goose, I would have been proud and happy because God had been good enough to give me good skin and a straight nose and a clean jawline. Instead of doing that old-fashioned virtue of counting my blessings, I went around miserable, thinking I was a square because they snubbed me.

Now, maybe you're saying as you read this that I was real gone being upset by such a thing. Maybe you're saying that nobody could suffer over such things, when other girls were suffering because they didn't have the right clothes or lunch money or something more real like that.

Well, you're half right. I was a square to let such criticism upset me. But you're half wrong, too. Because nothing you are self-conscious about is real. It's all fear. It's all because of not knowing. If it's the lack of the right clothes that's throwing you, it's crazy because clothes don't make that much difference.

It's not-knowing that makes the cliques, too—it makes you want to be in them if you're outside, and makes you afraid to leave them if you're inside. Cliques, the gang, our group are just fear in a bunch, not fear individually. They are just every member trying to be like every other member, all following one pattern, dressing alike, talking alike and afraid of the most precious gift in life: the fact that you are you, and I am I, and nobody the whole world over is exactly like either of us or we like them.

Yet the more you expose your personality to other people the more you find they are like you. And expose is what I mean. You have to steel your courage and force your nerves when you are meeting someone strange or going into a social group you've never faced before. You think you won't be adequate, won't be dressed right, won't know what to say or whom to say it to. But you make yourself go and it does pay off.

I remember the first Hollywood party I was invited to. It was at the multimillionaire Atwater Kent's house, and I was told that "anybody who was anybody in Hollywood" would be there. I shook with fear. I thought "I shall be the only nobody. What will I do?"

I would never have dared to go if Evie and Van Johnson hadn't asked me, and I only accepted because I didn't want to refuse them anything. Van was the leading man in my very first picture, "Romance of Rosy Ridge," and he and Evie had been

nothing but sheer heaven to me since then.

I stammered to Evie "I can't go. I haven't the right clothes."

Evie closed up that escape for me. "I'll loan you a dress," she said.

I stammered to Van. "But I'll need an escort."

Van snapped that escape closed, too. "You will not. You'll be right with us."

So I went, in Evie's dress, hanging, trembling, to Van's arm. I came into a room absolutely stuffed with celebrities, and the host smiled down at me in the friendliest way, and the next thing I knew I found myself seated next to a very important producer. He happened to have just released a picture that I thought was the greatest. I began to shake with the mere idea of telling him so and then I plunged. I not only told him it was the greatest, but I asked him where he started on it. Was it with the book? Or had he worked from a finished script? And how had he arrived at the casting?

I said all that in one rush, and it was well I did, because an hour later he was still talking and I hadn't put in another word. I just sat there, hanging on his every word because I was truly fascinated. He might have been talking yet, and I listening, but right then the entertainment started.

That, of course, *was* the greatest—the most famous comedians in the world, the best singers, the finest dancers. And suddenly I heard myself laughing and applauding the very loudest because I was having the best time of anybody. And you know why I was?

It was because I was the happiest I had ever been in my life until I met Tony. I just sat there, in the most heavenly glow, because for the very first time in my existence I realized two wonderful things: I'd probably never once be the belle of the ball when it came to getting up and performing before people—but one gift I did have: I could appreciate. I could listen with my whole mind and love it, because that way a girl like me, who wished she'd had much more time for education, could learn and learn and learn. And I could laugh with my whole soul because truly and absolutely people were so wonderful.

So maybe you're arguing with me again and saying who can't laugh at divine clowns like Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis or be fascinated by a great mind? But what happens if you meet only ordinary people, who aren't entertainers or rich through their talents or interesting because they are in touch with the big world?

All right, I'll make a confession. Recently Tony and I were on a personal appearance tour and at lunchtime we were booked for a luncheon with some local dignitaries. Not a person from show business among them. Not a name we'd ever heard of.

Said I to the man in my life, "This will be the, dullest." Now I must tell you something about Mr. Curtis. He gets a kick out of everything. He likes everybody. Oh, he has moods. He sometimes gets down, but that's about himself, over some scene he wanted to play better or something he wanted to buy which we can't afford—personal stuff. But about people and events, he's always as high as the sky.

Me, I go along on a much more even keel—neither so high nor so low as Tony. But on this particular day I was real beat. We went to the luncheon and I looked at the man on my right and merely to say something I asked, "Tell me what you do"—when actually all I wanted him to do was go drop dead and let me rest.

He was a fisherman, a wholesale fisher-

man. And the next thing I knew he was opening up a whole new world to me, the stuff of lobster pots and clam beds and the deep sea inhabitants and the perils and the profits, and dangers and the daring of his trade. He made it all so exciting that I felt about as useful as a china doll when he got through, but he'd done the most wonderful thing for me: He'd given me a brand-new set of thoughts and values, and because of that, I was rested and life seemed more terrific than ever.

People are like passports—your own way into a strange, new, wonderful land. But just as you can't get to Europe by staying home, so you can't get to other people if you don't meet them more than halfway.

As long as you are self-conscious, you think to yourself, "Oh, if they'd only come to me. Oh, if they'd only realize how nice I am, how loving, but I'm too shy to say this openly. Why don't other people just sense this?"

The real reason they don't is that they may be thinking just those thoughts themselves. They are standing in their little lonely place, and you're standing in yours. Somebody has to give, but when you give, you can't give just in order to get.

That is phony—and in the long run I don't think phonies get anywhere, largely because they always are self-conscious. They are constantly thinking not of the other guy, but of the impression they are making, of the bright things they are doing, of the smart places they are going to get.

There is something else that I learned. When you change, other people change also. You are not the only one who grows up, who gets smarter, who begins to see his or her own personality in real terms.

Or to bring it more up to date, it's like my dancing. The first time I was put in a dancing picture was about four years ago in "Two Tickets to Broadway." I went into that with nothing but a natural sense of rhythm. I worked like crazy and I got by, but I never was relaxed. I never did have a happy sense of release or feel that I really knew quite what I was doing.

The second dance picture was "Walking My Baby Back Home." I defy anybody not to be relaxed around Donald O'Connor, and what I learned about hoofing from Donnie would fill a sound stage. Just the same, when I was rehearsing a new step with him, he'd stand off a couple of times and say, "Let's see how you look in that, Jannie," and then I'd blow. I got really sore, really angry, and one day in temper, I blurted out, "Donnie, stop that, you make me so self-conscious."

And that was exactly what it was. I was angry because I was afraid and because I was afraid I was self-conscious, and because I was self-conscious, I was a high-towered mess, acting petulantly toward a good friend who was trying to help me.

Now I'm dancing again in "My Sister Eileen"—and I finally know enough about footwork to be able to take criticism. I can take it and profit by it, so that every twice in a while I actually manage a step that I'm happy about. The other day Bob Fosse, the dance director, made me step out all alone in a dance we do together as a kind of a duet.

"Listen," he said, "you step out strong when we're together. Now step out just that strong when you're by yourself. Forget yourself. Go toward the audience."

That's the ticket. Forget yourself—and go toward your audience. You'll find the audience is waiting to welcome you.

THE END

The Giving Is Easy!

(Continued from page 60)

pair of cuff links? And did you receive a half-hearted thank you, as the poor guy drove away to buy a shirt with French cuffs so that he could wear them? Have you ever scrimped and saved in order that your gift might be a lavish one? And when he opened the package did you note that his embarrassment made it difficult for him to find the words to thank you?

Then you've lived—and I hoped you've learned an invaluable lesson.

It seems that there is a great deal more to this subject than meets the eye or the pocketbook. "All right, Uncle Rock, now you answer the questions," you're probably saying. "Just how should I go about shopping for a man? Where should I shop? How much should I spend?"

First of all, money will invariably rear its green head. But don't let it throw you or your wallet. The cost of a gift is secondary. It's the thought that counts. I was sitting at a luncheon table with a group of U-I folks not long ago when the subject came up. Susan Cabot was responsible. "Tell me," she said, pulling an object out of her handbag, "what do you think of this?"

It was a key chain. Attached was a French coin, dated 1578. "It's going to be a birthday gift. Think he'll like it?" asked Susie.

"No doubt about it," said I, and I'll admit I envied the guy.

"It's exquisite," said Lori Nelson. "Where in the world did you find it?"

"In pieces," grinned Susie. "Found the coin in a coin shop, the chain in a jewelry store and had 'em put together."

"You getting serious about some guy?" queried Race Gentry. "That's quite a gift."

As it turned out, Susan hadn't spent a fortune for the item. She'd gone by the old saying, "A gift should reflect a girl's imagination, not her pocketbook." The coin and the chain were less than five dollars, but they looked like a million. Which all goes to show what can be done.

As we discussed the subject, I found that everyone was pretty much in agreement. "I don't think that a girl should spend a lot of money," said Dick Long. "How much? Well, she might judge the amount by what she thinks her man can afford to spend on her. A girl might be willing and able to raise fifty or a hundred dollars for the cause. But if he couldn't, she shouldn't."

"I agree," said Race. "I don't think gifts have to be expensive in any case. Definitely not more than ten dollars, I'd say. Probably in the neighborhood of five. Depends on how well a girl knows a guy."

"What's your secret, Lori?" I asked.

"I don't always shop in the most expensive places," she told me. "A lot of times I think I can find more personal things in little out-of-the-way stores."

I'd be willing to second any or all of these statements when it comes to the subject of cold cash. I can remember a friend of mine back in Winnetka. He was going with a girl who could have written a perfectly good check for a productive oil field. My friend was in love with the girl. Then along came Christmas. Because she loved him, too, she really splurged. But when he saw the gift he nearly died. It cost more than he could have saved in six months, and that was enough to give the guy a king-sized complex. Her well-meaning generosity almost wrecked their romance.

How long have you known your guy? That's another important consideration. If he's a recent acquaintance, a gift isn't necessary. A card will do nicely. How-

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ever, Lori advises monogrammed handkerchiefs or stationery if you feel that you should remember him with a present on a birthday or at Christmas.

Provided you're sure of his sense of humor, I'd say that a gag gift would be most welcome. I recall the time I lunched with a girl and couldn't seem to drink enough iced tea throughout the meal. I must have had three glasses, as I love the stuff—winter or summer.

My birthday came along a few days later and, on this particular afternoon, I opened the front door to find a messenger standing on the steps. He handed me a large and weighty package, beautifully wrapped. In it I found a cake of ice and a box of tea bags, along with a birthday card. Needless to say, I got quite a kick out of it. Also lots of iced tea!

When it comes to the purchase of more serious gifts, one of the first rules should be, "Know your man." Put your powers of observation to work. Note his wearing apparel, the kind of books he talks about, the magazines he likes to read, the records he prefers, his hobbies, his favorite sports. Is his wallet wearing thin? Does he complain about the holes in his socks? If you're looking for clues, you'll find them by the score.

If your man is a sportsman, it logically follows that you will head for a sporting goods store. Salesmen will tell you that a woman usually knows what kind of sport a man likes, but that she has no idea of the brand of equipment he finds most satisfactory. For instance, one of the safest things to give a fisherman is a creel for all the fish you figure he'll be catching. Chances are, he'll want to pick out his own rod or reel or lure, as he may prefer a special kind—one that he hasn't mentioned.

A golfer? For around five dollars or less, you can find an assortment of possibilities. There are golf balls, putting cups, club covers, golf gloves, to name a few. Does your man go in for tennis? Again, five dollars or less will do nicely. You'll find racquet presses, tennis balls, and recently I discovered a handy little gadget for carrying tennis balls. It's called a tennis caddy. It's attached to the racquet and holds the balls firmly against the strings so that they can't roll away.

Personally I like to receive books. Recently a fan sent me a volume from the isle of Cyprus and it's one of my most treasured possessions. I think you'll find that most men like travel, adventure and sports books. According to bookstores, men go for science fiction and flying-saucer tomes. However, as far as your man is concerned, a clue to his preference in the book line can be gleaned from a bit of casual conversation.

If he reads extensively, why not a gift that will keep him in reading material for a whole year? I'm speaking of a magazine subscription. There are so many, of course, concerning hobbies, current events, specialized fields or interest that you may have trouble deciding upon the right one. There, again, you can probably obtain the information you want from your man—and he'll never suspect!

As for wearing apparel, here's a warning to the lady who goes out to buy her man a shirt. Salesmen will tell you that a single girl hardly ever knows her beau's shirt size. She'll simply figure if it doesn't fit, he can always exchange it, and chances are good that he'll have to do just that!

A great many women shoppers fail to realize how important it is to know a man's measurements. Otherwise a salesman is forced to take a good guess. Sometimes he'll call the lady's attention to another salesman in the store. "Is your friend around that size?" he'll ask. However, it's best when there's no mystery

involved. If your man is tall (around 6'1"), it's likely he'll take a 34-35 sleeve. A shorter man will require a 32-33 sleeve.

And there's still another consideration—the collar. For instance, a shorter man who is inclined to be a little stout, will need a long type of collar, one that will add length to his face and body. For a tall man, buy a shirt with a medium or tab collar. If he has a collection of cuff links, he'll want French cuffs. But when in doubt, buy without.

Unless you've seen him wearing colorful-type sports shirts, stick to the more conservative kind. If it's obvious, however, that he especially likes loud shirts, let your imagination run wild in the color department and he'll love you for it.

Just before I left for Ireland to make "Captain Lightfoot," a friend gave me a wonderful shirt. A nylon shirt. And there was never a more appropriate gift for a trip. So I can happily say that if your man travels, I'll bet that's exactly what he'd like. One of the new fast-drying shirts that he can wash out himself.

But for his wearing apparel, the last resort should be a tie. They say that every woman believes she has the ability to select ties. Some actually do. A gal I know, name of Betty Abbott, is one of them. But so many women only think they have the know-how. A salesman in a leading department store told me that whenever a man has a navy blue suit, his

INVEST IN U. S. SAVINGS BONDS NOW EVEN BETTER

girl is bound to select a flashy red tie.

As far as most men are concerned, however, silver is the newest shade and fast achieving prominence. Within the last six months or a year, there has been a trend toward foulards and smaller prints in ties. And remember, if this is your choice for your man, make that tie a conservative one. If you show a talent for buying his ties, you'll really make an impression.

One thing is certain. You can and should rely on your salesman. If you like the way a salesman himself dresses, don't hesitate to ask him to help you. Put your money on his taste. This will give you still another advantage. Salesmen see all of the merchandise that comes into their store and once a salesman has a description of your man, he can make a choice more easily than someone who has just walked in.

The leather line is an especially good one. Your man would be everlastingly grateful for a good leather belt. And you can't possibly go wrong with a wallet—if you keep your eyes open and note whether he keeps his wallet in his trouser pocket or in the inside pocket of his jacket and make your purchase accordingly. My mother's a great one for giving wallets. The occasion? Whenever my old one's worn out!

Once again, I'd like to stress the fact that your man is an individual and you should recognize him as such. Realize that what applies to one man does not necessarily apply to another. I think Lori has a good idea in giving personalized gifts. For instance, her dad likes guns. So she searched until she found some cuff links in the form of miniature pistols. For a lifeguard friend, she provided a St. Christopher medal.

Know what your man dislikes as well as what he likes. If your man has the definite ideas of Dick Long, you'll want to pay close attention. "I think a girl should steer clear of giving any sort of shaving apparatus or lotions," says Dick. "They're not always appreciated. Some men like to shave with the beat-up old razor they've used for years and don't want to change. Of course, others would think a razor gift the greatest. It all depends upon the man.

"I like toilet articles, leather cases, any kind of mannish gift," says Dick. "Tie pins or cuff links rather than shirts and actual pieces of wearing apparel, as a man usually likes to buy these things for himself."

"Susie (Dick's bride, Suzan Ball) buys me cigarette holders because I'm always losing them. She's forever coming home with some gift for no particular occasion. When my pet ash tray got lost, she brought home a brand-new one—gift wrapped.

"Of course," Dick says, "my favorite gift is my wedding ring!"

And take Race Gentry. "I hate to have a woman pick out my ties," he says. "Or shaving lotion. And invariably I get one or the other. I like tie clasps or cuff links. And I like nothing better than a disguised present. I guess that's because I got such a kick out of the first one I ever received.

"It's been a while since then, but this memorable gift was from my brother and sister. I'd wanted a football and I'd been told that I wasn't going to get it. When Christmas rolled around, I found a sweater box. As I was opening it, my sister muttered, 'I hope it fits.'

"Turned out to be a football after all—they'd let the air out. And I was twice as surprised and pleased!"

Race has a suggestion that would make a mighty nice surprise for your man, especially if you're going steady. I'm speaking of tickets to "the big game" or some other event he's anxious to see. And it's my guess that he'd like the idea twice as much because you can enjoy the occasion together.

I recall my favorite surprise gift. I was sitting in the living room at Vera-Ellen's house one evening when she walked in with a large box. "Happy birthday," she grinned and placed the box in my lap. "There's a catch," she told me. "You have to open it blindfolded."

Then she left the room and, true to my promise, I wrapped a handkerchief around my eyes and tore into the wrappings. The box was light and seemed empty. But before I could reach into it, Vera-Ellen had returned. I could tell that she was putting something into the box. "Now!" she said.

Off came the blindfold and when I glanced down I saw a little puppy sitting there looking up at me. He was an Irish setter, so small that he couldn't have gotten over a curb. I still have him and I'm nuts about him.

One of the most controversial items, gift-wise, is a photograph. Unless a man specifically asks for it, a girl should never give her picture to a fairly recent acquaintance. In fact, I'm inclined to think that no matter how well a girl knows a guy, she should wait for him to ask for that photograph. And no endearing, embarrassing inscriptions, please. It may seem all right at the time. But if you ever break up, you'll wish you'd kept all that sentiment to yourself. This might also apply to inscriptions on key rings and tie clasps, for instance—and to handwritten cards that are to be enclosed with the gift. Watch your words, ladies!

And when you shop, remember to watch your step and shop with care. You'll find your man will be eternally grateful!

THE END



IT'S FUN TO SEW

● Advance Pattern's versatile winter-into-spring jumper dress with its own jacket, stars in the wardrobe of lovely Sarita Montiel who's in U.A.'s "Vera Cruz." Simple to make, it's as lush for parties in its bare version as for informal occasions filled-in with a pretty blouse or worn with the contrast-lined jacket. We've used the lovely champagne color of a lustrous silken-look Celanese acetate faille called Bareeba, a Folker-Bates fabric. It has a crisp quality you'll love to work with and wear. About \$2 a yd. Jacket is lined with Schwarzenbach's rayon taffeta in heavenly Copina blue, 42" wide, about

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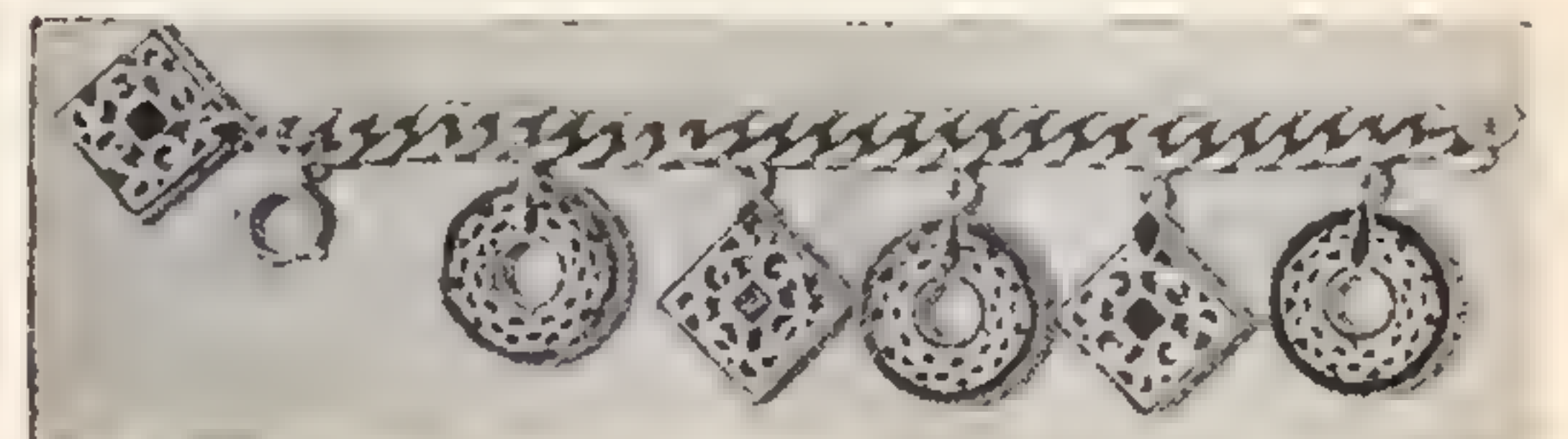
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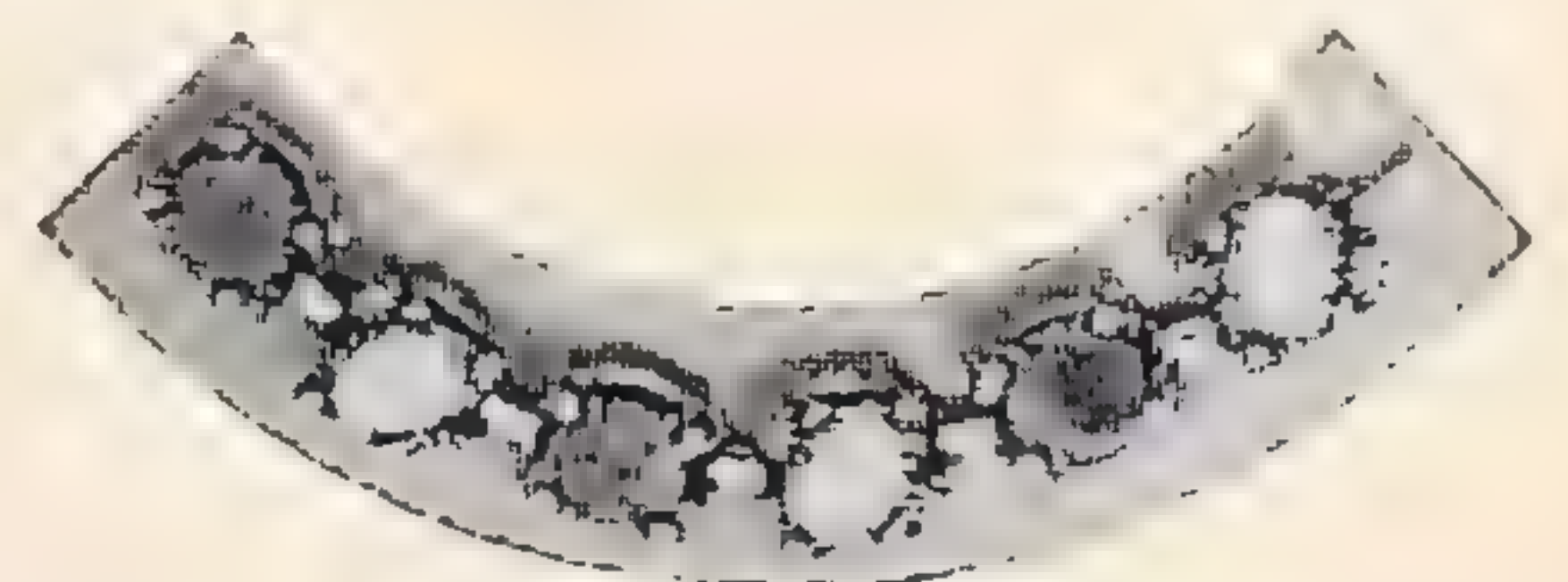
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(Continued from page 44)

married and may seem afraid of becoming involved romantically with any particular girl. He's in the difficult position of never quite knowing whether someone likes him for himself or likes him because of an idealized version of Montgomery Clift the actor. Having been in the theatre since his teens, he has seen more than his share of ambition and self-interest perverting love and marriage. He dislikes people who are outright mercenary and especially distrusts driving, opportunistic women.

Very sensitive himself, Monty likes girls who are quiet and shy and feminine. Trying to pin down the charm of foreign-born movie stars like Audrey Hepburn, Leslie Caron, Pier Angeli and Jean Simmons, he once said, "Maybe they didn't have to struggle so hard to succeed. Somehow all of them still look vulnerable. I think that's the essence of being feminine."

You'll never hear Monty's name linked with glamour queens. He prefers to date girls outside the theatre and away from night clubs. For this reason, people have said he's not interested in romance. Not true. He just feels it's an invasion of his privacy—and his date's—to have their friendship discussed in the gossip columns.

For some time now, Monty has been quoted as hating Hollywood. He isn't nearly as rabid as he's supposed to be. He has his reservations about life in the tinsel community, but the fact is he genuinely likes New York and the kind of life he leads there. He was born in Omaha, Nebraska, some thirty-four years ago, but his family left and moved to New York shortly after and has lived there ever since. He has the same kind of loyalty for his home town that most of us have for ours. The city has been good to him. His family is well-to-do and as far as material circumstances are concerned, he's had a very comfortable and pleasant youth, seeing New York from its most pleasant side. While Monty achieved fame—and a good bit of money—in motion pictures, he feels he owes more to Broadway than to Hollywood. It was on the strength of what he had done in the theatre that he got his first movie parts. Monty also loves to travel and has made junkets to Cuba, Europe, Mexico, Israel and the Near East and he finds New York a convenient jumping-off-place for his frequent jaunts. But more important, his friends and his family live there—it is his home.

Probably one of the most popular stories about Monty is that he lives, hermit-like, in an inexpensive apartment devoid of luxury conveniences. This is ridiculous. He lives on a quiet, tree-lined street right in the heart of Manhattan. For many people it would be difficult to imagine anything so lovely and quiet could exist in the heart of the city.

The house is a handsome graystone. It has an outside flight of stairs which you use to enter the house. Directly inside, there's a small foyer decorated in black and white domino pattern that leads to the first level of his quarters. On the first level is the kitchen, dining room and living room, which are separated by a spacious alcove. Here Monty has installed a television set, a bar and his hi-fi record player. He likes both classical and popular music and has a full record library. He's especially fond of Bing Crosby, and he has just about every record that Bing has made. On the same floor there is also a closet with a deep-freeze unit. Up on the second floor is Monty's bedroom and bathroom and a large den. The view from here is terrific, opening on gardens and trees. Anne Baxter lives near by and sometimes

waves when she's sunbathing on her balcony. The general furnishings are crisp, functional and masculine. The house was decorated by friends who are professional decorators and Monty takes great pride in it, frequently adding new furniture.

A maid keeps the place neat and clean and a cook comes in about twice a week to prepare several meals in advance and freeze them in the deep freeze for other evenings. Monty prefers eating at home to dining out and does quite a bit of cooking on his own, warming up what the cook has prepared or making his selection from a variety of frozen meats. His favorite food is meat—steaks, chops, roasts, any cuts. He doesn't care for vegetables much but loves orange juice. He never eats lunch—just considers it unnecessary.

Monty's often been accused of saving money on his wardrobe. While he certainly doesn't try out for the "best-dressed men" listing, the two large closets in his bedroom testify that he does have more than one pair of Levis. One closet is filled with the jeans, Levis, "Red River" belts, ducks, baggy pants, sloppy jackets, T shirts, sport shirts and loafers that he loves to wear. The other closet houses his more impressive wardrobe of expensive suits, jackets, slacks with matching ties and rows of polished shoes—rarely worn but appreciatively owned. His motto is comfort first.

At one time or another, Monty's been called all kinds of a screwball. After he played *Robert Prewitt* in "From Here to Eternity," everyone said, "Clift's a non-conformist." True, he may not always conform to a rigid pattern—liking a more relaxed and independent way of living—but he's far too intelligent to go overboard in the opposite direction, realizing

that eccentric behavior can easily become a pose and a kind of standardized pattern in itself.

When he played *George Eastman* in "A Place in the Sun," people said he was moody, shy, taciturn. This, too, is high tribute to his ability as an actor, for Monty's real self is quite different from his stage or screen personality. He loves the sea, loves swimming and sails whenever he can. His manner is assured; he's self-confident and decisive and an easy talker with a wonderful command of the language. There definitely isn't anything solemn or dignified about him. Because he's thin and has a tendency to slouch, most people also think of him as frail and short—he's six feet and strong as a bull.

Also lacking in his actual personality is the tinge of sadness that he always injects into his stage and screen portrayals. After "Indiscretion of an American Wife," rumors said that Monty Clift was an unhappy person. Aside from his good looks, tenderness and charm, this sadness is one of the qualities that makes him so enormously attractive to female moviegoers. It seems to arouse their maternal instincts.

Monty does have a weakness—and that's for books. He can't pass a bookstore without stopping in—and usually comes out with a book or two. His big complaint is that he never gets time to finish them, so he hopes some day to hide away and do nothing but read all those he's started.

Rather than being the cold, restrained young man he's pictured to be, Monty's sincere and warm with his friends and family—and particularly with children. He's crazy about his twin sister's five children, who live in Texas. He loves to go shopping for them—never asks anyone to do this for him. His feeling is that it detracts from the value of a present if he doesn't select it himself. He has many friends, some who are writers and actors, and many who are not in the profession.

There is one part of the myth, however, that is true. The part that says Monty is dedicated to his work. He is. He has a very real concern for the theatre and the dramatic arts. During the past year, he turned down countless movie offers, at fabulous salaries, and accepted the role of *Konstantin*, the young writer-poet in Chekhov's "The Seagull" at \$100 a week. It took him weeks to hammer every line into shape along with close friend Kevin McCarthy and his drama coach, Mira Rostova. It looked so effortless when it was finally performed on the stage that few could realize the exhausting toil that went into it. Monty has been quoted as saying that he didn't have enough vanity to care whether or not he gave a good performance each night. The truth is that he did care, very much, that every performance was good, for the play's sake and for the cast's. Whatever he does, Monty does his very best. He is a perfectionist and can't stand seeing things done haphazardly.

After almost a year's leave from Hollywood, Monty hibernated in Maine this past summer with a batch of film scripts. He finally found one that really fascinated him. It was the script for "Bannon," in which he will co-star with Spencer Tracy for M-G-M. A hard-hitting romantic drama, it's set against the background of the labor movement in the United States. Monty will play a rather idealistic young labor leader. He'll be back in Hollywood any day now to make "Bannon" and because he's Monty, you can count on his winning new acting honors and, no doubt, creating a whole new batch of rumors about the man named Clift.

THE END

★ TO REACH THE STARS ★

In most cases your letters will reach a star if addressed in care of the studio at which he made his last picture. If you have no luck there, try c/o Screen Actors Guild, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, Cal.

Allied Artists, 4376 Sunset Drive, Hollywood 27

Columbia Pictures, 1438 N. Gower Street, Hollywood 28

Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Los Angeles 46

M-G-M Studios, 10202 West Washington Blvd., Culver City

Paramount Pictures, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood 38

RKO Radio Pictures, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood 38

Republic Studios, 4024 Radford Avenue, North Hollywood

20th Century-Fox, 10201 W. Pico Blvd., Los Angeles 35

United Artists, 8272 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood

Universal-International, Universal City

Warner Brothers Pictures, 4000 West Olive Avenue, Burbank

Don't Rush Me!

(Continued from page 53)

to get married, that for me, the late twenties would be a better age for matrimony.

Not that I feel that all the fun stops once I say "I do," that I'll be bound to home and family in a way that'll restrict any pleasure from there on in. But statistics, particularly in Hollywood, have proven that a marriage has more chance for success if at least the man is a little more advanced in years.

Moreover, there are a number of projects I want to accomplish before I settle down. Like completing my eighth figure skating test, the highest non-competitive honor an amateur can receive.

Practicing for these tests takes time, lots of time. When I'm not in a picture, I usually get up at five in the morning, so I can be at the skating rink by 7:30. Whenever I can get away—and sometimes when I shouldn't—I head for the Arrowhead Mountains to practice at Blue Jay, one of the best rinks in California.

In the past, I've often been criticized for my enthusiasm for skating. I've been called immature and inconsiderate because I seem to put it ahead of my career. I can't deny that skating has become a mania with me. But I know I'll change once I make the grade—the final test. Why?

The answer is not easy to put into words. Probably it's the same drive that makes men climb mountains, drive faster, fly higher. For generations, men have tried to conquer Mount Everest. We have been told that from a scientific point of view little can be accomplished by doing it. Yet many have lost their lives in the process because they wanted to prove it could be done—prove it not only to the world, but more important, to themselves.

Skating is my Mount Everest. It isn't as dangerous as mountain climbing, but to me just as exciting and gratifying. I've got to get to the top in my class. Then I can relax.

Another obsession, if you can describe it as such, is my plan to build a house, my own home, before I settle down. Not in the city, but in the Arrowhead Mountains. Again you may wonder what that has to do with marriage. Possibly very little if I weren't in the movies. Since I am—very much—let me explain.

I like Hollywood and am grateful for what it has done for me—career-wise. I'm a lot less fond of the social side, the insincerity, the artificiality I have found in many instances—and which several times already have threatened to destroy my own perspective. Don't misunderstand me. I'm not trying to say that everyone in the film industry is insincere. Far from it. Only that someone like myself—young and comparatively new in the business—can easily succumb to many of the temptations of vanity and empty compliments.

Before I got into the movies, I was used to being frank with people and expected them to be the same way with me. That's why I grew so fond of girls like Marilyn Erskine and Debbie Reynolds, who could take and give criticism no matter what the reaction would be. With both I know at all times where I stand. If they don't like a suit I wear or consider the flaming-red color of my car too loud, they tell me so in no uncertain terms. They neither make up to me nor expect me to pay them phony compliments. But, I regret to say, Marilyn and Debbie are exceptions in a town that is built largely on the ego of the people who live in it.

There may be a reason, a good reason, for it. I was told that when an actor is too severely criticized, he might lose faith in

himself. If that happens, not only his ego but his performance will suffer, and before he knows what happened he may be through.

Although I personally feel that "Battle Cry" is the first really good part I've ever had, most of the pictures I made before were not of the same calibre, and my performances mediocre, at best, I never walked away from a preview of any of my pictures where people haven't exclaimed how wonderful I was!

I used to sneer at such an attitude, but not long ago I suddenly caught myself making the same type of compliment. That's when I knew that unless I changed in a hurry, I might lose my self-respect.

Or take a look at the fuss that's made about an actor during an ordinary working week: the parties, the limousines waiting to take him to and from lunch, the interviews, the clamoring for autographs and posing for pictures.

I know it's part of the business and that when people don't care any longer, an actor is through. But at the same time, unless he has a strong counter-balance, an equilibrium of some sort that keeps him down to earth, he's through too. Maybe not as an actor, but certainly as a human being.

In the past, whenever I felt that I was coming dangerously close to falling into step, to paying false compliments and believing everything that was said about me, I simply got into my car and went for a long drive by myself. And when I got away from the city, driving along the ocean or inland through fields of alfalfa or rows of orange trees, once again I would see the world through the eyes of Art Gelien and leave Tab Hunter behind in Hollywood.

I have taken many such trips since I came to Hollywood. Up to now, it has been easy for me to just take off whenever I felt the necessity for it. But once I'm married, I won't be able to pack up on the spur of a moment when I have to get away.

That's why I feel a home away from Hollywood is not only important but an absolute necessity for me. My future wife and I could live there when I'm not working and come to town just when I'm in a picture. . . .

But a house takes more than plans (which have been ready for months down to the last little detail). It takes time to build—I want to do it myself—and last but equally necessary, it takes money.

The latter, unfortunately, is another very important reason why I'm a long way from matrimony. When I work, I earn a good salary, at least compared to what I made in the Coast Guard, as a gas station attendant and at the many other odd-jobs I had from time to time. But by Hollywood standards, I am far from being even halfway up the ladder.

Moreover, I don't work regularly. During the past twelve months I was in front of the cameras approximately fifteen weeks and, of course, didn't earn a cent the rest of the time. From what I make, more than half goes in the form of taxes, my agent's commission and Guild fees. From the rest, in addition to supporting myself and paying off some old debts, including my car, I am helping my mother who has sacrificed so much for me for so long.

I know that every son has an obligation to his mother—but mine is much more than the usual. Since I was born, Mother not only had to carry the full burden of raising me, but even when she might have made it easier on herself by letting me help she refused to do so to give me more opportunities to enjoy my early teens.

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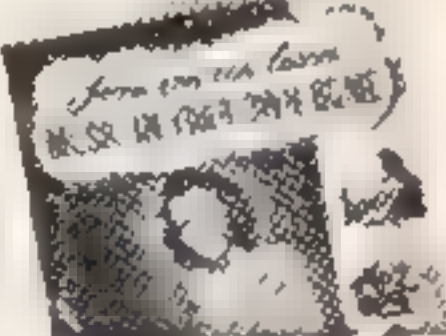
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to sell papers and run errands, it was harder for me to get Mom's permission than it was to find a job. "I know a few dollars would help," she used to tell me, "but you're only young once and I want you to use your free time to have some fun. Go out and play with children your own age after school."

Usually I would get a job on the q.t., for fear that she wouldn't permit it. And I'd only tell her about it when I handed her the money I had earned. More than once she made me quit so I could have some free time instead.

When I first started in pictures, the money I earned was so little I could have eaten only every third day. It was Mom—working as a physical therapist—who fed me the rest of the time, bought most of my clothes and paid my phone bill when the phone company shut off the service because I was behind in my payments.

Now you will understand why I want to take care of her before starting a household of my own.

In recent months I have only been able to pay her doctor bills and get her a nicer apartment. Once I can afford to buy her a home of her own, I'll feel that I have at least repaid enough of my obligation so that I can begin to look after some of my own interests.

And speaking about finances brings up another problem—my inability to hold onto money in the first place.

This weakness probably dates back to the hand-to-mouth existence I was used to for so long. Most of the time I didn't have enough money to save anything anyway, and the few pennies I could put away once in a blue moon weren't worth saving.

That's why—when I made my first real money—I didn't have the slightest idea how to plan a budget that would see me through the lean times. What did I do instead? Bought a horse—which I had to sell a few months later because I couldn't afford to feed it! Purchased a new convertible for which I am still paying. Selected fifteen-dollar shirts when I should have looked for sales.

One evening, on the advice of a friend, I sat down and worked out a budget. After three hours, I patted myself on the back. There it was, in black and white: The amount of money I could safely depend on earning; the amount to be spent on regular monthly expenses; the amount left over for "extras." I promptly put enough in my wallet for a week's spending and deposited the rest in the bank. "I'll be back a week from today with another deposit," I told the cashier. "That's when I get my next check."

"We look forward to seeing you again," she smiled politely.

She saw me, all right—two days later. And to withdraw, not to deposit. I couldn't even remember how I spent my seven-day budget in forty-eight hours.

So I made up another, allowing myself a little more spending money. I don't want to bore you with the details of my accounting, but I can tell you that I must have made up at least thirty new budgets in the past fifteen months—and stuck to none. But at least I can take credit for having made some improvement. Instead of going back to the bank the day after I deposit a check, today I often last almost an entire week.

Without excusing myself, I think poor budgeting on my part is not so much carelessness in spending money as poor organization—another habit I'll have to lick unless I intend to drive any wife of mine to the verge of insanity.

As yet I haven't succeeded in getting to places on time, remembering appointments or keeping up with my correspondence. I've tried all kinds of ways to help me remember. Like setting my watch fifteen

minutes early to give me some extra time. That worked fine for about a week. By then I took the fifteen minutes into consideration in my original planning—and from then on was as late as before.

To help myself keep track of appointments, I kept writing little notes to myself. I left them on my dresser, pasted them on the wall, put them in the script, whatever book I was reading, the glove compartment in the car, dozens of other places. Needless to say, I couldn't remember where I put the notes and after once spending a whole afternoon searching for one of them, gave that up as a bad effort.

A friend of mine made a suggestion that was to keep me out of trouble for good. "Get an answering service," Dick Clayton advised. "That way people can leave messages for you, and at the same time you can always be reminded what to do where, when and with whom."

The idea was great and has worked well as long as I remembered to call the service. But once—not long ago—I went through a whole week without inquiring about my messages, and not only came close to losing out on a film, but nearly missed a date with Debbie Reynolds as well.

I was supposed to take Debbie to a premiere the night I finally checked with my answering service. "Miss Reynolds wants you to pick her up fifteen minutes earlier tonight," I was told.

"Holy smoke, I'd forgotten all about it." Instead of rushing back to my bungalow in Brentwood, I rented a tuxedo and all the trimmings in Hollywood, threw them on the backseat of my car and raced right out to Debbie's house in Burbank. Imagine her surprise when—all dolled up—she opened the door and found me in Levis and T-shirt. "This is not a costume party," she said.

"I know. I'll be ready in two minutes if I can use your bathroom." And I rushed past her, into the bathroom to change into the tuxedo and ten minutes later was ready.

Any girl but Deb might have been annoyed. Luckily, she knows me. But how often would Debbie put up with it? How often would any girl?

And a final argument against marriage at this time is my overly critical attitude coupled with my sky-high expectations of any girl in whom I'm interested.

I have some pretty definite ideas of what I want in a girl, and while most of the girls I have gone out with in the past have one or several of these qualities—none had all.

For what am I looking? She should be attractive, but that's really not all-important. She should be intelligent, understanding, a good sport, able to put up with my idiosyncrasies, enthusiastic about the sports I like and—while I want her to be a movie fan and understand my career problems—I don't want her to be in the business herself!

Why? Because I don't believe two careers mix and because I'm old-fashioned in one respect: I want to be the one to make the living. I want my wife at home to look after our home and the family I hope to have, and I want her to be free to travel when I can take time off.

Since I don't want to marry an actress, I'll have to mix more with people outside the industry. But I'm in no hurry to do that.

In addition to all other considerations, looking at it career-wise I am better off not married at this time. And since my eventual happiness will depend a great deal on my success in the movies, I have an additional reason for taking my time. First, I must get someplace as an actor. After that I can find a wife. For only then will I know I'm ready to get married—from all points of view.

THE END

How Do You Do, Miss Kelly

(Continued from page 48)

her talent. The home, which proved to be Grace Kelly's first training school for the theatre and motion pictures, is a spacious, white-trimmed, red brick colonial house in the exclusive Falls of the Schuylkill section. Its elegance and charm could make many a posh motion-picture set appear tawdry.

Built on a hill, it is surrounded by green and rolling lawns, great trees and flowering shrubs. At the rear, for the enjoyment of the active and athletic family are tennis and basketball courts. In the winter these are flooded to form a skating rink. Within a few minutes' driving distance are the stables where Grace learned to ride well enough to win ribbons in horse shows, the country club where she played golf and the slopes where she skied. Further distant, at Ocean City, New Jersey, is the beach house where the family spends its summers.

And just as a movie set would suffer in comparison to this real-life establishment, so would many a motion-picture cast and plot appear dull when viewed in comparison with the fabulous Kellys.

All are good-looking, all highly intelligent, all have a zest for achievement and all possess the kind of charm which makes them stand out in a crowd.

Head of the family is tall, vigorous John Brendan Kelly, a man whose interest in his children leads him to say, "If the kids were doing anything—a race or the like—that's where I was, too."

The son of an Irish immigrant, he forged his own success, starting as an apprentice bricklayer when he finished grammar school. Today he heads an eighteen-million-dollar contracting firm which specializes in surfacing skyscrapers. Many a famed building along the Atlantic seaboard has during its construction flaunted the "Kelly for Brickwork" sign, including the United Nations structure.

As a youth, he was a famed sportsman, winning the Olympic sculling championship in 1920. As a candidate for mayor of Philadelphia, he was defeated by a narrow margin. He is now vice president of the city's park commission and has been influential in the founding and subsequent success of the Playhouse in the Park, an outstanding summer theatre.

Presiding over the household is Margaret Majer Kelly, a well-poised, socially accomplished beauty whom Grace resembles. In her youth, Mrs. Kelly, too, was a magazine cover girl and a model.

Eldest daughter is Peggy, now Mrs. George L. Davis, Jr. Although never on the professional stage, she's a clever comedienne with a talent for painting and drawing. Youngest is Liz, whose dramatic work at the University of Pennsylvania has already drawn the attention of talent scouts.

In between are Grace and John, Jr., whom the family calls "Kell." Following in his father's footsteps he, too, has become the greatest oarsman of his time, twice winning the Diamond Sculls and in 1948 making a grand slam by also winning the European, Belgian and Swiss championships. He has won the American championship six times and the Canadian five times.

For Grace to hold her own in this lively, gifted, witty assemblage took some doing.

Says her mother, "She was the soft and gentle one, practically the pet of the family."

Mrs. Kelly's solution for Grace's shyness was to give her, as well as the other children, regular household responsibilities.

Even when, in typical kid fashion, they protested against the chores, the assignments held, for Mrs. Kelly made them with sound foresight. She explains, "I always felt children should contribute something toward maintaining their home. I believe many marriages fail because girls are unfair—they expect everything, but they are not prepared to carry their half of the responsibility. They don't know how to care for a house properly themselves nor how to run one if they are lucky enough to have help."

With this emphasis on self-reliance, the Kelly children learned how to take care of themselves. They also learned to be thrifty and abhor waste. The fact that John Kelly had prospered was no excuse for throwing things away. Says Grace, "It seemed to me I was always wearing my sister's hand-me-down clothes."

Firm as Mrs. Kelly's discipline was, she also knew how to relax the rules on occasion. Theirs was a happy household. The lively young Kellys and their interested and interesting parents had so much fun together that their home drew all the other kids like a magnet. As youngsters, Grace and her sisters had many playmates. Later, they had plenty of beaux.

Grace's interest in the theatre began early. Says her mother, "When she was a little girl playing dolls, she would have them tell a story, act out a play. She would change her voice to impersonate first one character and then another. She had a way of turning her make-believe into real."

This was in line with family tradition. Her father's brother, George, is a Pulitzer Prize-winning playwright and another brother, the late Walter Kelly, was a famed vaudeville performer.

Telling of that interest lies in John Kelly's department. "All of the children have a gift in that direction," he explains. "When they were all home, they always had a show of some sort going on."

Impersonating friends was a favorite game. Proudly he says, "They could mimic anyone's voice and they'd also get the gestures and character down pat. It was against their rules to tell who the person was supposed to be. If the rest of us couldn't guess, the child doing the imitation felt it was his own fault—he hadn't made the character clear enough."

One event certain to turn the living room into a stage was Mr. Kelly's return from a trip. Often he brought them clothes. Bathing suits from Florida were especially noteworthy presents. He recalls, "They would always model them for me. What a show they would put on."

Soon Grace's dreams reached beyond such impromptu productions. At ten, she announced she was going on the stage. At eleven, the family knew she meant it. Taking part in a little-theatre production, she played her role with the poise of a professional and the authority of one who already understood that an actress, by controlling her own action, also controls the audience reaction.

Watching her, theatre-wise John Kelly turned to his wife and said, "We've got a trouper on our hands."

It was knowledge which brought a mixed reaction from the older Kellys. Years before, playwright George Kelly had absolutely forbidden his sister to go on the stage. John and Margaret Kelly elected a more tolerant attitude.

Says Mrs. Kelly, "We neither encouraged nor discouraged Grace. We felt she was entitled to have her fling at it. We hoped, though, that she would get it out

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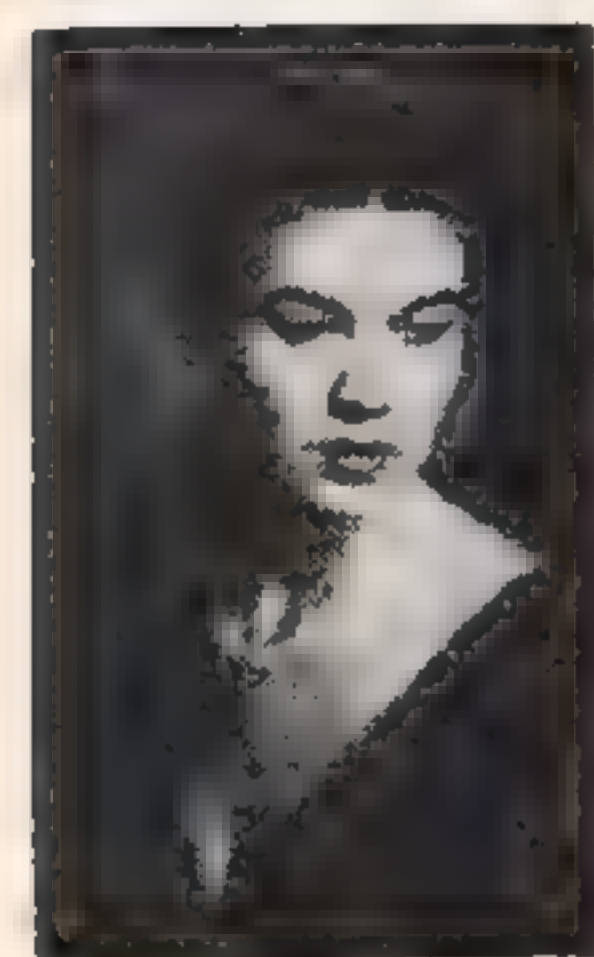
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of her system early and grow up to marry some nice boy."

Says Mr. Kelly, "The stage really is too hard a life for a young girl. There are too many lonely nights when you're out on the road, too many rough characters for a girl to deal with. But if Grace wanted it, we wouldn't stop her."

With this attitude, they permitted her to go to New York to study at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts.

It was there that the family training in self-reliance and the family habit of sighting a goal and achieving it were first put to the test. Grace, once the shy youngster, was not content to meander through as the well-financed daughter of a wealthy man. She turned the experience of the living-room fashion shows to good use and became a model.

Says Mrs. Kelly, "I didn't like to see her work so hard, but she seemed to enjoy it and she was successful, so we didn't interfere."

She also commanded leading roles as a student actress. The best evaluation of her achievement here comes not from her family but from the M-G-M talent scout who witnessed both her junior and senior plays.

After seeing her in "Craig's Wife," written by her uncle, he reported, "She's a lovely blond girl of eighteen who wears clothes well, has a refreshing and charming quality. She shows great promise for the theatre."

This was at a time when M-G-M, because of studio circumstances, was making no screen tests. He sought to have them make an exception for Grace, and a year later, after seeing her in her senior play, "The Philadelphia Story," he repeated his request, writing: "There isn't any doubt of this girl's photogenic quality. She has distinction, poise, charm—in sum, everything other than professional theatre experience. I know of the time when we would not hesitate to test this girl and if there is any possible way to do so now, I feel that we should, because if we don't some one else will and I feel they will have a future star on their hands."

The test was again postponed, but finally in 1952, she signed her long-term contract with M-G-M.

Consequently, Grace's first professional role came from Broadway rather than the movies. For a three-months run she appeared with the first of her big-name leading men, Raymond Massey, in "The Father." From this came her first film contract for "Fourteen Hours."

Acquiring her own apartment was another milestone of independence. Living first at the Barbizon Hotel for Women, she watched from the window of her little room the progress of a new apartment house which was going up and decided she wanted to live there. By a coincidence, which pleased her father, it turned out to be a building on which his firm was doing the brickwork. Taking a place of her own represented a transition from adolescence to adulthood. It indicated

she intended to settle down for a while.

With that as home base, she went diligently to work, seeking radio and television roles. Again, talent scouts kept their eyes on her and she was brought to Hollywood to portray Gary Cooper's wife in "High Noon."

Grace herself has made the most cutting comment about that picture. "I was new then. I knew at the time I was bad. I realized movies were different from the stage and I had much to learn. I went back to New York and television to try to learn it."

Getting back to television also meant getting back within reach of family week-ends and with it a kind of coaching which no school nor director could give her. Mrs. Kelly recalls, "For a time she got nothing but young Englishwoman parts. You should have seen the take-offs the other children did. If ever she had tended to be conceited, they brought her down to earth fast. I'm afraid they did rather let her have it."

Through family burlesquing of her parts and through appearing in seventy television shows, Grace Kelly so thoroughly learned her trade as an actress that she was able, after she signed with M-G-M and appeared in "Mogambo," to be nominated for an Academy Award.

Her latest picture for her home studio is "Green Fire," in which she is co-starred with Stewart Granger.

There's no doubt that the training of the mother who wanted her daughters to be good wives, capable of carrying their half of the responsibility, has contributed to her present popularity with studios and fellow actors. Recently, William Holden, her co-star in "The Bridges at Toko-Ri" and "The Country Girl," said, "She preserves an actor's sanity. Some idiots I've known come to the set unprepared, but Grace always knows what she's doing."

But for all her success, the attitude of her parents remains as mixed as it was when she first announced she wanted to go on the stage. Although pleased and proud, they still haven't changed their feeling that for a young girl, a theatrical career is a lonely thing. They have been urging Grace to take a long vacation, to come home and, for that period at least, resume her real life role in Philadelphia society.

Says her mother, a bit wistfully, "Do you know, with an apartment of her own, Grace has really turned into quite a good little cook. She enjoys it, too, I believe."

Says her father, hopefully, "She made dinner for us the last time we visited her and she really put a good meal on the table."

But despite new personal and social obligations Grace has shown little evidence that she is ready to become entranced with domesticity. She still has goals to reach and remarks candidly, "I seem to be the fad with the studios right now and I couldn't be working harder to make it stick."

THE END

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(Continued from page 59)

in tune with the whole romance, but for once, I kept my advice-giving instincts to myself. It was difficult, for nothing is more discouraging and distressing to me than to watch a woman simper and fawn and make like there isn't a brain in her little old head as she coyly looks up at the man she's secretly plotting to lead to the altar. If she hooks him purely on the basis of her physical appeal, somebody is going to end up feeling gypped!

It takes brains to build a personality that's warm and full enough to last a lifetime. It also takes honesty. Sure, we gals will take every advantage by way of clothes, make-up, nature's aids and natural assets, but behind the front, we need the gray matter that's necessary for the long haul of dating, marriage and earning a living. There comes a time when the honeymoon is over. Your hero comes home, griping about the boss. Just try a seductive simper or giggle at that point and you'll end up in your own stew. Often he needs a sympathetic, understanding helpmate who can intelligently discuss the situation (from his point of view), and then again there are times when you have to use your brains and keep quiet.

I started learning to keep my mouth shut at the ripe old age of three. My dad had an important job that frequently brought him home nervous and upset. We had two standing rules laid down by Mother. One, never discuss anything until Dad ate his dinner. Two, after dinner, check his mood. If good, go ahead and have your say. If not in a good mood, keep quiet. Both of these rules are still very important to me. However, I'm a gal who opens her mouth loud and long when I feel instinctively it's the right time.

No two people are alike, so if some of my ideas on brain power don't jibe with your own, then understand that the way I feel is strictly from my own experience. They don't have to be right for you, but they are for me.

I'm sure, for example, that most women don't end up happily married by being nasty to their prospective bridegroom for three years. Well, I did. It was my way of using my brain. You see, Robert was the great big hero at high school, and practically all the girls drooled and sighed after him in a very obvious way. I liked him a lot, but I didn't know how to show it. So, being me, I was nasty to him. When I first started this bit, I was a pretty scrawny kid and I'm sure it didn't register with him.

But three years later when my girl friend Pat and I were catching the afternoon sun on the beach, I had reached my present proportions. I will repeat, here and now, that I'm all for making use of physical assets. Robert and his best friend Chuck were also at the beach. This time Robert noticed me. I was quite nasty to him again. As he is a constant needler, the repartee got pretty sharp and slowly, between verbal cracks, Chuck and Robert maneuvered up to our blanket and officially joined us. By the time the sun started fading, Robert and Chuck had offered to drive us home. When we got in Robert's car, I couldn't continue being nasty. I became shy, uncertain and flustered. Being nasty had been a tactic, but being shy was being myself. I liked the guy and I couldn't go on sneering.

I'd like to say that this was the beginning of love's young dream and we lived happily ever after, but tain't so. I'd used my brain to interest Robert at the

start, but I lost my head completely for the next few months. I learned that all heart and no head can be pretty sticky. I was in love and knew it, so I became terribly sweet. Anything Robert wanted was just what I wanted. Slowly he started walking all over me. He nagged at me constantly and I was miserable. Our friends were furious with his attitude and kept at me to tell him off, but I was afraid it would be the end, so I kept taking everything he dished out. Finally I got sick of it. I realized that it would be the end either way if I let him continue, and eventually we would have nothing between us if I didn't stand up to him once in a while. I finally told him off—long and loud. Robert was delighted!

That's when my brain started perking again. I realized that Robert and I could have a wonderful marriage if we were completely honest with each other. As I was not honestly a terribly sweet martyr, I relaxed and moved with relief back into my own personality. Since then, I can positively say that Robert and I have had more fights than any other two living individuals. We had five years to get used to the routine before we finally married.

Here and now, I'll tell you my theory on marriage. If he doesn't propose within six months, you've got to set a trap. A man will go steady until he's eighty unless trapped in a marriageable mood and hustled off immediately to the preacher. So after five years of dating, I took steps.

Psychologically I knew the time was ripe. The studio was planning to send me on more p.a.'s; Robert was furious that I seemed to be having a ball, and I knew Robert was going to be inducted into the Army any minute. So when he came to San Francisco to see his best girl, the best girl was waiting, trap baited. I maneuvered for the right time and then said, "Look, we're not going steady any more. You date other girls and I'll date other guys—or we get married." Robert was livid from toe to head. It was an ultimatum and he knew it. Finally he said, "Come on home and let's get married." And I accepted his manly proposal quickly like the shy sweet girl I was. I think if more women would be honest about the way they got a proposal, we'd have more trap-material to pass on to the younger female generation.

Knowing what you really want out of life helps a lot too. When Robert went to Fort Benning, Georgia, two weeks after we were married, I had no hesitation about following. Any woman's career should be secondary to her husband. Although we never discussed it, I suppose Robert, like any man, took comfort from the fact that he was first priority. In that hectic year in Columbus, Robert and I built the foundation of our marriage. As individuals we were completely different; our common meeting ground was home. And that's the way it still is with us. We have different interests in people, entertainment and hobbies. During that first year we established the honest pattern of living. During the day Robert went his way and I went mine, but for us, the coming together in the evening, in our own home, has given us a oneness that has made us both happy.

When we got back to Hollywood to take up our lives again, we had established a respect and tolerance for each other's way of thinking. We had learned to compromise and blend, to enjoy being apart and then coming together. Even though we sometimes come together with a bang—we manage to have some pretty healthy

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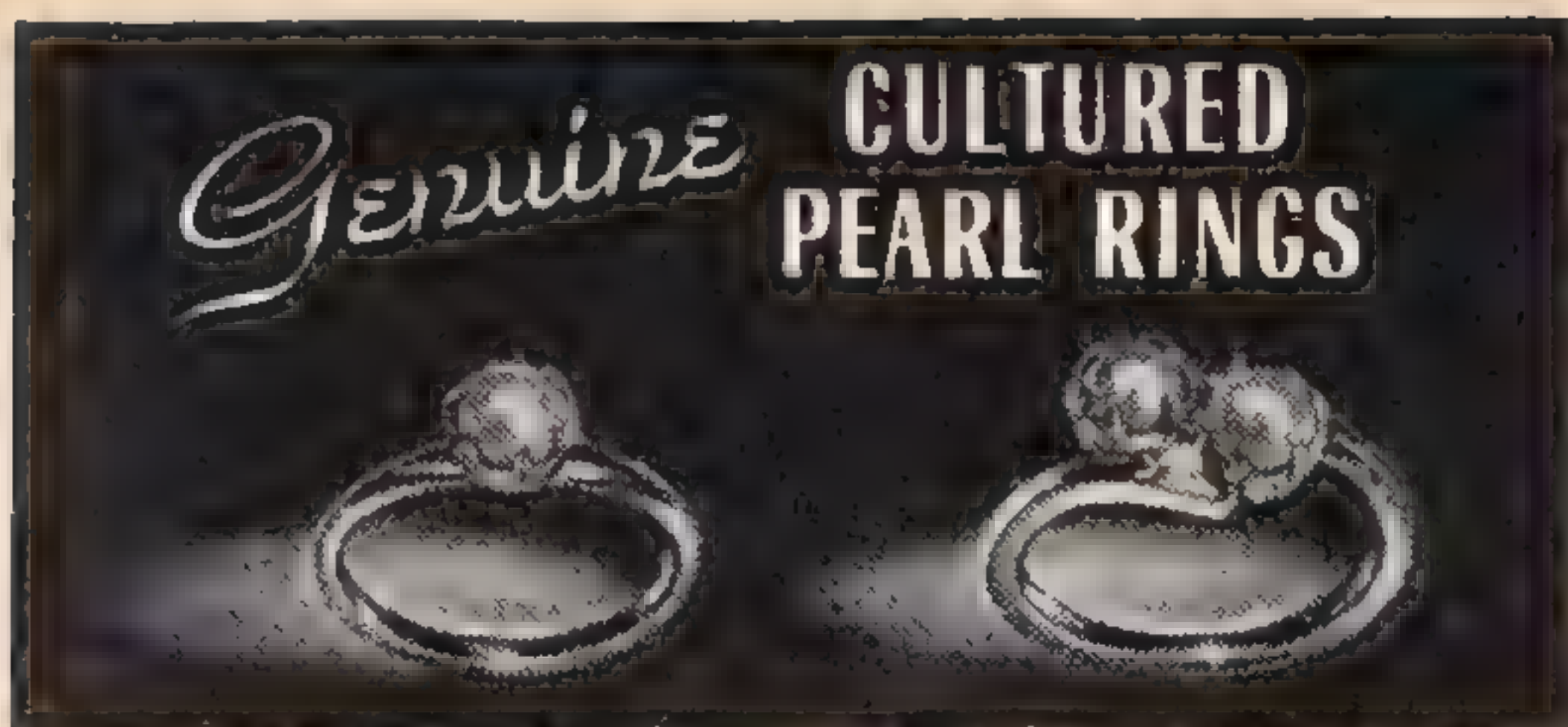
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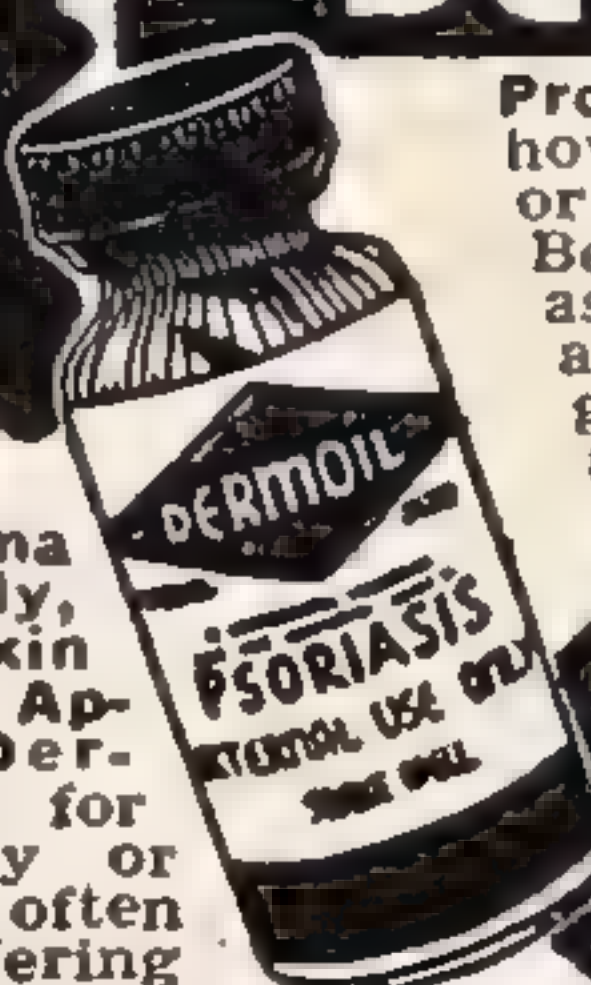
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fights—we have never thrown that final word, divorce, into an argument. It's taboo in our house. In days gone by, the old cry used to be, "I'll go home to Mother." Now I'm afraid that divorce is thrown around too lightly and used as a tool in an argument. Any woman with brains knows that in the heat of an argument a threat can turn into a reality if the other person is equally as mad. Divorce is a dangerous dare to make with something as all-important as marriage.

I also learned early in my career that if I didn't use my head for my own benefit, nobody else would. Howard Hawks taught me that lesson—but not quite early enough. "The Outlaw" was my first picture and I was green. When photographers descended to take my picture, I was eager to please. I pleased all right. They had me bending over picking up flowers or pencils or what have you off the ground. When the dawn finally came, I ran crying to Howard Hawks, the director. I wanted him to do something about those pictures and pictures in the future. He didn't sympathize. He just looked at me and said, "Jane, if you're going to be in this business, you've got to take care of yourself." And I started growing up in the picture business. I have to a large extent looked out for myself since. On the important issues I can be firm, yet I'll admit that I'm lazy about a lot of things. But I always have a reminder of my first wide-eyed stupidity. Every once in a while another one of those "Outlaw" pictures comes out. And if you see them and think that Old Jane looks awfully young, you're right. She was when they were taken.

When I say I try to be aware of the serious things in my career, I mean just that. My career is not my whole life.

I know that my attitude of standing up for what I believe is right for my career, although personally effective, would not exactly enhance a position in an office. But then, I have to accept the fact that I'm in an unusual business and my theories may work only a little for you. It has been said that I can, when baited, scream, roar, growl and glare for what I think is right. This rumor is true. But I didn't start standing up for what I believed in until I had quite a few years' experience in picture-making and gained confidence in my knowledge of what to stand up for.

Harry Tatelman, the producer, has always given me the confidence in myself I needed. When we started "The Big Rainbow" together, he gave me an opportunity to work with him from his point of view.

Thanks to Harry, now that I've taken the first step into understanding the whole, rather than the narrower, view of a script, I find it exciting. Naturally I want to learn more, and I go over prospective scripts for our company, Russ-Field, with a new eagerness. I think the planning of our company was a normal step in our pattern. Robert has always been the manager, bookkeeper and cash-accountant in our house. He takes care of all the money and I get an allowance. I would be horribly bored if I had to lend a hand in the decisions of what to do and what to buy. Robert is still a quarterback at heart, and he'll call the signals on our producing company just as effectively as he did on the gridiron.

Which brings up another "use your brain in business" point. If you have a good idea, stick to it. Of course you go on with your daily work, but always lurking in the back of your mind should be the one-track idea you're holding on to. Eventually they pay off.

Margaret Martinez, my girl Friday, became a literary wheel about six years ago. She appeared with a terrific screen play, "The Way of an Eagle." It's a strong solid story and I immediately saw Jeff Chandler as the male lead. I had just seen him on the screen and had a strong reaction to his ability. I begged every producer at RKO to read it and get Jeff Chandler and me for the leads. Everyone was kind, but nobody bought. So? Five years later, Russ-Field bought the story and Jeff is going to do the lead.

One place a girl can show her brain is in her hobby. I have many, really too many, hobbies but the one that has become a part of my life is the International Adoption Association. Starting with the sole purpose of putting orphans in private homes with parents instead of institutions here in the United States, we have now gotten IAA recognized as the international channel for adoption through International Social Service and are raising funds to put case workers in desperate areas throughout the world. Here at home, too, we have a problem. Our laws are so antiquated that most Americans should be ashamed. There are enough orphaned children for all the people who want them and it seems tragic to let red tape prevent their happiness. This is work that any one of us can help out and make a contribution. Getting into something like this that's more worth-while and bigger than yourself can be a glorious outlet for you mentally and also spiritually.

There is one place, and that's in my

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marriage, where my brain power is useless to me. That's with Robert. Every man has a different approach system. Robert, however, has no approach. I cannot finagle, plead, hint or coerce him into a decision. He just wants the facts. That's all he needs to make a decision. It makes no difference how emotional I may feel about it. Robert doesn't let that enter into his final decision, so you see I can't prepare him to decide the way I want by building up his ego or being coy. For instance, with Tracy, our baby girl, I had hinted and discussed onesidely the possibility of adoption, with no response at all from Robert. So the day the letter came, I merely planted it in front of Robert and told him that this was the information concerning a baby girl who was available for adoption. I braced myself, but the impossible happened. Robert read it over, then said, "Okay, go ahead." It had passed Robert's test. I knew it was right.

In fact, there are many ways that I misuse my brains. Intelligent women can take a tip on what not to do from me. I am much too impatient and that is not considered feminine. I like conversation stripped to the bone of necessity and general palaver can send me sailing into the blue. I am too often abrupt and to the point. I understand I frighten socially correct people into the stuttering meemies by asking them to get to the point. My impatience has given many wrong impressions, but I can't seem to overcome this fault. I say, when I am healthy and rested, that I will control myself and listen politely to the flubdub of the social world, but I know deep down I won't.

I also realize that I can't say no. I end up doing much too much in too little time. This not only tires me, but makes Robert ready to tie me to the doorstep.

I know that some day I must attain some "enlightened selfishness" for my health and my family's sake. But so far, I've not come up with a reason why I can't appear for a benefit or offer advice to the unhappy. I am, I shamefacedly admit, an advice-giver. I'm not a person to be blithe and free with affection, so I take it out in listening and advising. Mentally, I am aware that any advice-giver is only used for his ears' sake, but emotionally I get all tangled up in the trials and tribulations of others. This is to be avoided.

Another way you can use your brain is to express your thoughts carefully and clearly. I find myself woefully lacking in this area, not being able to express myself completely except when I roar. I therefore surround myself with understanding friends that I don't have to explain anything to. This is social laziness and could also be a peculiar piece of social insecurity, but I've managed not to probe that too deeply. I have found though—as you probably have—that once I feel the confidence of knowledge, I break the bounds of silence and shyness. So if you're shy, use your brain and bone up on a couple of subjects that interest you—you'll find *you'll* interest others, too.

And remember, every human being in the world grows—for better or for worse. Women who put their mind to it can grow beyond their own dreams. Don't be afraid to use your brains. And don't be afraid to let love and warmth and understanding seep through the skin of your outer shell. For in the long run outgoing, overcoming, understanding and love are the ingredients that make up a happy woman. And if we only cling to the outside shell, we'll end up in old age being ugly on the outside—as well as ugly on the inside.

THE END

Queen Liz of Hollywood

(Continued from page 57)

here in this wonderful out-of-door Fairyland.

You're the girl who talks to horses from the age of four. Your godfather gives you a wild field pony and you quickly gentle her. You're a familiar picture, galloping around the meadow back of the lodge. Remember, Elizabeth?

"I remember the meadow. Funny the way you remember things—when you're a child. A few years ago Mother and I went back to my godfather's estate. It survived the war, but it was terribly run down and we couldn't get into the house. Everything was so much smaller than I'd remembered it. In my mind I remembered the meadow as a huge meadow—wide and long—and the trees so tall. But the trees weren't tall. It was a tiny meadow. Funny how you remember things. But I guess to a little child it would seem that way."

To Little Swallows, when you are four, there comes one day a guest of the Cazalets, but you aren't home. You will meet her a few years from now in faraway America. And columnist Hedda Hopper will help write your name to fame.

In 1939, war clouds are closing in. Your godfather advises you and your mother and brother Howard, ten, be sent to America on the very first boat. In May you sail amid a crowd of chattering refugees. You go to Pasadena, California, to your grandfather's. You think only of going back to England when the war is over, to your horse and your meadow. You cannot know now that Hollywood will be your Never-Never Land. And you will reign over all the glittering lights that twinkle there.

Even now—at seven—you're the center

of all eyes wherever you happen to be.

By Christmas, 1939, your father joins you in America, bringing with him the paintings of famous artists who've sent them to safety here. Among them are the paintings of Augustus John, whose artistic hand will help guide your future, and introduce you to Hedda Hopper, as she well recalls:

"Yes, I paid through the nose—meeting Elizabeth. When I visited the Cazalets' estate in England, Thelma Cazalet had taken me over to the Taylors' lodge, but there wasn't a soul home. Later, when they came to Hollywood, they called me. I thought Elizabeth was an enchanting little girl. Her father was more interested in selling the paintings of various artists than in a career for his daughter, however. I went over to the exhibition, bought two.

"Through the months I kept in touch with the family.

"When Elizabeth was nine years old, she got a contract at Universal-International through J. Cheever Cowdin, whom she also met through the art gallery and the paintings of Augustus John. Cheever Cowdin was chairman of the board of U-I. But nothing happened for Elizabeth at the studio probably because during this time young singers were all the vogue. The studio predicted great things for a little girl named Gloria Jean. Mrs. Taylor said she would like me to hear Elizabeth sing. 'Bring her over,' I said. The child stood there singing with a thin, quavery voice. I felt so sorry for her. 'Oh, no,' I thought. But when M-G-M began talking about making 'National Velvet,' I started hounding them. I thought Elizabeth would be perfect for this picture and I had a column by then. I hounded producers, too, saying,



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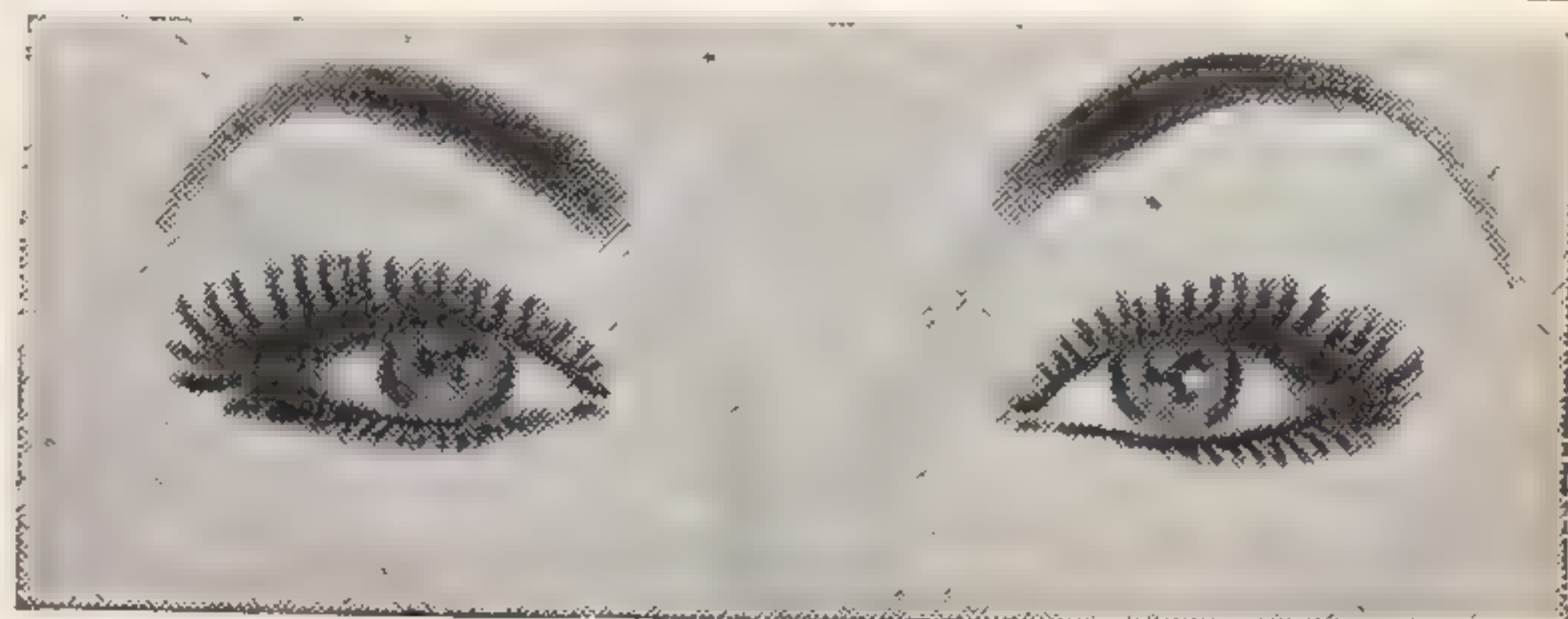


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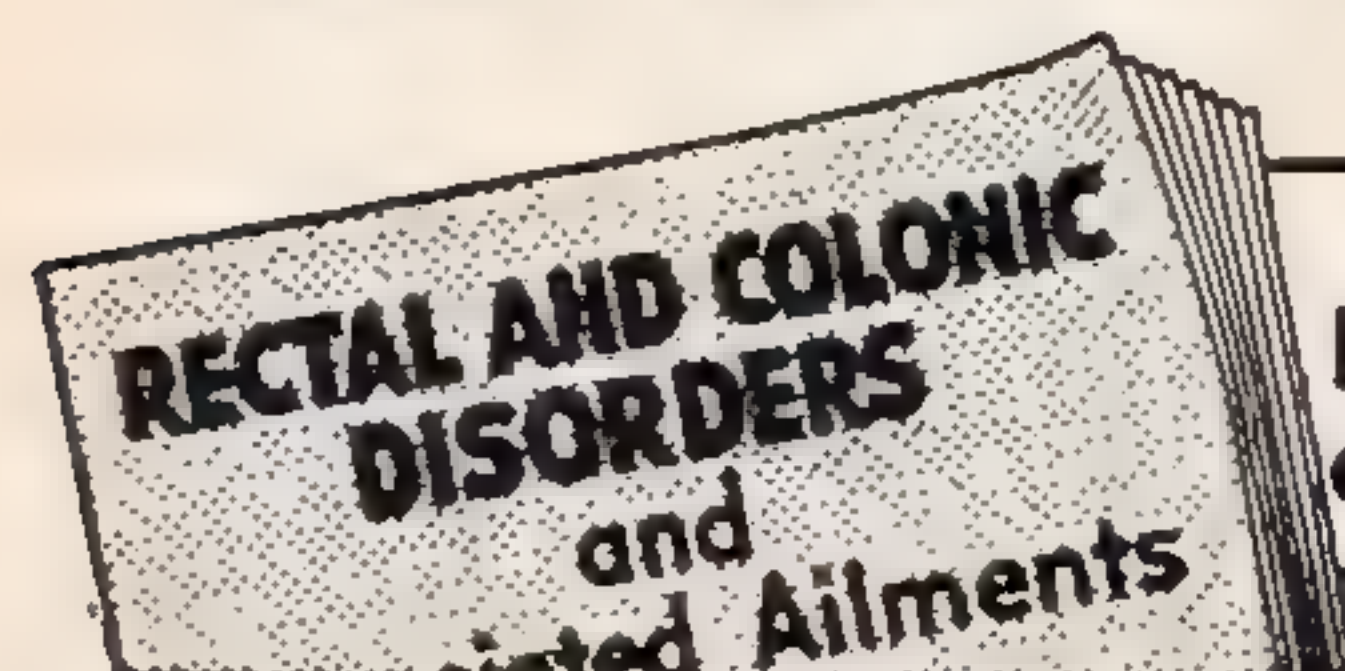


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'You should see this girl'—after all, I had stock in Elizabeth's career. She cost me the price of two Augustus John paintings—but I've never regretted a penny I paid."

Yes, an artistic hand guides you through the outer doors of this magic new Never-Never Land. At a dancing school in West Hollywood one of the pupils is Erin Considine, daughter of M-G-M producer John Considine. Her mother Carmen, enthusiastic about your grace and beauty, brings you to the attention of her husband and his studio. They're very impressed. As for you, you feel instinctively, this is right—that you belong here. Time is to prove this to be true.

You're dropped by Universal-International when you're nine years old, but fate still has her charmed finger on you.

It's 1942 now, Elizabeth. War time. In Beverly Hills one night, two air raid wardens are making their beat. One is your father. The other is M-G-M producer Sam Marx, who's preparing a picture called "Lassie Come Home." Making the beat, they talk about you. Stuck suddenly one day for a replacement for the little English girl who's playing opposite Roddy McDowall, the producer remembers "the little Taylor girl." It's Saturday. The studio's testing twenty-odd girls for the part. The picture's already rolling. No time can be lost. The studio calls—but you aren't home. You're visiting at your grandfather's truck farm near Pasadena. They send you a wire. Racing against time and traffic to get to the studio before six o'clock, your heart pounds a prayer. Lassie, you love. To play in a picture with this beautiful wonder dog is any little girl's dream. Your mother calms you with the familiar, "If it's right for you to have it, Elizabeth, you will..."

They've finished the tests when you arrive. It's a few minutes to six and the crew's packing up camera equipment to go home. Producer Marx is pacing back and forth, anxiously watching for you. They must decide on the little girl today. When you rush into the sound stage, the decision is made. As producer Sam Marx recalls:

"Elizabeth was just too beautiful to pass up. Her father had talked to me about her. When we had to replace the little girl in 'Lassie Come Home,' I remembered Elizabeth. But I was afraid they weren't going to make it in time. I kept watching for them that day. And when Elizabeth came running into that room, breathless and beautiful, with her hair flying and stars in her eyes—she lit up the room like sunshine and blinded us to everybody else. We put her right into the picture. Aside from her beauty, we knew she'd been under contract to U-I and had gotten some dramatic training on the lot. We felt satisfied she could do it. A few days later, we were confident we had ourselves a beautiful new little girl star."

You're ten years old and most of your waking hours are spent within the walls of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio. This will be your home for years to come. You will rise to fame here. You will be educated here. Through the years your schoolmates will be Jane Powell, Debbie Reynolds, Claude Jarman, Butch Jenkins, Dean Stockwell and many more.

You, Elizabeth, are enchanted with your new life. Within these magic walls each day ends too soon. The sound stages, the sets, the stars and players with their "make-believe faces," as you refer to make-up—the extras in their colorful costumes—this is a real grown-up land of Let's Pretend. Story books come to life around you. This is your own dream world come true...

But yours are the normal childhood adventures as well. Your best friend, Anne Westmore, daughter of Wally Westmore,

the make-up maestro at Paramount Studio, lives across the street from you in Beverly Hills. As Mrs. Westmore remembers only too well...

"Elizabeth and Anne were always playing 'dress-up.' One day I was giving a luncheon entertaining some guests of my own when suddenly they appeared and began modeling for us. They'd decided to favor us with a fashion show. Elizabeth had on her mother's best maroon velvet, spike heels and her hair pinned high on top of her head—and Anne had on a good print formal of mine. They kept parading back and forth, walking very straight. They were young ladies one minute and children the next. They would go out to Dupee's stable to ride horses and wind up swinging on a rope in a haystack."

Yes, there's plenty of action at home, too. According to your childhood confederate, Anne Westmore, yours are varied experiences...

"The big tree in the Taylors' front yard really got a working over. We used to play Tarzan all the time. I was the biggest, so I always had to be Tarzan and Liz was my mate. We'd swing from limb to limb to limb. On Sundays we'd usually go out to her grandfather's truck farm with her family and we'd have a great time playing 'gangster' or 'spies' out in the barn. We used to play 'flower shop,' too. We'd pick all the flowers around, set up a booth in our back yard and play we were selling them. We loved to roller skate and we were crazy for green olives. I remember when we were quite young, our friend and neighbor, Carole Jean Phillips, always had a huge jar of green olives in the kitchen. The three of us would raid her cupboard, put on our skates and race down the street, eating a handful of green olives. We haunted the doll shop in Beverly Hills, fascinated by a big 'grown-up' doll they had with real hair you could wash. Mrs. Taylor bought us a little one like her."

"We had our own clothes exchange then, too, and Elizabeth loved wearing hand-me-downs. A girl friend in Fresno, California, Janice Cole Young, would give me her things when she outgrew them and I would pass them on down to Elizabeth, who was the smallest of the three. By the time she got them, third-hand, they were rather worn out. One dress I remember had a hole in it when I got it, but she wanted it anyway. And there was a funny little red voile plaid number that Elizabeth really loved. I remember she wore it to the studio for a lunch interview one day, and two times down it was really worn out, but she just loved it. Once she wore a pinafore of mine to a big premiere."

In 1943 tragedy comes into your child world for the first time. Your godfather Victor Cazalet is killed in an airplane crash off Gibraltar with General Sikorski, Polish Minister. Tearfully, you keep thinking that some day if you return to your old home, Little Swallows, he won't be there...

But during 1943-44 your world of make-believe is acclaiming Hollywood your home. You're cast with Roddy McDowall again in "The White Cliffs of Dover." Your studio loans you to 20th Century-Fox for "Jane Eyre." And you capture hearts the world over as Velvet, the girl who falls in love with a horse called The Pi. You ride him to victory in the sweepstakes and to stardom for you.

M-G-M has waited twelve years for the girl to play this part. Until now they've never found her. Finally, they decide to make the picture. They test you and you are Velvet, but producer Pandro Berman breaks the heartbreaking news that the picture must roll in three months and the girl must be three inches taller than you! This scene in his office, your mother, Mrs. Sara Taylor, will never forget...

"Elizabeth was sitting over in a corner, her heart in her eyes. I heard her say shyly, 'Well—I'll grow.' Not wanting her to be disappointed, I said quickly, 'Why, dear, you couldn't, you haven't grown a quarter of an inch in three years. But she loved Velvet who shared her own love for horses and she repeated, 'I'll grow.' All this time Mr. Berman kept looking at her. 'Honey, if you can grow, I'll wait for you,' he said. I had a lot of faith in my child, but this seemed to be pushing it too far. 'Don't wait too long, Mr. Berman,' I broke in hurriedly. But my daughter said confidently, 'It was never necessary for me to grow before. I can do it, Mummy. I'll grow for Velvet,' she said."

Looking into those amazing eyes of yours, your mother believes this near miracle can happen. . . .

During these three months, you eat everything they put before you. You drink milk by the gallon. You're in bed by 6:30 every night. And you personally put the whole thing in God's hands. You pray if it's right for you to play Velvet, please, God, make you grow.

During these fateful weeks, riding and jumping horses at the Riviera Club, you fall in love with all your eleven-year-old heart with a magnificent high-spirited gelding whose grandsire was Man o' War. They say he's too dangerous for you to ride. Secretly, you steal into the stable and make friends with him. With love and faith, you gentle him. To you, King Charles is a "fairy horse with wings on his heels"; racing over the five-foot jumps with your hair flying like a black carpet behind you, you're a vision of faith and grace. Now you have another problem for God. If it's right, you pray for King Charles to play in "National Velvet" with you.

Your faith is rewarded, Elizabeth Taylor. In three months you grow those three inches. And King Charles is cast as *The Pi*.

In 1944 when "National Velvet" is previewed, you capture critics throughout the land. You yourself can think only of King Charles' performance, "I knew he could do it," you say. When a New York critic orchids your performance, but refers to King Charles as a nag, you hate the review and you're hurt to tears. . . .

On February 27, 1945, another prayer comes true. You've prayed if it's right for you to have him, make it possible for your parents to buy *The Pi* for your birthday even though he is a "movie star" today. The phone rings; it's the studio and they're giving King Charles to you.

You're thirteen years old now, Elizabeth. You hate doing housework and the dishes. Your screen favorites are Greer Garson and Margaret O'Brien. You paint and sketch and go for Chopin. But you live for Saturdays—when you can go to the stable and ride King. At home yours is still an animal kingdom. And you're its loyal devoted queen. You have a chipmunk you captured on location, who becomes known to every American family through your book, "Nibbles and Me." Your dogs all do tricks lovingly for you. There's a cat named Jeepers Creepers who rides in the basket of your bicycle. And yours is a thoroughly horsey boudoir. A bridle dangles on a lamp bracket. A saddle rides the waste basket. You have a room full of statues of horses that look like a steeplechase stopped in mid-air. And at night in your dreams, you and King Charles ride like the wind. . . .

Christmas, 1945, King gets a new blanket. Nibbles gets a red leash to "go out with" and you, Elizabeth, get a dreamy white fur coat you will wear to the White House.

January 7, 1946, is the biggest day of

your life. And the most embarrassing. You're invited to Washington to help launch the March of Dimes. With excited wide eyes, you watch history books become reality. You visit Mount Vernon and stand in awe in the room in which George Washington died. You stand transfixed in a misting rain with tears in your eyes looking at the Lincoln Memorial.

Now the most important hour of your life is here. Wearing your best black velvet, the new white fur coat and your first pair of long, seamless stockings, you walk on wings into the White House. Excitedly, you visit the Blue Room, the Red Room, the Green Room, dreamy-eyed, remembering those who've lived there. The sparkling chandeliers delight you. You feel like Cinderella in Wonderland—that it's all a dream.

You are Cinderella all right, Elizabeth, but you lose your slipper under Mrs. Harry S. Truman's chair. You've promised your mother you won't remove your shoe in the White House. But there, facing news-reel cameras and microphones in the Diplomatic Room, out of habit you remove your right shoe when the broadcast's over. Embarrassed and all giggles, you, Elizabeth, fish around under Mrs. Truman's chair with your other foot and finally find your shoe. This is a day you'll never forget.

During 1946 you live in your dream world on the sound stages of M-G-M. Other teenagers read romantic stories but you, Elizabeth, live them, and you are the heroine. Cameramen acclaim you the most beautiful star in Hollywood. You work in a world of adults, but your beauty is far more sophisticated than your years. You're in the in-between years. Growing up among adults, boys your own age seem too young for you. But at fourteen, you finally are having your first official date. The studio gives you two tickets to a premiere. And you welcome the legitimate opportunity to invite an older boy, Marshall Thompson, to go along. Remember that first date, Elizabeth?

"Very well. We went steady for two weeks. I was invited to the Beverly Hills senior prom and I wanted to go. I thought, this is silly, going steady, and I called it off."

Marshall Thompson won't forget this one either. You are in the middle—this first date—of a "triangle."

"That was rather a mixed-up affair the evening Liz and her mother had tickets to the premiere and they invited me to go. They thought she should go. And the three of us talked it over in a friendly way. There was one hitch. I'd already made a date and I was in something of a spot. Not that I wasn't flattered by the invitation. Liz was fourteen or fifteen and I was an ancient nineteen, but she was a beautiful little girl. I went with her—and the girl I'd been dating was naturally very upset about the whole thing. You couldn't blame her. Today, of course, I would behave differently. I had my own two tickets and we took our mothers along and, as I recall, we all wound up at The Pig and Whistle following the premiere.

"Liz looked older than she was. And she had a lot of depth. You could talk to her about practically anything. She was young, but at first I told myself this didn't matter too much. She would develop from day to day and I was willing to wait. But all the time I knew, before the end of two weeks, it couldn't go on. Finally I had to face it, she was May and I was September. Liz mentioned going steady. And I said, 'Well, if you want to—we'll go steady.' I don't know if she caught the casual tone, but I knew it wouldn't last. When she was invited to the school dance, she decided it wasn't too good an idea to go steady with the dance coming up. She jilted me for a

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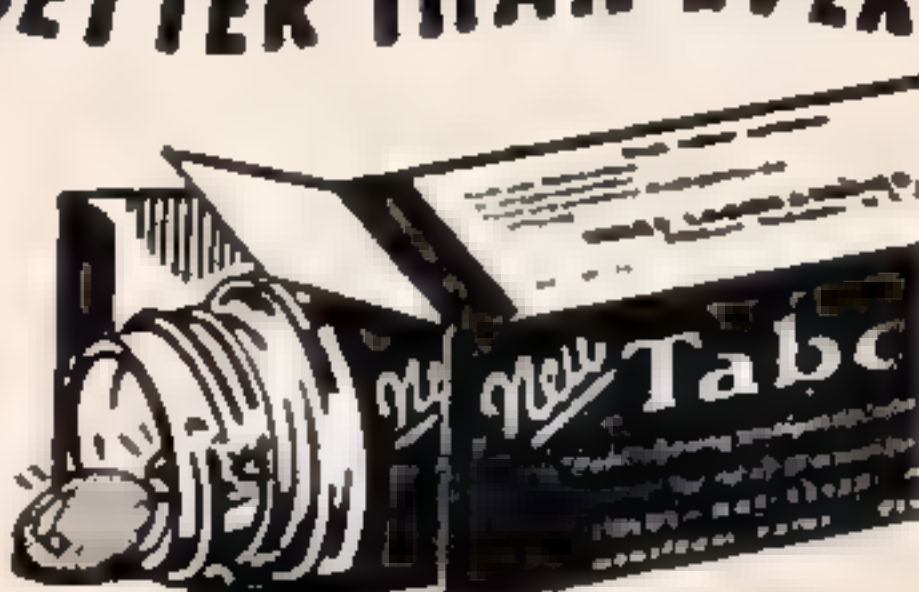


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Your prom date is Danny Buckley, a friend of your brother and a boy voted the best-looking boy in Beverly High. You wheedle the studio out of the blue chiffon formal you wore to a prom in "Cynthia" and for the first time in your life you're ready for an appointment on time. This is a big occasion. Remember the prom, Liz?

"I'd hoped for an orchid—and my date brought me one. I was really living. For the first time I went to a beauty salon alone. I wanted to be ultra-glamorous. I came home with fuchsia-colored nail polish on. Mother of pearl. I was so proud of it, but mother held out for a quiet pink shade. Finally, she said, 'The time has come, Elizabeth. . . .'" and the quiet pink shade it was. She insisted I wash my face three times to give me the clean, scrubbed look. I remember saying, 'Three times! You just want me to glisten.' I was sure my dress needed something besides the silver ruffle around the neck. I held out for silver stardust in my hair. I felt it needed something, too, but that didn't work out either. The orchid really helped. The kids at the prom treated me like Howard Taylor's sister—just one of them. They talked to me about everything in school. And about all the other kids. Just like I knew all of them, and I pretended I did."

Yes, this is big night for you. But you have no regrets for your studio school days, have you, Elizabeth?

"No, you grow up faster, growing up around adults. But I'm not sure this is a disadvantage. I was a little disappointed at first when I knew my brother Howard was going to high school and I realized I couldn't go. You know, the proms, the football games and everything. But I don't feel sorry for my youth. I enjoyed every minute of it—all except doing a big love scene with Bob Taylor one minute, then being taken back to school the next. I thought, 'Well, really.'"

You're fifteen years old now, and this is your life . . . your exciting life.

Chintz replaces the saddles in your boudoir. Your animal kingdom is invaded and shared by chattering girls in pedal pushers. Swaggering high-school huskies in T-shirts and jeans. And by a noisy new beige Ford convertible with dual exhaust-pipes and the largest ET initials in all greater Los Angeles—you sleep with the car keys around your thumb. You can't drive the car yet, but you ease it forward and back on the studio lot and sound its splendor. You are crushed when a city edict outlaws your beloved \$39 pipes.

In these teen years you still play a sharp game of catch with Claude Jarman at the studio. You still ride King Charles, thundering along on the sands at Malibu. And yours is still a dream world into which other pedal pushers can't push.

But now you get dreamy over Dick Haymes' recording of "Mamselle," too. You love to go dancing at the Cocoanut Grove and riding the roller coaster at Ocean Park. You go for peasant blouses and bangle bracelets and thickest shoulder pads. You seem cemented to the telephone. And last week's big crush belongs to the forgotten past. You put the lyrics to a tune. They begin, "Oh the joy and bliss of my first sweet kiss. . . ."

And you're starry-eyed, when your studio loans you to Warner Brothers for "Life with Father," to be playing a sophisticated seventeen-year-old.

February 27, 1948, is your sixteenth birthday and they give you a surprise party on the set of "Julia Misbehaves." At sixteen you play your first grown-up romantic role—Robert Taylor's wife in "The Conspirator." And you cry when your little chipmunk Nibbles dies from an over-

indulgence of chocolate. You bury him in a box lined with white satin under a rosebush. This is the year, too, you meet football idol Glenn Davis and you're as thrilled as any teenager when he gives you his gold football.

You go off to London to film "The Conspirators" and Glenn is overseas. You are convinced that this is an important love. As your mother said, "That September in London, Elizabeth wrote Glenn every night and never went out on a date the five months we were there." Absence and duty and youth dimmed this first crush—and perhaps the charm of a handsome Englishman had something unconsciously to do with it, too.

For that year, too, on an adjoining sound stage in London, you meet the charming British star, Michael Wilding, and you're as swoony as any sixteen-year-old fan. You cannot know now just how important he will be in your life. Nor that in bewildering hours when your young world seems to collapse around you, Michael Wilding will teach you to laugh again. You had no way of knowing, Elizabeth, but your mother perhaps knew even when she wrote, "I knew that except for Glenn, the man in Elizabeth's life would be Michael Wilding."

At seventeen your star is still rising on the screen. At Paramount you're co-starred with Montgomery Clift in "A Place in the Sun." The director, one of Hollywood's greatest, George Stevens, predicts your place will be the highest in the Hollywood sky.

"There's no rung on the screen above Elizabeth and what she can do. She has tremendous depth and a human quality—important with beauty like Elizabeth's. The audience is with her all the way. I just can't say too much about Elizabeth. She has the unusual quality of a Garbo—the romantic kind of beauty and drama of Garbo and of all the great ladies of the screen. . . ."

Now you're successively in love. You're seventeen years old and trying the wings of youth outside the walls of a motion picture studio. You're the age when other girls are beginning to collect fraternity pins. But you're a fabulous beauty. You've been engaged to wealthy young William Pawley for a short three months, but break it when he asks you to give up your career and live in Florida. As a famous motion-picture star your every heart beat is a headline. Some of the challenges and cruelties of the outside world close in too swiftly for your young years.

On Sunday, May 6, 1950, in a beautiful ceremony in the Beverly Hills Church of the Good Shepherd, you and Nicky Hilton exchange vows and you radiantly announce, "There is no doubt in my mind that he is the one I want to spend my life with. Since we met, we have never had one quarrel, one moment of misunderstanding."

But rather than sublime happiness, the following months are filled with heartache and suffering . . . the most difficult months that you, Elizabeth, have had to face in your young full life. And if ever you needed faith and a belief in what is right, you need it now. Your marriage collapses and six months after your story-book wedding, you file suit for divorce from Nicky Hilton, acknowledging more than your share of blame.

"Nick and I had a fairy-tale courtship. Then after the marriage, we weren't on our good behavior any more and we found out that we didn't even like each other very well . . . two weeks after the wedding, I knew I had made a mistake. . . . I thought I was mature enough to cope with marriage and I wasn't. I had always had my own way. Instead of pointing out my faults, people always told me how good I was. I never learned responsibility."

You're nineteen years old now, Elizabeth, and you try hard to accept responsibility, to rebuild life out on your own, to discover how you have failed, and you make one statement that proves that maturity often comes through heartache and unhappiness. You say, "I've been able to wear a plunging neckline since I was fourteen years old, and ever since then, people have expected me to act as old as I look. My trouble all started because I have a woman's body and a child's emotions."

You return to your parents' home only to discover you are no longer a child, you are a woman. You hire companion-secretary Peggy Rutledge and move out and into a rented apartment of your own. Peggy Rutledge now recalls your initiation into this new life. . . .

"I met Elizabeth for the first time in her agent's office. He went out and left us alone to discuss the job and become acquainted. For a little while we both sat there, saying nothing. Finally, I said, 'Now what do we do?' Elizabeth said, 'I don't know.' She'd never had a secretary before. 'I suppose the first thing is to find an apartment,' she said. And I found a modern apartment. We both lived on Wilshire Boulevard. We had one small problem, Elizabeth's beloved French poodle, Gee Gee. The manager had made it plain. No dogs allowed. Elizabeth smuggled the dog in, in her coat pocket, and we moved in. But the manager was so impressed, having Elizabeth Taylor living there, she allowed Gee Gee to stay. Then the building changed hands. The people who bought it were friends of mine, but they were adamant. No dogs allowed. 'But you don't know him. He's a wonderful little dog,' I kept pitching. They finally agreed to make an exception for Elizabeth's dog and we settled down."

But not for long, Elizabeth. In June you fly to London to co-star again with Robert Taylor, in "Ivanhoe." Your second day the phone rings. The voice is a familiar voice. Michael Wilding's. However, you're the best authority on your courtship.

"Way back when I was seventeen, Mike jokingly kidded me, 'Some day you should marry me, you know.' When I met him again in London, the first thing he said was, 'You see, I told you, you should have waited for me.' I don't remember exactly when Michael proposed. But after that first evening when we went out to dinner, my intentions were honorable. He was so friendly and warm. He has such a wonderful sense of humor—a kind sense of humor. He had a lovely sense of understanding and he's not without charm. . . . He had never seen me on the screen. After we were engaged, Mother and Dad had the studio run 'National Velvet' for him. Well, he almost called the whole thing off. I really had to talk fast. 'But Michael,' I said, 'that was eight years ago. . . .'"

Yours was not a long courtship. "I want to be married as quickly as possible," you said, "because happiness is a fragile thing and we have so little time for it." As for Michael, he felt the same way. "She wants to be married to someone who will love and protect her, and that someone—by some heaven-sent luck turns out to be me. I won't let her down."

And seven months later, February 21, 1952, sees the most important wedding scene you've ever played. Your own. You're married in London's old Caxton Hall. Outside, two thousand fans clamor to see you. You predict the pattern for the years to come when you say, "This is the beginning of a happy end."

In June, 1952, your happiness is complete. Flying back to Hollywood ahead of your husband to make "The Girl Who Had Everything," you consult a doctor for the verdict. Barbara Thompson, wife of your first beau Marshall Thompson and today

your very good friend, can best describe this happy time.

"Elizabeth went to my doctor and I went with her. I'd just had a baby and she didn't know a doctor to go to so she chose mine. I was with her when he confirmed the good news. She wobbled out of the office in a happy daze. She'd wanted a baby so badly. When Michael got home they went to Magnin's and got just what the baby needed—two huge Teddy bears. The Wildings and Marshall and I spent three happy weeks together in Laguna during this period. It was supposed to be a vacation for me, but Elizabeth kept insisting I bring the baby along so that, as she put it so charmingly, 'I can get used to her.'"

With the responsibility of coming parenthood you and Michael buy your first house in Beverly Hills. . . . "We bought it for young Mike," you say. The house has two bedrooms, a living room and a kitchen. . . . "A huge kitchen. Kitchens are so important," you feel in your new domesticity. And there's enough room for an entourage of cats and dogs.

On January 6, 1953, a few minutes before midnight, your son Michael Howard Wilding is born. From the first, he's a very remarkable fellow, isn't he, Elizabeth? When he was first born he had so much black hair and he was kind of mangy-looking. But he's blond and beautiful today. He's a brilliant child. Funny, how they pick up a jar or something and you say, "Oh, he picked up a jar!" like no baby has ever done it before. You're twenty-one years old now, Elizabeth Taylor, and you've come of age in three great roles—actress, wife and mother. Your career soars on. You star in "Rhapsody" and they're preparing "The Last Time I Saw Paris" for you. In March, 1953, you replace an ailing Vivien Leigh in Paramount's "Elephant Walk," and according to producer Irving Asher: "We signed Elizabeth because of her similar size and coloring—to save our beautiful Ceylon footage and the long shots on Vivien Leigh taken on location there. We were prepared to rewrite several dramatic scenes if she couldn't play them. Instead, we wrote them more up than down. I wasn't afraid of anything after I saw her before that camera. She proved she could play anything."

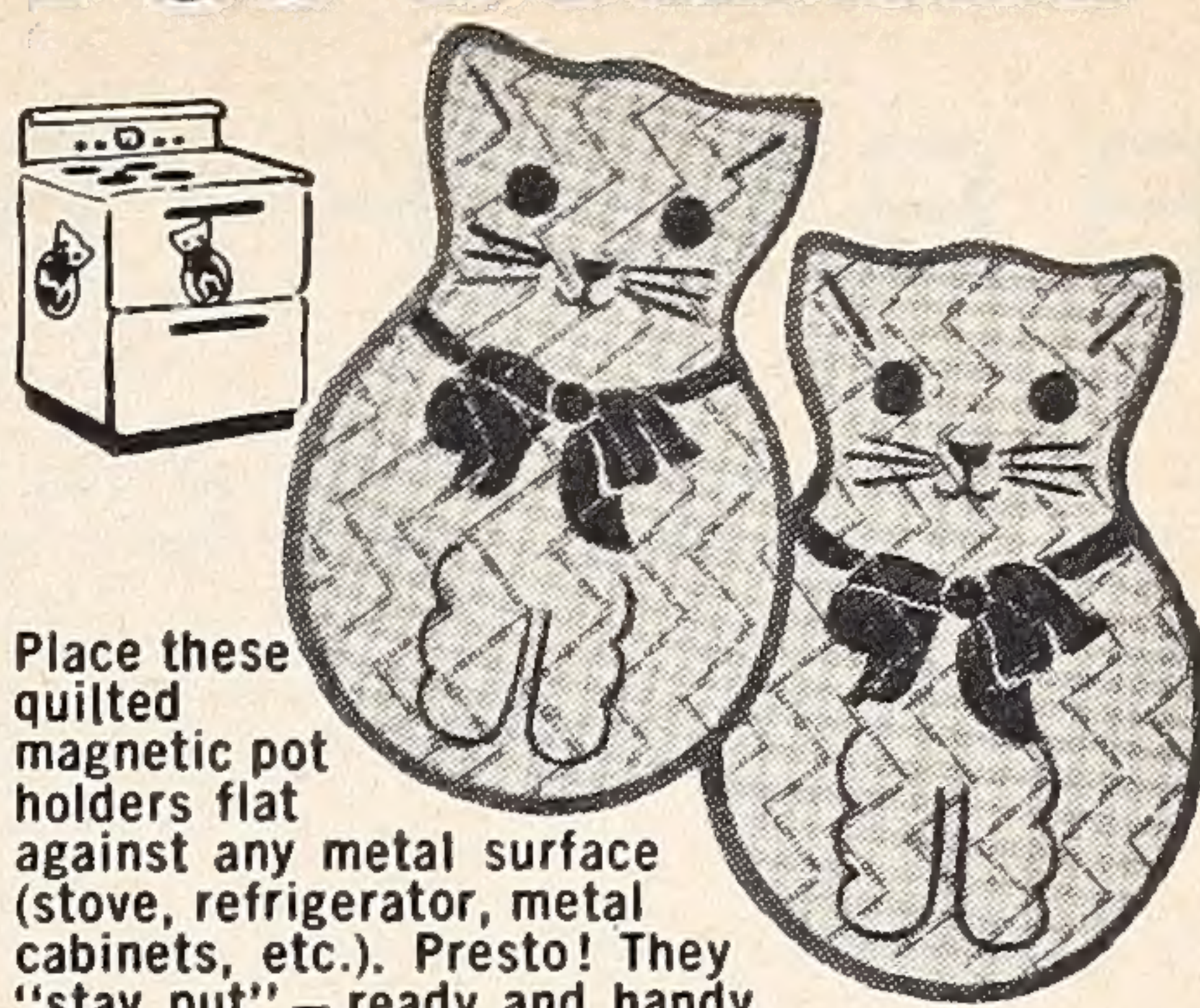
But your most dramatic scene isn't in the script, Elizabeth. Two days before the picture winds, a sliver of steel blown by a wind machine penetrates your right eyeball. It becomes badly infected. You undergo two operations—and doctors aren't sure of saving your sight for you. Your eyes are among the most beautiful in the world. They got you into motion pictures. If anything happens to your eyes, what will happen to you? But what you think about, lying there in the dark with your eyes bandaged—only you, Elizabeth, can know.

"I didn't think I wouldn't see again. I was sure it would work out all right. I had enough faith. I believed it would. If it hadn't, it would have been the end of my career but not my life. I've enjoyed the twelve years I've been in motion pictures. I've loved every minute of them. I wouldn't trade my life for anybody's. But my husband and baby, they're most important in this world to me."

Yours is a faith still too strong to shake. You believed you would see. And you do. You believed it's "right" for you to continue to bring beauty and romance into the lives of others through make-believe. But for you, Elizabeth Taylor Wilding, you know the happily-ever-after ending for your own story is not in Never-Never Land but in your home, your son and the husband who loves you. They are your life today.

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BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see PHOTOPLAY for months indicated. For this month's full reviews, see page 11.



✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD ✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR

A—ADULTS

F—FAMILY

✓✓ AFRICA ADVENTURE—RKO, Pathécolor: Amiable, rambling record of a safari made by columnist Robert C. Ruark. (F) November

✓✓✓ AIDA—I.F.E., Ferraniacolor: Satisfying version of Verdi's opera about the love of a captive Ethiopian princess and an Egyptian general. Handsome players do the acting; voices of opera stars are neatly dubbed in. (F) November

✓✓ BETRAYED—M-G-M, Eastman Color: Exciting if not too convincing thriller of World War II. Lana Turner, Clark Gable, Vic Mature are Dutch underground agents. (F) October

✓✓ BLACK SHIELD OF FALWORTH, THE—U-I; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Tony Curtis attains knighthood to avenge his family, save England, win Janet Leigh. (F) October

✓✓ BRIGADOON—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Ansco Color: Near-copy of the Broadway hit, a musical fantasy. Americans Gene Kelly and Van Johnson find a mysterious Scottish village where Cyd Charisse and others guard a secret. (F) November

✓✓✓ BROKEN LANCE—20th; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Unusual drama of discord in a Southwestern family. Cattle baron Spencer Tracy browbeats his eldest son (Widmark), favors his youngest (Bob Wagner), whose romance with Jean Peters brings on a crisis. (F) October

✓✓ BULLET IS WAITING, A—Columbia, Technicolor: Too-talky suspense film. Rory Calhoun, alleged killer, and sheriff Steve McNally invade Jean Simmons' isolated ranch. (F) October

✓✓ CANGACEIRO—Columbia: Picturesque, violent Brazilian film (titles in English). A brutal outlaw army kidnaps a pretty schoolteacher; a young bandit tries to save her. (A) November

✓✓ DAWN AT SOCORRO—U-I, Technicolor: Slightly pretentious Western. Rory Calhoun tries to retire from gunfighting and rescue Piper Laurie from a life of sin. (F) October

✓✓ DETECTIVE, THE—Columbia: As a priest turned sleuth, Alec Guinness trails thief Peter Finch in a quaint English movie. (F) November

✓✓ DRAGNET—Warners, WarnerColor: Jack Webb and Ben Alexander solve a gangland killing in their dogged, tv-famed style. Skilled acting throughout; realistic details. (F) November

✓✓ DUEL IN THE JUNGLE—Warners, Technicolor: Vivid African backgrounds enhance a routine melodrama. Dana Andrews, Jeanne Crain track a man who faked his own death. (F) October

✓✓✓ EGYPTIAN, THE—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Plenty of spectacle; lots of plot. Edmund Purdom is the Pharaoh's physician; Jean Simmons, his humble sweetheart; Victor Mature, an ambitious military man. (F) November

✓✓ FRANCIS JOINS THE WACS—U-I: A snafu lands Don O'Connor in an all-WAC unit, but the talking mule helps him lead the girls to victory in mock battle. Affable fun. (F) October

✓✓ HER TWELVE MEN—M-G-M, Ansco Color: Greer Garson teaches at a boys' school, makes a romantic choice between Bob Ryan and Barry Sullivan. Sentimental, humorous. (F) September

✓✓ HIGH AND DRY—Rank, U-I: Pleasing British whimsy. As a high-pressure American tycoon, Paul Douglas gets the worst of a business deal with a pixie Scottish skipper. (F) November

✓✓ HUMAN DESIRE—Columbia: Mournful tale of passion and murder. Glenn Ford's ensnared by Gloria Grahame, a married woman. (A) November

✓✓ KING RICHARD AND THE CRUSADERS—Warners; CinemaScope, WarnerColor: Bright pageantry. George Sanders as Richard; Rex Harrison as Saladin, gallant foe; Laurence Harvey, Virginia Mayo as young lovers. (F) October

✓✓ LAW VS. BILLY THE KID, THE—Columbia, Technicolor: More legend than history; Scott Brady as a glorified outlaw. (F) October

✓✓✓ LITTLE KIDNAPPERS, THE—Rank, U.A.: Delightful story of Nova Scotian settlers. Two orphan boys are adopted by their stern grandpa. Adrienne Corri's a wistful heroine, in a forbidden romance. (F) October

✓✓ LITTLEST OUTLAW, THE—Disney, Technicolor: Pleasant child-and-animal yarn, filmed in Mexico. Young Andres Velasquez steals a beloved horse that's been mistreated. (F) October

✓✓✓ MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION—U-I, Technicolor: Moving personal drama. Rock Hudson's a playboy who, blaming himself for Jane Wyman's blindness, becomes a dedicated surgeon. Barbara Rush and Gregg Palmer also do a tender love story. (F) September

✓✓ NAKED ALIBI—U-I: Modest action film. Aided by Gloria Grahame, ex-cop Sterling Hayden seeks the crook who got him fired. (F) November

✓✓✓ ON THE WATERFRONT—Columbia: Smashing melodrama of the racket-ridden docks near New York. Marlon Brando serves the gang, then fights it, influenced by Eva Marie Saint and Karl Malden. (F) September

✓✓ PUSHOVER—Columbia: Tough, crisp tale of crime. Hunger for money and for Kim Novak, a bandit's girl, makes detective Fred MacMurray go wrong. Phil Carey stays straight. (A) October

✓✓✓ RAID, THE—20th, Technicolor: Excellent, fact-based Civil War film. Van Heflin leads fellow Confederates in a prison break and attack on a North Vermont town. (F) October

✓✓✓ REAR WINDOW—Paramount, Technicolor: Ingenious thriller. Wheelchair-bound, James Stewart spies on city neighbors, suspects one of murder. Grace Kelly's his sweetheart; Wendell Corey, a detective. (F) October

✓✓ ROGUE COP—M-G-M: Detective Bob Taylor regrets his sell-out to the rackets when the life of kid brother Steve Forrest is threatened. Janet Leigh's a night-club singer romanced by both brothers. Fast-paced, slick. (F) November

✓✓ SABRINA—Paramount: Audrey Hepburn's a charmer as a chauffeur's daughter in a slender comedy-romance. Bill Holden's a playboy; Bogart, a stuffy Wall Streeter. (F) October

✓✓✓ SEVEN BRIDES FOR SEVEN BROTHERS—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Ansco Color: Delectable, unusual musical. After frontier farmer Howard Keel brings home a bride (Jane Powell), his brothers all want wives, too. (F) September

✓✓ SHIELD FOR MURDER—U.A.: As a ruthless police detective, Edmond O'Brien tries to get away with robbery and murder, deceiving fiancée Marla English and pal John Agar. (F) November

✓✓ STEEL CAGE, THE—U.A.: Off-beat prison picture. As Warden Duffy of San Quentin, Paul Kelly presents three stories about convicts—comedy, suspense and then irony. (F) November

✓✓ SUDDENLY—U.A.: Frank Sinatra's a psychopathic gunman hired to kill the President of the U. S.; Sterling Hayden, a doughty local cop. Moderate degree of tension. (F) October

✓✓ SUSAN SLEPT HERE—RKO, Technicolor: Debbie Reynolds sparkles as a "delinquent" in the temporary care of writer Dick Powell. Preposterous but amusing. (A) October

✓✓✓ UGETSU — Harrison and Davidson: Strange, beautiful Japanese film about peasant families caught in ancient wars. (A) October

✓✓✓ VANISHING PRAIRIE, THE—Disney, Technicolor: Fascinating documentary, showing drama, comedy and violence among wild creatures of America's great plains. (F) September



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